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Interview of Governor Roberts with King Yando.

THE HISTORY OF THE

WARRIORS OF THE

BRITISH ARMY

OF THE

LONDON.

AND THE ARMY OF THE

82

~~24. 2. 1828~~

AFRICA REDEEMED:

OR, THE

MEANS OF HER RELIEF

ILLUSTRATED BY THE GROWTH AND PROSPECTS OF

LIBERIA.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., BERNERS STREET.

1851.

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RICHARDS, PRINTER,
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PREFACE.

Less than a year since, the First Edition of this interesting narrative was given to the American public under the title of "The New Republic." It is now presented to the English reader in its original form, as a valuable history of the infancy of Liberia. Such, however, has been her subsequent growth in numbers, territory, and importance, that justice cannot be done to a subject so pregnant with good to Africa, without giving to the British reader a fuller view of her present condition, and of the bright prospect that she will become signally instrumental in the moral regeneration of that long oppressed land. Hence the change in the title of the work, to one more in accordance with these happy anticipations.

Within that brief period her territory has been extended northward to the Shebar river,

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which separates Sherbro' Island from the African continent, 100 miles S.E. of Sierra Leone, in lat. $7^{\circ} 23'$ N., and long. $12^{\circ} 31'$ W.: while on the S.E. (including her younger sister, "Maryland in Liberia" at Cape Palmas), her boundary extends to the San Pedro river in lat. $4^{\circ} 44'$ N., long. $6^{\circ} 38'$ W., a coast line of about 500 miles. As Liberia is now an object of joint affection to Britain and America, it is a pleasing fact to record, that the valour of Captains Hon. Joseph Denman, and H. Dunlop, R.N., paved the way for the purchase of the Gallinas territory. In the signal punishment they so justly inflicted on the cruel slavers at the Gallinas river, factories, barracons, and slave-goods, to the estimated value of £300,000, were destroyed: Capt. Denman liberated 1300 slaves within a single fortnight, and Capt. H. Dunlop no less than 1200 more. This induced the native chiefs to listen favourably to the overtures of President Roberts for the incorporation of their territories with Liberia; and it is equally gratifying that Samuel Gurney, Esq. liberally assisted the infant state

in conjunction with Charles M'Micken, Esq. of Cincinnati, with funds for effecting the purchase. Associated with such names, is that of Capt. H. D. Trotter, R.N., who received the thanks of the President of the United States, for his important services in rescuing an American vessel and crew from the slavers, and bringing the latter, by the aid of Capt. Matson, R.N., to punishment. By these new accessions, the population, estimated at only 100,000 in the first edition, is now about 250,000, of whom about 6 or 7000 are of American origin; and the remainder include the various tribes, who sit under their own vines and their own fig-trees, with none to molest or make them afraid. But this is by no means the extent of the positive good already achieved. In many cases their wish, expressed in broken English, "for hab white man' fash," is only the first step to better things. Many of these objects of the slaver's relentless cruelty are now enjoying the privileges of secular and Sabbath schools, and many have become consistent members of the Christian church, while in

Appendix A will be found triumphant evidence of the attainments of a Native Missionary, not long since ignorant of the rudiments of our language. The appeal of Bishop Smith in their behalf* cannot be read without a sense of deep responsibility for our former sins against that unhappy Continent. May God incline our hearts to hasten the day when our loud cry for light and knowledge shall be responded to !

But there are many incentives to action, addressing themselves to the mere merchant and to the philanthropist, which, though of a less elevating character, are eminently calculated to awake the British people to promote this noble enterprise. Much has been advanced in favour of the products of FREE LABOUR. In Liberia, slavery and the accursed slave-trade are alike denounced by her laws and constitution. How gratifying the consciousness that in the consumption of her rich staples, none of them are stained with the blood or the tears of the slave. Coffee, Cotton, Sugar, Rice, Oils, Dyes, and many other important products

* Appendix B.

enter into her present exports. Give or lend her enterprising citizens the means for extending their culture, and above all, steam and machinery for their more economical preparation, and there is scarcely a limit to their expansion.

This has been so forcibly stated by Mr. Coppinger, of the Pennsylvanian Colonization Society, that we subjoin a copious extract on this important topic:

“To commercial men of every country, Liberia presents itself as a theatre of extensive and lucrative business operations. To substantiate this position, let us look at the number and value of articles embraced in the present trade of Western Africa, and which may be called the natural productions of that immense continent, in the strictest sense of the term, as nature supplies them ready for the market, almost without the aid of man.

“1. *Palm Oil* is produced by the nut of the palm-tree, which grows in the greatest abundance throughout that coast. The demand for it, both in Europe and America, is daily increa-

sing, and there is no doubt it will ere long become the most important article of trade. The average import into Liverpool of palm-oil, for some years past, has been at least 25,000 tons, valued at about £700,000 sterling. America imports, it is believed, an equal amount.

“2. *Cam-wood, Red-wood, Bar-wood,* and other dye-woods, are found in great quantities in many parts of the country. About thirty miles east of Bassa Cove is the commencement of a region of unknown extent, where scarcely any tree is seen except the Cam-wood. This boundless forest of wealth, as yet untouched, is easily accessible to that settlement; roads can be opened to it with little expense, and the neighbouring kings will readily give their co-operation to a measure so vastly beneficial to themselves. It is impossible to ascertain the amount of exports of these commodities to Europe and the United States, but it is very great, and employs a large number of vessels. One Liverpool house imported 600 tons in a single year, worth about 50,000 dollars.

“3. *Ivory* is procurable at all points, and con-

stitutes an important staple of commerce. It is supposed that from 150,000 to 200,000 dollars worth is annually exported.

“4. *Gums*, of different kinds, enter largely into commercial transactions. The house referred to above, imported, in three years, into Liverpool, of Gum Senegal, nearly 600,000 dollars.

“5. *Dyes*, of all shades and hues, are abundant, and they have been proved to resist both acids and light.

“6. *Gold*, which is found at various points of the coast, from the Gambia to the Bight of Benin, and probably to a much greater extent, is obtained by the natives, by washing the sand which is brought down from the mountains by the rivers. As the purest and richest veins lie much deeper than those which are worn away by the attrition of mountain streams, the mountains only need to be explored, and the veins worked by the aid of scientific skill, to open sources of unlimited wealth. In 1834, the export of Gold Dust alone was £260,000 sterling.

“7. Besides these, may be specified wax, hides, goat-skins, horns, pepper, ginger, arrow-root,

ground nuts, copper, oak, mahogany, teak, and Gambia-wood. When we reflect that these are merely the materials spontaneously furnished by nature, which may be increased indefinitely by the application of industry and science, we cannot but wonder at the extent and variety of that rich and beautiful country.

“The amazing fertility of the soil affords facilities for supplying some of the most important commercial wants, amongst which may be enumerated the following:—

“1. *Cotton*, of a very beautiful staple, yielding *two crops a-year*, is indigenous, and thrives for twelve or fourteen years in succession, without renewal of the plant. A cotton farm of 60 acres has been opened with every prospect of success, by David Moore, of Mesurado County, for an English association. A great impulse has been given to the culture of cotton, coffee, sugar and oil, by the judicious liberality of Mr. Cresson, at whose expense the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, has offered valuable medals for the largest crop of each of those staples produced in 1851. We since learn that the English company are so sanguine of suc-

cess, as to have resolved to double their capital, increase the number of their vessels, and enlarge their cotton farms.

"2. *Coffee*, of a quality equal to Java or Mocha, is raised in Liberia, and can be cultivated with great ease to any extent. It bears fruit from thirty to forty years, and yields from four to ten pounds to the tree yearly. A single tree in the garden of Colonel Hicks (colonist), at Monrovia, is said to have yielded thirty-one pounds at one gathering. Two citizens of Bassa Cove, Dr. Moore and Hon. S. A. Benson, each have coffee groves of 8000 trees, promising an early and rich return for their energy and enterprise.

"3. *Sugar-cane* grows in unrivalled luxuriance, and, as there are no frosts to be dreaded, can be brought to much greater perfection than in the Southern States.

"4. *Indigo, Caoutchouc, Cocoa, Pineapples, Cocoa Nuts, Castor Nuts, Yams, Plantains, Bananas, Figs, Potatoes, Olives, Tamarinds, Limes, Oranges, Lemons*, and many other articles which are brought from tropical countries to this, might be added to the list. Indeed,

there is nothing in the fertile countries of the East or West Indies which may not be produced in Western Africa.

“Here are the elements of wealth, the materials of an extensive and tempting commerce. Enterprise and capital, with proper protection from our Government, are alone necessary to develop and make them available and profitable.

“And what a market is thus opened for the exchange and sale of the innumerable products of the skill and manufactures of Europe and America. Africa is estimated to contain 160,000,000 of inhabitants. These are not only willing, but anxious to obtain the various articles of civilized nations : yea, it is to satisfy their thirst for these commodities, that impel them to procure victims for the accursed slave-trade.

“The favourable geographical position of Liberia, the elevating influence of her free and Christian institutions, the industry, integrity, and intelligence of her children, with constitutions adapted to that climate, and a similarity of colour with the natives, will enable the

Liberian to penetrate the interior with safety, and prosecute his trade in the bays and rivers of the coast, without suffering from the diseases which are so fatal to white men.

“Liberia is the gate of Africa, and we believe is not only destined to develop the agricultural and commercial resources of that mighty continent, but be the means of regenerating her benighted millions, and amply repaying to our land the expense she has already incurred, or may incur, in building up and sustaining, directly or indirectly, the Republic of Liberia.”

Even among articles apparently of little value, may be found some destined ere long to hold an important place among the exports of Africa. Thus from Gambia, in 1848, we learn that pea or ground-nuts to the value of £103,778 were shipped. Give them the machinery for expressing the oil, and we shall obtain at a fair price the article now prepared from them in France, and sold to us as pure Lucca or Florence. That from the pea-nut is, perhaps, more delicate and sweet than the real olive oil. Twenty thousand tons of British shipping annually visit the Bonny River for oil, &c., where

but recently the sole export was that of human flesh!

Even now, while portions of that long-oppressed continent are devastated by the slave-trade, the declared value of British shipments to Africa was no less than £1,790,300 in 1847, and £1,758,506 in 1848. The returns were probably larger, as many fortunes have been made in that trade. The commerce of the United States with Africa, though considerably less, is rapidly augmenting; and the able lectures of Professor Christy before the Legislature of Ohio, are so replete with a profound and statesmanlike grasp of the whole subject, that we transfer (Appendix C) his concluding propositions nearly entire. Commercial results so cheering, and arguments so conclusive, cannot be thrown away on the British patriot and philanthropist.

The slave-trade now stands alone in their way: but the letter of Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, issued by the African Civilization Society, so irresistibly shows the necessity of repressing that odious traffic by the presence of a squadron, that we deeply regret to exclude it for

want of room. Mr. Wilson is an American clergyman, who after liberating all his slaves accompanied them to Liberia; and has, for the last twenty years, as a faithful and devoted missionary on the coast at various points, enjoyed unusual facilities for arriving at sound practical views on this momentous subject. Britain and America—the sister countries—have so long been associated with her woes, that to them belong the duty and privilege of binding up her wounds, and elevating her to an honourable position among the nations of the world—redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.

Rarely has it pleased God to crown any benevolent enterprise with a success so signal, as that of the American Colonization Society. The wise and good men who founded it—and they comprise in their number many of the most pious and distinguished men in the Sister Country—have, in a space incredibly brief in the history of nations, witnessed the birth of a new State, planted by their hands, and a happy realization of their other benign objects. Our little volume has proved that the first of these, a comfortable asylum for their free coloured

population, has been eminently successful. The important fact that 5000 of the present immigrants were slaves, most of whom were emancipated for the purpose by conscientious planters, is a satisfactory proof that her founders did not overrate the value of Liberia in promoting voluntary emancipation. The noble examples of Daniel Murray, Margaret Mercer, Mrs. Page, Bishop Meade, John McDonogh, and others equally humane, are now operating on many Southern minds; and as a consequence, thousands of slaves are preparing for a similar change. All must rejoice in the equally important result achieved in the extirpation of the Slave-trade, heathen sacrifice, and trial by sassa-wood poison, either through the example, or by the stringent laws of Liberia. We wish not to exaggerate the merits of her people, nor to withhold censure where justly due; yet, convinced that the accusation brought by Commander Forbes in his "Dahomey and the Dahomans," quoted in the *Athenæum* of March 1st,—a gentleman who has never visited Monrovia,—charging them with buying and selling slaves, is unjust and unfounded, we are happy

to have the testimony of Capt. Dunlop, R.N., who had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with Liberia, in 1848, 49, and 50. In a letter in which he eulogises the New Republic and her President, he says ;—

“I am perfectly satisfied that no such thing as domestic slavery exists in any shape among the citizens of the Republic ; and their laws most strictly prohibit slave-dealing and slavery in all its phases.”

To the same effect Capt. the Hon. Joseph Denman, R.N., says, in a letter in relation to the statement alluded to,

“When I was myself in Liberia, in 1835, and subsequently in 1840, and 41, I very frequently visited the then Colony, and at those periods no foundation existed for such charges.”

In 1847, Sir C. Hotham confirms these views, and recommends Liberia to the confidence of the British government. (See evidence before select committee on the African Slave-trade.) With such evidence, and more could be adduced, we may safely commend Liberia to the sympathy of British philanthropists and Christians, fortified by the Rev. R. R. Gurley’s report, just made to the American Government. After an investigation of her actual condition for

some months, and visiting all her settlements, he says :—

“Engaged in a work of unsurpassed dignity and importance, the inhabitants of this small Republic are accomplishing more good, as I must believe, than any equal number of human beings on the face of the globe. More, perhaps, than to the united endeavours of all Christian nations, with their treaties and armed squadrons against the Slave-trade, is humanity indebted for its suppression along many hundred miles of the African coast, to the people of Liberia.”

It has thus pleased a kind Providence to set the seal of approbation on the pious labours of the Colonization Society. Unaided by government, and throughout its entire course assailed by the fierce opposition of men of all shades of extreme opinion—united only in this opposition—it has, with means incredibly small, planted a thriving young nation, and eradicated slavery and the slave-trade from its extensive territory. Although England—may we not say Europe?—has done little to help Liberia, there is at least ground to hope that ere long she will lend more liberally her powerful aid, to disseminate among the millions of Africa the seeds of civilization and Christianity.

London, April 7, 1851.

AFRICA REDEEMED.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE SEED.

“ Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head ?
Is *he* not *man*, by sin and suffering tried ?
Is he not *man*, for whom the Saviour died ?
Belie the negro's powers :—in headlong will,
Christian ! *thy* brother, thou shalt prove him still :
Belie his virtues : since his wrongs began
His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him *man*.”

MONTGOMERY.

A PRESIDENTIAL campaign had just closed, in which party strife and political intrigue were for the time merged in a general vote ; the national councils were relieved from the burden of an expensive war with England ; business, long cramped, began to fall back into its old channels, or force itself into new ones ; new enterprises and bright hopes quickened the energies and warmed the hearts of the people, and the winter at Washington, in 1816, opened with gay promises and a hopeful future.

On the evening of the 30th of December, a gentle-

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man of that city, Elias B. Caldwell, sits alone and expectant in his parlour. Friend after friend drops in with quiet step and a thoughtful greeting. As you look into each face, you feel that it is no ordinary object or common occasion, which has drawn them hither. It is not the secret session of a political party, or a club for literary debate, or a meeting for old friends to renew broken friendships and severed ties at the festive board. It is none of these.

It is an *hour for prayer*. Here are gathered men of large hearts and lofty purposes, moved by the same mighty motives, and stirred by the same powerful interests. They have turned aside from the busy interests of life, to pray for the African within our borders.

A public meeting was to be holden the next day at the Hall of the House of Representatives, to discuss measures and to concert plans for the present relief and future benefit of the negro race.

It was a subject of the profoundest interest, and of almost overwhelming magnitude, and hedged about with a great wall of difficulties.

"We must ask help of Almighty God," said they, who understood that it was the God of Israel "who giveth strength and power to his people," and who bringeth out those who are bound in chains; and this meeting for prayer on the 30th of December preceded the great public assembly on the 31st, 1816.

An interest for Africans was no new and strange thing at this time. The hearts of Christians all over the country had long been burdened by their sufferings and their wrongs. Often had they in secret sighed, and in public exclaimed, "What can be done? Whence cometh relief, and where is the place of his rest?"

When was negro slavery introduced into North America?

In the year 1620, two vessels ploughed their watery way to the Western shores of the Atlantic. Each bore a *human freight*. One anchored on New England's stern and rock-bound coast, and landed a rich cargo of bold, brave, Christian freemen. Fleeing from British oppression, amid snow and sleet, they leaped upon Plymouth rock, and thanked God that they were free; in the depths of a rigorous winter, through cold and hunger, nakedness and peril, they laid upon this virgin soil the corner-stone of those liberal and enlightened institutions which have made *our* Republic the model Republic of the world.

In 1620 also, a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, and cast anchor at Jamestown, Virginia. Beneath its dark hatches was *slavery*. Twenty negroes were landed and sold. Thus was slavery begun in our country; at first like a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, it has gradually risen and spread over the whole horizon.

Though in time it was forced upon all the colonies, its progress was watched with alarm. It was met with remonstrance. It grappled with a fearless opposition both from the South and the North. When James Smith and Thomas Keyson, as early as 1645, brought the first slaves into Massachusetts, they were immediately denounced as malefactors and murderers. The magistrate, Richard Saltonstal, declared the act of stealing negroes expressly contrary to the laws of God and the country; the men were found guilty of man-stealing, while the negroes were ordered to be restored to their own country, with letters expressing the indignation of the court at their wrongs. Virginia, the annals of whose history are strewn with an intelligent and manly opposition to the slave trade, as early as 1699, passed an act imposing duties upon imported slaves, the design of which was not revenue, but to prevent importation. This was at first five per cent.: it was with the greatest difficulty that the sanction of the British crown could be obtained for these acts; and when, owing to the interfering interest of the African Company, this law was repealed, the royal assent could never be again obtained for a renewal of the duty, although the utmost efforts were used by almost every assembly under the colonial government. Their earnest language is, "we implore your Majesty's paternal assistance in averting a calamity of a most

alarming nature. The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa has long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity; and under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions."

Their petitions were thrown aside; and the independent constitution of that state cites the conduct of the English crown in this matter, as one of the reasons for a separation from the mother country.

Nor was South Carolina less urgent in her remonstrances; but they proved unavailing, and her governors were directed by British authority not to attempt any restrictions on the slave trade on pain of removal.

"My friends and I," wrote Oglethorpe, "settled Georgia, and by charter were established trustees. We determined not to suffer slavery there; but the slave merchants and their adherents not only occasioned us much trouble, but at last got the government to sanction them."

The policy of England towards her American colonies is unmistakeably expressed by the Earl of Dartmouth, in his instructions to a colonial agent: "We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation." In a political tract entitled, "The African slave-trade, the great pillar and support of the British Plantation

Trade in America," published in 1745, we find these words: "Negro labour will keep our British colonies in a due subserviency to the interest of their mother country; for, while our plantations depend only on planting by negroes, our colonies can never prove injurious to British manufactures, never become independent of their kingdom." In this course, England admitted no change.

At the North, where, owing to a variety of circumstances, slaves were never numerous, measures were early taken for the entire removal of the evil. From the first, Massachusetts made an unrelenting opposition to the introduction of slaves from abroad; and as far back as 1701, the town of Boston instructed its representatives "to put a period to negroes being slaves." Statutes were passed in the Connecticut Legislature of 1783 and 1797, having for their object the gradual extinction of slavery. New Jersey took up the subject in 1784. Pennsylvania in 1780. It was not until 1817, that the Legislature of New York passed a law, declaring that every subject of the State, from and after the 4th of July, 1827, should be free. In all cases our fathers seem to have regarded the subject of emancipation as one requiring wise, cautious, and deliberate action.

Christian philanthropy had long contemplated the condition of the African within our borders, with a profound and sorrowful interest, and the time had

now arrived, when it was felt that a *beginning* must be made, a movement *must* be originated, having for its direct object the social and moral elevation of the African race in our country.

It could number no truer, warmer, braver friends than those who assembled in Mr. Caldwell's parlour, on that night of the 30th of December, 1816.

There sat Robert Finley, whose ardent mind had long been grappling with the subject. "We must plant a colony of free blacks on their own home soil, on Africa, where they can be true men, unoppressed by the prejudice and the unrighteous legislation of the whites," he had declared long before to his friends in New Jersey.

"Very well," they had answered, "very good,—there is only one objection: it *can't be done*."

"But we must *try* it." Maturing and publishing his plans in spite of the doubts of some, and the opposition of many, he had now gathered together a few others of like sentiments for a careful deliberation of the subject, and for seeking wisdom from on High.

There was Samuel J. Mills, in whose calm, far-seeing benevolence, the neglected cause of his "poor African brethren," as he used to call them, lay cradled in tender concern. "*Something must be done*," was the silent yet stern resolve of one who never wavered at difficulties, nor was ever daunted by trials. He had collected facts, consulted wise men, commended

the subject in prayer to a just God, and he felt that it was a cause which admitted of no delay.

Francis S. Key was there, whose clear, judicious mind is fastened upon the subject with a keen and anxious interest.

No record remains of the doings of that evening; we know not what was said, we heard not the supplications, neither are the names known of all who assembled there. It is enough for us to know, that the subject was presented before the Almighty Disposer of events; that his merciful aid and righteous interposition were invoked by men who knew the excellency of his power.

Thus was planted a little seed of good for poor Africa. It was sown in tears, shall it not be reaped in joy?

The next day the capitol in Washington was thronged by numbers, met to listen, to inquire into, and to discuss a subject of a far different nature from those which usually awakened the interest of politicians, or engaged the attention of statesmen. The Hon. Henry Clay presided over the meeting. He, with John Randolph, Robert Wright, and Elias B. Caldwell, made eloquent and able addresses upon the subject which had drawn them together; and at its close Mr. Caldwell offered a resolution, that a society be formed for the purpose of collecting information,

and assisting in the formation or execution of a plan for the colonization of free people of colour, with their consent, in Africa or elsewhere, as may be thought most advisable; and a committee of gentlemen be appointed to prepare a constitution and rules for such a society. The resolution was adopted, and the meeting adjourned until the following Saturday. On the appointed day it re-assembled in the same place. The Committee presented their report, and a constitution, two articles of which were as follows:

Article 1. "A society shall be formed, and called the American Colonization Society for colonizing the free people of colour of the United States."

Article 2. "The object to which its attention shall be exclusively directed, is, to promote and execute a plan for colonizing, with their consent, the free people of colour, residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall see fit. And the Society shall act to effect this object in co-operation with the general government, and such of the states as may adopt regulations upon the subject."

The constitution was unanimously adopted; Hon. Bushrod Washington was chosen its first president; we find the names of Robert Finley, Charles Fenton Mercer, and Francis S. Key among its long list of vice-presidents, and Elias B. Caldwell is secretary.

The cause of the poor African was now fully before the public. *Something must be done for him* is the

great idea, and it was embodied in a society connected with some of the best and most prominent men from all parts of the land.

"The blacks are not capable of taking care of themselves,—they can never acquire the art of self-government,—they occupy a lower position in the scale of creation,—they are destined to be hewers of wood and drawers of water;" so reasoned some, and coldly turned away from the new movement.

"We do not believe what you say," replied the friends of the African; "no, no,—they are immortal beings,—they have a common birthright with us,—we owe them a just debt, which must be paid. There are facts enough to show that under the most disadvantageous circumstances, they are capable of both moral and social advancement. Look at Lott Cary, a man, in spite of his condition! Only give them a fair chance, and negroes are as capable of exercising all the rights and discharging all the duties of freemen, as you and I are." And a fair chance their friends did mean to give them.

The little seed is beginning to take root, and nobody was watching it with deeper interest than Lott Cary.

Who is Lott Cary?

Lott Cary was born a slave, near Richmond, Virginia, in 1780. His parents, truly excellent and pious people, endeavoured to train up Lott, their only

child, to be a useful, industrious, God-fearing boy. As he grew older, he fell in with profane and intemperate companions, who led him into vicious habits. At the age of twenty-four, he was sent to Richmond, and employed as a labourer, in a large tobacco warehouse. For two or three years, he grew worse and worse, until his attention became suddenly arrested by the powerful appeals of a Baptist exhorter. Lott paused in his career of vice. Overwhelmed by a sense of his sins, in bitter repentance, he resolutely forsook them, and resolved, henceforth, to devote himself to the service of God. In 1807 he joined the church. It proved no half-way work with Lott.

He immediately began to study the alphabet, and it was not long before he could both read and write. His thirst for knowledge rapidly increasing, he read a large number of valuable books, and soon began to preach to his brethren around him. In these efforts he was greatly blest. Lott now wished to become a free man. Being a most useful man at the warehouse, winning both the confidence and respect of the merchants, small sums of money were often given him for his fidelity and promptness. By carefully investing these, he was at length able to pay down eight hundred and fifty dollars for the redemption of himself and his two sons. He afterwards received at the warehouse a salary of eight hundred dollars a year for his services. As early as 1815, Lott felt a

lively interest for Africa, and aided in the formation of a society which raised one hundred and fifty dollars a-year for the support of African missions. When the plans of the Colonization Society became known, he at once turned to it with the deepest interest, and looked forward to its movements with the greatest anxiety and solicitude.

CHAPTER II.

A VOYAGE.

"From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away ;
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendours of the solar zone ;
A world of wonders—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams ;
Great, wild and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul ;
Where none can check her bounty, when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers."

"Who will go for us? Who will explore the African coast, to find a suitable spot for the location of a colony? Who has the judgment and perseverance necessary for an undertaking like this?"

Samuel J. Mills was pronounced to be the man.

"I will go," responded Mills with quiet energy,
"God willing, God helping me, I will go."

"But not alone, a fitting man shall accompany you,
—choose some one," said the Society.

Mr. Mills cast his eyes around the circle of his acquaintance. "Who so loves the cause of Africa as to undertake it?" questioned he. They rested on Mr. Ebenezer Burgess, now Dr. Burgess of Dedham,

Massachusetts. Mr. Mills sat down and wrote his friend, saying,—“I have been appointed by the board of the Colonization Society as their agent in this noble expedition, and I am requested by them, if possible, to find a person who will engage in this mission with me. Will *you* go, brother Burgess? My brother, can we engage in a nobler effort? We go to make freemen of slaves. We go to lay the *foundation of a free and independent empire, on the coast of poor degraded Africa!*” Mark that! there lay the new republic,—a great idea cradled in the far-reaching mind of Mills; and he knew it would not remain there and die out, a *mere idea*. He does not say, “I wish,” “I hope.” He does not speak discouragingly, or doubtfully, or fearfully. No! he says, “We go to lay the *foundation of a free and independent empire, on the coast of poor degraded Africa.*” Already it loomed up in his mind’s eye, and he beheld in the far-off future, as with prophetic vision, the schools and churches, and coffee fields, and Christian homes, and happy hearts of the black men in that new Republic, planted on Africa’s soil, by the efforts of his own countrymen. The agency seemed so responsible, that Mr. Burgess at first thought to decline it; but bleeding Africa appealed to his Christian sympathies, and he dared not turn his back upon the proposal. He decided to go.

Wherever these young men went, they strove to

stir up and to deepen an interest in their mission. At home, abroad, and by the way, they pleaded the cause of Africa. Funds were needed to commence their work, but the money slowly came; while multitudes said, "Oh yes! it is an excellent, a glorious object," but they failed to give undoubted evidence of the sincerity of their declarations, by *helping it on*, by giving of their substance as they had opportunity. Sometimes things wore a discouraging aspect, but Mr. Mills never faltered. "I think the necessary funds *will be* provided," was his ever ready reply,—and provided they were. Sums of money at last began to flow in from various channels, until the amount became large enough to cover the expenses of their journey. The Missionaries longed to be on their way. The Society instructed them to proceed to London, there to gather all the information that could be obtained about the West Coast of Africa, and procure letters of introduction to the Governor of the English colony of blacks at Sierra Leone; from London, to take ship to Sierra Leone, and make that colony their head-quarters, while they should explore the coast, consult with the natives, and see if a good spot could be bought at a fair price for the purposes of the colony.

Nov. 16, 1817, they went on board the ship *Electra*, at Philadelphia, bound for London. By the 5th of December, the shores of merry England met their

gaze. The perils of the ocean passed, they rejoiced in the speedy termination of their voyage. It was Sabbath evening. Hark! how fearfully the wind howls among the cordage! The captain stands on the quarter-deck, anxiously surveying the stormy sky. The tempest increases. Through the long, dark night, every sailor is on duty. Daylight breaks, but the storm abates none of its violence. "Cut away the masts!" "Clear the decks!" "Let the wind have a clear sweep!" shouts the captain. The crew work like men who feel that life hangs on the issue. The ship eased, the captain went below to change his clothes, drenched and frozen by the icy waters.

"Breakers ahead!" roared the mate. The captain rushed on deck to behold his ship rapidly drifting towards a ledge of rocks, over which the waters were breaking with fearful violence.

"We are gone for this world!" he cried in agony. Seizing his two sons, and jumping into the stern-boat, he ordered the stoutest sailor to follow. The boat swung off, rose on the top of an angry wave, then sank to rise no more. Where were the agents at this terrible moment? Was this the end of their mission? Were the first, feeble attempts for Africa thus to die? Were the pioneers in that new republic to perish in the great battle of the waters? Cries of despair arose above the wailings of the storm.

On the tempest-tost deck stood Mr. Burgess, commending to the mercy of God the trembling crew, who crowded around him, "their souls melted because of the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Mr. Mills was in the cabin, with his fellow-passengers, calling in importunate prayer upon Him "who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hands, and the winds in his fist." A terrible doom awaited them. Swift destruction seemed fast coming upon them, when, in a moment, a strong under-current bore the ship into deeper waters, to the right of the ledge.

"Helm starboard!" shouted the mate. The ship wore away from the rocks, and was safe.

"It is the work of God!" they all exclaimed. Yes, it was the work of God. He can save, and He can destroy. The next day they found themselves on the coast of France. At twelve o'clock on Tuesday they made the port of St. Malo.

After remaining there six days, the missionaries took passage in a regular packet for England; and in thirty-six hours reached London. As soon as their object was made known, they received a cordial welcome. The excellent Mr. Wilberforce, who loved the cause of Africa with no common love, expressed the deepest sympathy for their object, and introduced them to William Dillwyn, Dr. Hodgkin, and a number of other gentlemen, who readily aided them in

the furtherance of their designs. This visit to England greatly encouraged and strengthened their hearts. On the 3d of February, 1818, they set sail for Sierra Leone. A pleasant passage took them to the coast of Africa by the 12th of March.

“At four o'clock in the afternoon,” writes Mr. Mills, “we exulted at the sight of Africa, and began to draw imperfect sketches of the coast, the eminences, the trees, and every thing we could see.”

And now, before we follow the travellers farther, we must say a few things of Africa, speaking chiefly of the Western coast. There seem to be three races of people occupying this coast, the Moors, the Arabs, and the Negroes, which are far the greater number. Their villages are usually built in by-places, with the huts so huddled together, that if one takes fire, the remainder are rapidly consumed. This is done in hope of affording some protection against kidnappers. Rice is the chief food, with yams, plantains, and sweet potatoes. The rice is merely thrown on the ground, and scratched in with a kind of rude hoe. The most delicious oranges, pine apples, guavas, grapes, and other tropical fruit grow upon the coast; but the people take no pains to cultivate them. The palm is their most valuable tree. It is said to be applied to three hundred and sixty-five uses. Huts are thatched with palm leaves; its fibres are used for fishing tackle; a rough cloth is made from the inner

bark, while mats and baskets are manufactured from the outer; the fruit is roasted, and is excellent; the oil serves for butter, and the palm wine is a favourite drink. A large worm which thrives on this tree is a species of animal food of which the natives are very fond. Vegetation is extremely luxuriant; and so rapid is its growth, one can almost *see* it grow. The trees never lose their verdure in this region of perpetual summer. There are two seasons, the wet and dry; drenching rains, violent gusts of wind, and dreadful thunder and lightning, indicate the approach of the rainy season, which is very unhealthy, and, without extreme precaution, often proves fatal to foreigners.

The Western coast of Africa is visited and desolated by one of the most dreadful scourges which ever afflicted any portion of the human family, the slave-trade. It has killed its thousands, and tortured its tens of thousands; it is a traffic literally dyed in human blood. The Spanish and Portuguese have been principally engaged in it; though with pain be it added, that England and the United States have also shared in its emoluments and disgrace. Near the close of the last century, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Sharpe, and Thornton, with resistless importunity and unflagging efforts, regenerated public sentiment by spreading the iniquities of the traffic before the world. Their views and measures met with a lively sympathy

in this country, where efforts had been so long made to resist the introduction of slaves. Massachusetts abolished the slave-trade in 1774. Virginia passed acts against all foreign slave-trade in 1778; while Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Rhode Island prohibited it to any of their citizens, in whatever form or degree, and under the severest penalties, in 1780, 1787, and 1788. The American Continental Congress passed a resolution against the importation of slaves from Africa, and published an exhortation to the Colonies to abandon the trade altogether. After the formation of the Federal government, the third Congress, in 1794, prohibited the carrying on of the slave-trade between foreign countries from our ports, under penalties of fines and imprisonments. England abolished it in 1807. In the United States government, the laws upon this subject became more and more stringent, until 1819, when, for the first time, the African slave-trade was declared piracy, and participation in it was made punishable with death. It is worthy of note that Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia, proposed this measure, and urged it forward with all the energies of his strong mind, until at length it became the law of this land, and has since been adopted by most of the civilized nations of the world.

Slave markets are established all along the coast of Africa; and native kings are induced to engage in

it, on account of its enormous profits. The following is not an unusual mode of supplying its demands :—

Boatswain, an African prince of great note, whose name will frequently appear in these pages, received a quantity of goods from a French slaver, to be paid for in slaves. As the time of payment approached, the stipulated cargo was not in readiness. The king looked around the country for supplies. His eye at last lighted upon a small, peaceable tribe, the Queahs, into whose jungles he speedily and secretly despatched a body of his boldest warriors, with orders to fall upon the sleeping and unoffending people at midnight, and capture all the young of both sexes. Every hut was burned ; the aged and the little ones were inhumanly butchered, while the youth were hunted down, caught, chained together, and driven down to the coast, where they were secured like wild beasts, until the arrival of the slaver.

Would you visit a slave factory? It will be painful, but it may awaken your sympathies for this dark land, and lead you to inquire “ What can I do for the redemption of poor Africa ? ” Let us go with one who has been an eye-witness of the scenes which are described. The barracoon, or slave-pen, is an inclosure of an acre or more, one side of which is formed by a substantial bamboo house, two hundred feet long, and eighty wide, which serves as the

sleeping apartment of the slaves. The adjoining side is formed by a shade of similar dimensions, the two ends and inner side of which are open. This serves as a place of rendezvous during the day. The remaining two sides are formed by a double palisade, which might be easily forced by the occupants, if they were not fettered and guarded day and night. On our arrival at the gate, the slaves were all talking and making a loud and confused noise, not unlike that which is heard on entering a large menagerie. But when we opened the gate and entered, there was a most profound silence. Every eye was fixed upon us. What were their thoughts or feelings, can only be told by the expression of their countenances. Many of them had never seen a white man before, except the one who had bought them, and some had not even seen him. Most of them had imagined they were to be devoured by the whites. They suppose whatever kindness is shown them at the barracoen is prompted by the same feeling which fattens the ox for slaughter. When we entered, many may have thought a victim was to be selected, or the time of their sailing was at hand, and in that very moment may have given up the last lingering hope of being restored to their kindred and their homes. Among the slaves were persons of both sexes, from five to forty years of age. Not one of the number, of whatever age or sex, had any covering. A few of them

appeared to be light-hearted and frivolous in spite of their chains ; the countenances of others showed they were almost sunk to a state of idiocy ; but most of them appeared thoughtful, pensive, and melancholy.

With the exception of twenty or thirty invalids, all were seated on logs laid lengthwise, and about three feet apart, under the shade. The men were fastened two and two, one ankle of each being fettered. In moving about, which was apparently done with pain and difficulty, each rested one arm on the shoulder of the other. The women, girls, and half-grown boys were made secure by a brass ring encircling the neck, through which a chain passed, grouping them together in companies of forty or fifty. There was one company which particularly appealed to the heart. It was a group of mothers, recently bereft of their children. Their countenances indicated an intensity of anguish, which cannot be described. Though heathen mothers, a flame had been kindled in their hearts which no calamity could extinguish. When infants are born in the barracoon, or when they are brought there with their mothers, because it is inconvenient to keep them in the factory, and almost impossible to carry them across the ocean, they are subjected to a premature and violent death. This is a common incident in the operations of the slave-trade.

On one occasion, two or three hundred slaves broke their chains, and escaped from the barracoon. Most of them were afterwards retaken. The owner, having discovered the two leaders, determined to punish them in a manner calculated to frighten others from a similar attempt. As soon as they had been fastened, with their hands behind them, to two of the front posts of the shade, the rest were assembled to behold the bloody spectacle. The Spaniard, in the presence of his victims, put a double charge into his gun, and then placing it within two feet of one of them, discharged the contents into his heart. The head of the poor creature dropped, the blood gushed forth in a torrent, and so he died. This, one would have thought, was sufficient to glut the vengeance of a fiend; but it was not enough to satisfy the merciless Spaniard. He reloaded and discharged his gun several times into the bleeding corpse, before he began his work of death upon the other, whom he at length despatched in the same way. The bodies hung on the posts during the day, a ghastly spectacle, to palsy all future efforts of a similar character. This also is but the beginning of sorrows.

The horrors of a long passage across the Atlantic scarcely admit of description. Four hundred human beings are sometimes crammed into a hold twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and three and a half feet high; hot, parched, suffocating, wallowing

in their own filth, kicked and beaten at the voice of wailing or complaint; so insufficiently supplied with water and food, that when on deck they greedily catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, lick the decks when washed with salt water, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. And even then scores of crushed and mangled corpses are often death's allowance in the hold of a slaver. And the end is not yet—the wretched captive is sold in Christian lands, to wear out his life in hopeless bondage, in weary, wasting, and unceasing toil.

Are these things *now* so? is anxiously asked. Yes, the slave-trade is prosecuted with greater vigour and to a greater extent than at any previous period. Where fifty thousand slaves were annually exported, there are now two hundred thousand. Brazil, Cuba, and other of the West India Islands are deeply involved in it. And it is calculated that at least one third of all the negroes taken on board perish before reaching the coast of America.

The laws passed against it by the different Christian governments, and the measures adopted to enforce their authority, by increasing the chances of detection, have multiplied its horrors, without in any degree diminishing the evil itself.

“But,” it may again be asked, “Can nothing be done to put a stop to this traffic in human misery?”

Shall Christians look tamely on and suffer such things to be so, in these later days of the world's civilization?"

What can be done? Truly, it is one of the great questions of the day, involving the rights and happiness and immortal destinies of millions of human beings. English and American ships of war have been sent to cruise all along the African waters, with orders to seize every vessel engaged in the trade. While they may have accomplished something, it is at the same time true, that they cannot be at the entrance of every harbour, cove, and river's mouth. Slavers, being usually fast-sailing craft, built or altered for the purpose, and "possessing" says one, "the same cunning as men-of-war-men, watch an armed vessel as closely as they can possibly watch him, and taking advantage of every movement, no sooner is it out of sight, than they cram their human cargo into the hold, and commit their safety to the agility of the vessel, which is almost always superior; and frequently escape, even though pursued." There is one thing more to try. Wise men regard it as the only safe thing which can be done, and which, if done, in the end must annihilate the slave-trade; a glorious result, worthy of patient hope, of earnest endeavour, of slow, unceasing, unwearied effort. It is to plant Christian civilization, to lay the foundation of Christian institutions all along the coast of Africa,

“like sunlight on the edge of a dark cloud, giving promise that the shadow shall pass away.” Is not this the “more excellent way”? If school-houses, and churches, and Bible truth could protect her shores, and pour their united blessings upon her suffering and benighted people, the slave-trade must be dried at its fountains, giving place to new sources of revenue, and new spheres of activity, drawn from her exhaustless vegetation and her luxuriant forests. Is there anything but the power of Christian truth, oftentimes slow and almost unperceived in its effects, yet sure and powerful in the end, that can break the bands of oppression, and let the oppressed go free; that will cause the sighing of the captive to cease, and restore to him those unalienable rights, granted to him by his Maker, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

What then seems to be needed in Africa is Christian institutions. The friends of colonization saw this years ago. At any rate with unwearied zeal they have laboured for this great end. England took the lead, and planted Sierra Leone; American colonization followed on, and the course of this history will develop its measures and results.

Where are our travellers? We left them standing on the deck of the ship *Mary*, rejoicing to behold Africa.

CHAPTER III.

SIGHT-SEEING IN AFRICA.

“To heaven the Christian negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice.”

ON March 22d, 1818, Sabbath morning, we find Mills and Burgess sailing up the river of Sierra Leone. What was the first distinct object which met their eager gaze in dark, degraded, slave-making Africa? A slaver sweeping swiftly by them? A barracoon of captives? A savage war-dance? Groves of the lordly palm dotting the coast? No—none of these. It was a beautiful church, with its sky-pointing spire, built on an elevated position, and commanding a view of the neighbouring country. They beheld, as it were, “Ethiopia stretching forth hands unto God.” It gladdened their hearts, and gave a deep and peculiar interest to this, their first Sabbath in Africa. “There are signs of promise for poor Africa,” they exclaimed gratefully. “She shall yet shake herself from the dust, and loose the bands from her neck—she has sold herself for nought—she shall be redeemed without money.”

They landed at Freetown, the chief place in the colony. Sierra Leone, as you know, is an English colony of free blacks; it was planted in 1787; after struggling through many and severe difficulties, it has become a happy and flourishing settlement. On presenting their English letters the next day, they found the Governor absent, but the other officers and the principal colonists kindly received them, and proffered every assistance in their power.

How much that was deeply interesting, had our travellers to see and hear in this new country! As they went over the farms and visited the workshops, the industry and thrift of the colonists surprised and gratified them, while their examination of the schools gave them the greatest delight. They were first introduced to the boys' school, where two hundred black boys were as orderly, as studious, as intelligent-looking, as two hundred white boys at any time. Classes in reading, spelling, and arithmetic were called out, and Mr. Mills declared he never heard better recitations in any school in the United States. The girls' department numbered one hundred; they were neatly dressed, and the same obedience and good order everywhere prevailed. Not a white child was among them.

One evening, they were invited to meet several coloured gentlemen at the house of one of the colonists.

“ We should like to hear something of your plans,” said Mr. John Kizell, who seemed to be a prominent man among them. “ The object pleases us very much—perhaps we can help you—I have been in America, and I feel interested in Christian people there.” They were surprised at Mr. Kizell’s declaration, and asked concerning his history. He then stated, that when a little boy, while on a visit to an uncle at the sea-coast, a gang of wretches rushed upon the sleeping villagers, to secure a cargo of slaves. The natives fought for their lives ; many were butchered, many fled ; almost all his uncle’s family were killed, while a number of the youth were seized, chained, and hurried off to a slave-ship, bound for Charleston, South Carolina. It was a dreadful passage over the Atlantic. Torn from their country and homes, under the lash of a cruel master, the poor captives were as wretched as could be. One heart-broken mother, refusing to be comforted, pined away in sorrow. The savage captain ordered her to be tied to the mast and flogged to death, as a warning to others, not to suffer their grief to prey upon their spirits and make them sick, sick negroes commanding no price in the market. Soon after reaching America, he joined the English army, who offered freedom to every slave who would desert the enemy’s ranks. In 1792, he found his way back to Africa. The story deeply affected our travellers. They made

known their plans, asked the best way of exploring the coast and of holding intercourse with the natives.

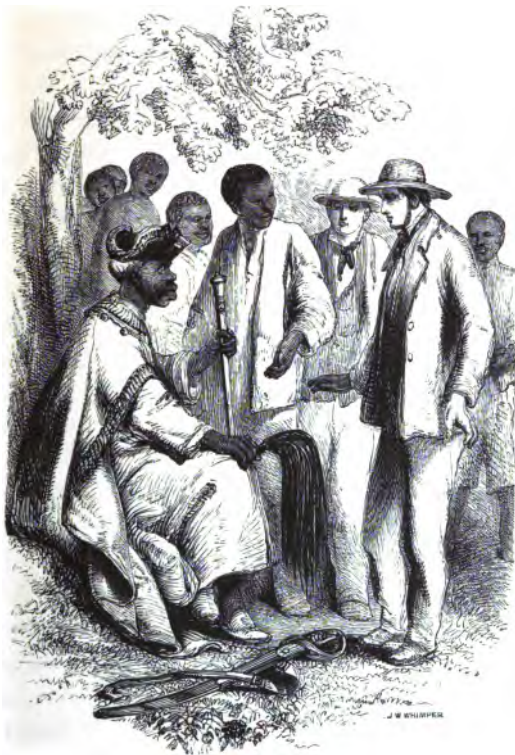
“Our instructions are to visit the Island of Sherbro,” they went on to say.

“It is where I live,” said Kizell; “the Governor sent me to Sherbro to use what influence I could, in breaking up the slave-trade in those regions. Go with me, and I will aid you.”

It proved an interesting evening to Messrs. Mills and Burgess. Before the company parted, they knelt in prayer, to thank God for his mercies, and to entreat his blessing upon benighted Africa. Kizell's appearance made a most favourable impression upon them; he seemed like a true-hearted, Christian man, having the best welfare of his country deeply at heart. Being anxious to secure the object of their mission before the hot weather came on, a week at Sierra Leone was all that could be spared. On Monday, the 30th of March, behold them sailing down the river in a small sloop of ten tons, which they had hired with its captain and crew for six dollars a-day. Kizell and one other negro accompanied them. The weather was serene, and keeping near the coast, they had fine views of the country. By the first of April, Sherbro Island was in sight. This island, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Sierra Leone, is about twenty-five miles long and from fifteen to twenty wide, and was the home of several

chiefs. As the sloop hove in sight of Bendou, King Samona sent out a canoe, to ascertain who was on board, and what they were in quest of.

"Tell the king, two gentlemen from America have come to see him," said Kizell to the messenger. At ten o'clock, they went on shore, conducted by Kizell, who was well acquainted with all the chiefs and head men far and near. They proceeded directly to the palaver-house, where the king was waiting to receive them. A palaver-house is an African *town-hall*, consisting usually of a roof supported by posts. Kizell sat down by the king, while the white men took their seats in front of him. Samona made quite a respectable appearance in a gown and pantaloons, hat and shoes. Presently another chief entered, who was visiting Samona. He was gaily attired in a silver-laced coat, a large three-cornered hat, and a long, rich mantle about his neck, with bare legs and feet. Kizell then introduced the parties to each other. Their majesties declared there could be no business, until presents had been given them. Kizell hastened to the sloop and brought back a piece of cloth, a keg of powder, and some tobacco. These were laid at their feet, but very ungraciously looked upon by the kings. Their countenances wore a sullen and dissatisfied look. "We cannot hold a palaver without rum," they declared at last. This was a mournful sound to the



Mr. Kizell introduced by Couber to his father King Sherbro.

agents, although the temperance movement had not yet begun, and conscientious scruples regarding the use of ardent spirits, either as an article of traffic or as an interchange of courtesies, had as yet scarcely existed.

"We *will not* hold palaver without rum." With this flat refusal the proceeding seemed about to end, or rather never to begin, when a jar was reluctantly set before them.

"There are two kings, and there must be two jars;" nor would they speak farther until their demands were complied with. A second jar was produced, and the palaver went on.

Kizell arose and said: "These gentlemen come from America—from Washington, the capital of the United States. Wise and good men want to help the black people, who wish to come back to their country. It is good—good for black people, both in America and Africa. If you will sell them lands, people will come and till the soil, and buy what you want to sell, and sell what you want to buy."

"Have they got a book?" asked Safah, meaning their instructions. They showed him the papers, while Kizell read aloud that article which directed them to go to Sherbro.

"We be younger brothers to King Sherbro—we wait his answer—we thank you for the presents—if the people come, they must bring us more," said

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the kings. One wanted a large hat and shoes, the other a silver-headed cane and a black horse-tail ! a black horse-tail being a badge of distinction in Africa. After the palaver was over, rum was handed freely around among the people, which soon produced a noisy mirth far from agreeable to the ears of our travellers, and from which they were glad to escape by a speedy return to the sloop.

The next day, with a favourable wind and tide, they crossed over to Yonie, the residence of King Sherbro. Kizell went on shore to give notice of their coming. On the beach he was met by Prince Kong Couber, King Sherbro's eldest son, who shook him by the hand and begged him to visit his hut.

"Two gentlemen are out in the vessel yonder," said Kizell, pointing to the sloop. "They come from the head men in America—from Washington."

"Hem ! hem !" answered the prince.

"They are sent to King Sherbro, to get a place for some black people who are free in that land, to come and sit down by Sherbro, if he will give them land," proceeded Kizell.

"Hem ! hem !" answered the prince.

"The offer is made to Sherbro. If he don't want them, they find some other spot—spots plenty."

"Hem ! hem !"

"If they come, a great thing to Sherbro and his people ; they bring schools and teach the children,

and tell the big ones how to till the land. We die soon, but the children will learn, and know more than their fathers."

"Hem ! hem !" was the still cautious reply of the prince.

"These people will make things cheaper and plentier—they come quiet—no war—no fight—if our people do bad, no muskets fired, but a regular palaver—if you don't believe it, send some head man to Washington, and see," persisted Kizell.

"Hem ! hem !" still responded the non-committal prince, who maintained his reserve until after dinner, when he said, "It's good what you talk—good, we must see the king, I am only a boy to him. The kings and head men own the country—they must say—palaver to-morrow, all come—then answer."

Kizell went back to the vessel, with a more favourable message than might have at first been expected. The next morning, laden with presents, they went on shore. Couber watched them from his hut, and ran down to the beach to meet them. His manners were very friendly, and immediately he led them to his father's hut, where the old king sat, dressed in a calico robe, a three-cornered hat on his head, with a silver-headed cane in his left hand, and a black horse-tail in the right. Sherbro received them kindly, and motioned to them to sit down under the cooling shade of a spreading tree. Some

eighty head men arranged themselves in a circle around their chief, while scores of women and children stood afar off, peeping at the white strangers with wonder and curiosity. Kizell then made known their object in coming to Africa. "See," added he, "no arms in their hands, wish no war—they bring school—they bring the book of God, and when you understand it, it will make you more happy while you live, more happy when you die. What word will King Sherbro send back to America?"

Prince Couber answered for his father, saying, "All you say is well, very well; but no answer till Safah and Samona come."

Many questions were asked, and no small degree of interest was manifested in their plans. The palaver lasted some hours, and ended with a pleasing impression on both sides.

The next day was the Sabbath. No church-bell echoed along the shore, no house of prayer attracted the pious heart, no morning and evening incense was offered to the Living God upon this pagan soil. Our travellers sorrowed for the darkness and degradation of Africa; they longed to preach to the poor natives the gospel of peace, to offer them the bread of life, and direct their steps to the wells of salvation. In company with Kizell, they went to Prince Couber's hut.

"This is called the Sabbath day in Christian

lands," said Kizell, "when the great God's book is read to all the people."

"Our people be glad to hear the great God's book, the best book it is—God's palaver is the old and good palaver," answered Couber seriously.

Then Mr. Mills in plain and simple language narrated to him the story of creation and of redemption; he dwelt upon the goodness of God in sending his beloved Son Jesus Christ into the world to become the Friend and Saviour of sinners, and how worthy was he of our love and worship, and he alone above all other gods.

"Yes," added Kizell, "devils, that Africans worship, tell lies. Leopards come down and drive us away, alligator catches a boy and eats him—negroes say, witch kill him, then we go and sell a whole family to be slaves, to please witch. This is all devil's lies."

Couber looked very sober, and listened with great attention, "Good words—good words—good for me and my people." Poor Couber never heard words like those which now fell upon his ear. He felt that these white men were far different people from the slave-dealers, and he longed for the blessings which they could bring into his dark land.

Messengers had been despatched to the other chiefs, summoning them to a general palaver. It was several days before Safah and Samona arrived.

One morning, they were awakened by fearful howlings from the land.

"Somebody in the king's family is dead," said Kizell, in answer to their anxious inquiries; "this is African custom." It proved to be one of Couber's wives. Mr. Burgess immediately went on shore to offer him their sympathy and consolation.

"May the Lord bless you," said the afflicted, but grateful prince; "as you come to this country with good wishes, may you find good things."

Meanwhile the kings arrived, but the palaver could not go on until after the burial of the princess. Kizell spent most of his time with the chiefs, urging the importance of selling their land to these distant brethren, and expatiating upon the advantages which would flow to them from their re-settlement in Africa. "Yes," he often used to declare, "Africa is the land of the blacks, and to Africa they must and will come. As to the land, it belongs as much to the Africans abroad as to those in the country. The good people in America have only to help them out, and get them fairly started, then they will find no difficulty in helping themselves."

At last, on Friday, at ten o'clock, word was sent to the sloop, that the kings were in readiness for business. They hastened on shore, and were soon assembled under the friendly shade of the spreading palm. There sat old Sherbro, grave and dignified, Safah on

one side and Samona on the other, each holding in the right hand a black horse-tail, the insignia of royalty. Couber squatted on a mat before his father. Kizell and the missionaries sat opposite, facing the kings.

"We are come," said Kizell, breaking the silence.

"We see you," replied Couber, who seemed to be spokesman; "we are glad—we love you—we do not hate you—we love your country—we are friends—we love peace—war is not good—but when you did come from the head men of your country to Sherbro, where is the letter you did bring to Sherbro?"

The missionaries told him, their instructions were to visit the island of Sherbro and consult with the kings, but as King Sherbro in particular was unknown, no letter was directed to him.

The palaver lasted many hours. Mr. Mills at last asked, "What answer shall we carry back to our people? Will King Sherbro receive his children?"

"Yes," answered the king, "yes—we cannot hate them—we receive them."

"Are the presents you gave us to pay for the land?" asked Safah.

"No, we will pay you a fair price for your land," replied Mills; "these are gifts."

A general agreement was then entered into, the

definite terms of which were to be settled upon the arrival of the colonists. It was written in two books, one for King Sherbro and the other for Mr. Mills. No one seemed more deeply interested in these proceedings than Couber: he keenly felt the degradation and ignorance of his countrymen, and had long in secret desired that something might happen to bless and benefit his poor, unhappy country. He wanted to send two of his sons to America for an education; and whenever he looked at Kizell, he wished that he too had been made a captive, if through slavery he could but learn the manners, customs, and knowledge of other nations. Alas! few slaves have found the happy redemption which John Kizell had.

At parting with Couber on the beach, he gave the missionaries two mats for their fathers, and a goat for their men. "May God bless you, and give you a good voyage to your country!" he exclaimed, grasping them by the hand with deep emotion. When the vessel weighed anchor, he sank down beneath an orange tree, watching her, with anxious and sorrowful eyes, as she bore away over the dark blue waters. It was the last they ever saw of poor Couber.

After making some further examination of the coast, they returned to Sierra Leone, highly gratified with the result of their survey.

On the 22d of May, they went on board the brig "Success," and set sail for the United States.

"We may now," said Mills to his friend, as they stood upon the quarter-deck, taking their last, long look at poor, unhappy Africa, "we may now be thankful to God, and congratulate each other that the dangers and labours of our mission are over; the prospects are fair, that we shall once more return to our dear native land, and see the faces of our beloved parents and friends."

Never did the privileges of a Christian land, and the blessings of a Christian home, seem so inexpressibly dear to them, as they did then, in contrast with the vacant and dreary ignorance of native life in a heathen land.

Our travellers are on an untroubled sea, and prosperous winds are bearing them onward, "but one shall be taken, and the other left;" one was nearing his last home; one was rapidly drifting to the Port of Peace. Just thirty days after leaving Sierra Leone, Mr. Mills was no more. He had taken a severe cold, and every remedy was fruitless: death was approaching, but it had no terrors for him. A heavenly smile rested on his face, and his hands were clasped in prayer, when the sainted spirit returned to God who gave it. The next evening his body was committed to the great deep, and Mr. Burgess was left sorrowing and alone.

Thus fell by the way the first workman in the New Republic. Brave, great-hearted, holy man, we honour thy work, and thy memory is precious! Farewell!

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL.

“Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail.”—TUPPER.

THE news of Mr. Burgess's return spread joy and sorrow through the country; joy to behold his face again, and for the good report which he made of the land; sorrow that he came alone, and that one so eminently fitted for usefulness in the church and the world had been cut down in the prime of his life; but he had entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, and his friends wept not as those without hope. The favourable account which Mr. Burgess gave of their mission to the African coast, greatly encouraged the friends of colonization, and added many new allies to its ranks. They now prepared for definite action, which was to lay the foundations of a colony.

Perhaps on no mind did their journal make a deeper impression, or awaken a more stirring interest than on Lott Cary's, and on that of his friend Colin

Teague. Colin lived in Richmond, and had raised 1300 dollars for the redemption of himself, a son and a daughter. Their purposes were soon formed. A desire to go and carry the blessed gospel to that benighted region "was like fire in their bones." Lott's friends gathered around him, beseeching him to pause and consider. How could he leave his snug farm, his handsome salary, and his thousand opportunities for usefulness, to encounter the dangers of an African climate, and risk every thing to plant a colony on a distant shore? "I am an African," he replied firmly, "and in this country, however meritorious my conduct and respectable in my character, I cannot receive the credit due to either. I wish to go to a country where I shall be estimated by my merits, not by my complexion; and I feel bound to labour for my suffering race."

When his employers learned his decision, they raised his salary to a thousand dollars; but dollars could not buy him off, or tempt him from his purpose.

"I long to preach to the poor Africans the way of salvation," he exclaimed. "I do not know what may befall me—whether I may find a grave in the ocean, or among savage men, or more savage wild beasts; nor am I anxious what may become of me. I know my duty, and I am resolved to do it." Though he was not able to go out with the first colonists, he

soon followed, to face their foes and to share their toils.

Congress, in 1819, passed an act authorising the President to send out an agency to Africa, for the purpose of providing an asylum for recaptured negroes. The Society determined to plant their colony beside the government station.

“And now, who are willing to move in this enterprise? Who is ready to meet the hardships which the first settlers on any soil must encounter?”

There was no lack of labourers. A large number of blacks offered to go.

“We will go back to the land of our fathers,” said they.

“We go to be *men*—no longer to be crushed by superiority, by scorn, by poverty.”

“We go to show what the black man is capable of being—reasonable, industrious, persevering, reflecting freemen.”

“We go to plant Bible institutions and Christian civilization on the soil of Africa.”

“We shall be exiles, self-banished from our homes, to starve, to die, on foreign shores,” said others, more timid and less hopeful for the future. Thinking, intelligent Africans were decidedly in favour of the movement. Thirty families, numbering eighty-nine persons, were accepted by the Society, and began to prepare for their departure. The government con-

cluded to send out two vessels, one a sloop-of-war and the other a merchantman, to carry out workmen and tools necessary for beginning a settlement. Emigrants were offered a passage on board the Elizabeth. Rev. Samuel Bacon and Mr. John P. Bankson were the government agents. Dr. Samuel Crozer acted for the Colonization Society. The whole party assembled at New York, and Monday, 21st of January, 1820, was the day of embarkation. Religious services were performed in the African church of that city, where a large number assembled at an early hour. The greatest interest was awakened; indeed, amid the sadness of the departing, the opposition of the fearful, the anticipation of untried dangers, the difficulties consequent upon every new movement, the excitement increased to such a degree, that the emigrants went secretly on board, before the multitude could assemble on the wharfs to witness their embarkation. The Elizabeth then weighed anchor and fell down the stream. An intense cold came on in the night, and she became ice-bound in the harbour, nor was she released from her fetters for more than a week. The farewell spoken, it was painful for the emigrants to linger within sight of those shores which they never again expected to behold, and almost within sound of those scenes, now doubly dear to their hearts, in which they could never again mingle. Ships in those days had fewer comforts than ships in our time, and

already the passengers began to have a foretaste of those inconveniences and sufferings which every one must expect to experience in reaching and rearing new and distant homes. Some grew faint-hearted, and murmured, "Wherefore are we brought here, with our wives and our little ones, to be a prey?" Those who had counted the cost, and made up their minds to look every difficulty in the face with a steady eye and a brave heart, stood firm and unmoved, rejoicing even that they were accounted worthy to be pioneers in an enterprise, whose far-off yet glorious results already seem to gild the dark mountain-tops of Africa with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

Once fairly at sea, after a short passage, the Elizabeth entered the harbour of Sierra Leone. The Governor received them cordially, and offered to expedite their plans by all the means in his power. What was first to be done? Must they wait for the sloop-of-war, which had not yet arrived? Could the Elizabeth navigate the Sherbro waters? It was feared not, and John Kizell was not there to benefit them by his advice. Mr. Bacon bought a small schooner, and putting some of the cargo on board, both vessels sailed towards Sherbro Sound, about 120 miles distant. Arriving at the Sound, the waters were found to be too shoal for the Elizabeth, and she cast anchor several miles from the shore.

The colonists now needed the presence of Kizell ; they longed to behold one whose prudent and urgent counsels had been of such essential service to the exploring agents, and whose warm heart they were assured would welcome them with a brother's love.

" John Kizell we must find," said Mr. Bacon, and he determined to explore the country in quest of his settlement. Mr. Bacon coasted along the shore, occasionally landing and making inquiries of the natives, until he came off Campelar, the place of his residence. Here he landed and made himself known. Kizell wept for joy at beholding him.

" I am glad you have come—glad to see your people !" he exclaimed, and thanked God for the good day. He begged them to make no delay in landing, promising speedily to provide both huts and food. That evening the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascended from this little band of African Christians in the palm-groves of their father-land, with a savour sweeter than spices, and a token of the planting of that tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. Their naked countrymen, wild, dirty, and savage, came lounging through the thickets, with curiosity and wonder, trying to hold intercourse with them through the medium of the few English words already familiar to their ear. Alas ! those English words were little more than oaths and curses, learned from the slaver's crew. How striking was the con-

trast between them and the new comers, clean, orderly, well dressed, sober, Christian men and women. It was a happy evening. Kizell's friendliness gave favourable indications for the future; Mr. Bacon was full of hope; the emigrants began to conclude that after all, it was not so bad to live in Africa, with plenty of goats and fish for food, and with an abundance of oranges, cocoas, and every delicious fruit hanging over their heads.

Meanwhile, the sloop-of-war *Cyane* reached Sierra Leone, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Bacon, informing him of its arrival. He immediately returned to Sierra Leone, where it was agreed that some of the *Cyane's* crew should man the *Augusta*, the little sloop which Mr. Bacon had bought, and return with him to visit Sherbro. Lieutenant Townsend took the command. On reaching the island, the men were busily employed in removing the stores from the vessels to the shore, while Mr. Bacon visited the chiefs, to know what land they were willing to sell, and on what terms it could be bought. He was coolly received by the Sherbro kings. On urging the claims of their agreement made with the former agents, they sometimes promised an immediate attention to the business, sometimes refused to sell without consulting others in the interior, and sometimes declared they did not want to hold palaver with him at all.

In this unexpected emergency he turned to Kizell for aid, who said, "Yes, yes, I help you. I talk with head-men." But it was not long before Mr. Bacon discovered that no progress was making in the business. One day, on returning from an unsuccessful interview with the kings, he found several of his people complaining of dreadful pains in the head, back, and limbs. Anxious forebodings filled his bosom. Fearing the African fever, he prescribed to the best of his ability, and awaited with the deepest solicitude the arrival of the schooner, which had gone to the Elizabeth for stores. Twenty-five were soon ill with a burning fever. Badly provided with shelter, with none of the comforts and few of the necessities which sick men need, under a scorching sun and amid the heavy night-damps, in a strange land, surrounded by suspicious and jealous natives, no wonder that the prospect became disheartening. On every side were groans, and tears, and bitter complaints. A messenger was hastily despatched to Dr. Crozer, begging him to make no delay in reaching the island.

Nor was it long before a boat hove in sight, bearing Mr. Bankson, Dr. Crozer, and Lieutenant Townsend; all, alas, lying dangerously ill of the same disease. Mr. Bacon's cares and anxieties multiplied. Eight sick families were on his hands, with not a single member able to cook his own food, or perform

the smallest service; while those who continued well, refused to work, stole from the stores, and seemed to be fast losing all respect for themselves, or interest in their friends and employers. Up early and late, without shoes, stockings, hat, or coat, behold Mr. Bacon attending the sick, comforting the dying, dealing out stores, handling casks, toiling at the oar. In wet and heat, in hunger and thirst, he wrought unceasingly for the comfort and benefit of his suffering companions.

The island on which the emigrants landed, had unfortunately proved to be low and unhealthy. The wet season was approaching, so dangerous to strangers, and the absorbing desire now was, to remove to a more salubrious situation.

What was to be done? Where is Kizell? To whom could they look for aid?

"O God! who *can* help but thou?" cried Mr. Bacon, in the extremity of his troubles.

The apparent coldness of Kizell in this emergency added to his perplexity and distress. He seldom came among them, and at last entirely withdrew. This change of conduct in one whose intelligent views and friendly zeal to promote the good of his countrymen had greatly encouraged their hopes and fortified them for the enterprise, appeared unaccountable and disheartening. The reasons which influenced him are unknown; but it can scarcely be doubted, had Mr.

Bacon lived, the seeming misunderstanding might have been cleared up, and the cloud which now rests upon his conduct might have passed away. Mr. Bacon sank beneath his multiplied cares, Dr. Crozer died, Mr. Bankson soon followed, Lieutenant Townsend and all the boat's crew sleep their last sleep on the African coast. Contending with toils and discouragements of no ordinary kind; grappling with a fever of no common malignancy, these brave men stood at their posts of duty, cheering each other on, encouraging the dismayed, sympathizing with the suffering, nursing the sick, until they sank to rise no more. Twenty emigrants shared the same fate. What a pall hung upon the prospects of the feeble remnant! Their leaders fallen; without a guide or counsel or protection, they were like sheep without a shepherd in the howling wilderness; but He "who led his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron," gave power "to the faint, and to them that had no might he increased strength." Before his death, Dr. Crozer committed his agency into the hands of one of the leading emigrants, Rev. Daniel Coker, a coloured clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Finding himself at the head of affairs in a most perilous crisis, and feeling the need of advice, he determined upon going to Sierra Leone, as soon as the condition of the sick would allow. At that hour, with the sick, the dying, and the dead about him, entrusted with new

responsibilities connected with the welfare of a large body of people and the preservation of a large amount of property, with no one to counsel or befriend him, how does this new workman on the foundations of the new republic stand out to light? Does he flag, or flinch, or fear? Alone he stands, with a dark present and a darker future; but does he draw fearfully and timidly back? His language, on that night of toil, is truly sublime.

“ We have met with trials; we are but a handful; our provisions are running low; we are in a strange and heathen land; we have not heard from America, and know not whether more provisions or people will be sent out; yet, thank the Lord, *my confidence is strong in the veracity of his promises*. Tell my brethren to come—fear not—this land is good; it only wants men to possess it. I have opened a little Sabbath school for native children. O, it would do your hearts good to see the little naked sons of Africa around me. *Tell the coloured people to come up to the help of the Lord. Let nothing discourage the Society or the coloured people.*” Herein do we not read the words of a stout-hearted Christian hero? *He* daunted! *he* fearful! *he* dismayed! No! The work must be done, though hundreds fall in the outset. He sees that Africa must be Christianized and civilized, and stands boldly relying upon the promises

of God that it *will* be done. "*Come up to the help of the Lord ; let nothing discourage the Society or the coloured people.*"

When the news of these disasters reached this country, the faint-hearted exclaimed, "Our effort must be abandoned—no one can live on the African coast. We cannot row against wind and tide ; it costs too great a sacrifice." Abandon it ! No true-hearted man for a moment thought of abandoning it. Was North Carolina abandoned because the whole colony at Roanoke was swept from existence ? Was Jamestown abandoned, when one-half of her people perished before autumn ? Did the Pilgrims abandon Plymouth in that distressing season, when they were but seven men able to render assistance, and seven kernels of parched corn for each one's daily ration ? Did the border settlers abandon their villages because the forest was skirted by a savage foe ?

The baptism of suffering is sprinkled upon every lofty enterprise, and he is unworthy to engage in it, who timidly shrinks from bearing his part !

As the shadows of disease and discouragement began to pass away, it was found that only twenty out of the eighty-eight emigrants died of fever ; the remainder recovered without the aid even of medicine or nursing. The African climate still proves dangerous to the white man, though it seems well adapted

to the constitution of the negro. After the first acclimating sickness, he enjoys good health, with the prospect of long life.

Brave spirits were soon ready to start and occupy the posts of the fallen leaders. Rev. E. Bacon, a brother of the deceased, and Mr. Winn, were appointed government agents; Rev. Joseph Andrus and Mr. Wiltberger, agents for the Society. With all possible dispatch they were fitted out, and reached Sierra Leone in safety, where they found Mr. Coker anxiously awaiting an arrival from America.

After much inquiry and consultation, it was concluded to abandon the Sherbro country, and seek a more healthy location. The Governor of Sierra Leone kindly offered the emigrants a home at Fourra Bay, within the limits of the English colony, until a better and more permanent situation could be provided for them. For this purpose, a new exploration of the coast was necessary, and Messrs. Andrus and Bacon prepared for the voyage. Coasting along for some 300 miles in a south-easterly direction, they hove in sight of a high bluff of land, whose healthy position and safe anchorage had long made it one of the most commanding and desirable points on the coast. It was called Cape Mesurado. For a hundred years, the principal powers of Europe had in vain tried to gain possession of it. France and England had made repeated offers to the head

chiefs occupying the territory, who steadily and invariably refused to part with even an acre. Indeed the kings were known to be extremely hostile to the whites, always rejecting their most advantageous proposals. The schooner cast anchor, and Mr. Andrus went on shore to look about. King Peter held dominion over the land; a warlike and powerful prince, deeply engaged in the slave-trade. A head man came forward, and begged to know the object of his visit. An interview with the king was requested, and messengers were immediately sent to his majesty, who peremptorily declined seeing the strangers. A present was despatched to conciliate him, but his majesty was not to be conciliated; the present was returned. After so unpromising a beginning, all further attempts towards a negotiation seemed hopeless, and the agents reluctantly went back to their boat. On their way, they beheld large droves of Africans, penned like wild beasts, and a French schooner lying off, waiting an opportunity of running in and carrying away a cargo of slaves. Weighing anchor, they proceeded 60 miles along the coast, when the schooner became becalmed at the mouth of a river, at a place called the Great Bassa. Ten or fifteen canoes put off from the shore, filled with natives, bringing out a plentiful supply of yams, plantains, pine-apples, palm oil, and palm wine. Fowls were sold for one leaf of

tobacco, and a hundred oysters for half a pound. A friendly invitation to come on shore was given, which the agents readily accepted, and a jolly old Krooman, by the name of Bottle Beer, offered to conduct them around the country. Coming to the left bank of the Grand Bassa river, and no canoe being in sight, they were at a loss to know how to reach the villages on the opposite side.

"Me carry you over," proposed Bottle Beer; "hoist your legs over my shoulders." Thus relieved of their perplexities, Mr. Andrus was soon safely landed on the other side.

"I am so fat, Bottle Beer, you cannot carry me," said Mr. Bacon.

"Me strong; me carry you, Daddy," persisted the accommodating Bottle Beer, and Mr. Bacon was speedily mounted. They proceeded to Bottle Beer's town, where they were kindly welcomed by the natives, who flocked around them with curiosity and interest. Several other villages were visited, and the same friendly disposition was everywhere manifested.

The appearance of the country made a favourable impression upon the travellers; and, upon more extended observations, it was thought to be a suitable spot for the location of a colony. They signified their wish to hold a palaver with the chiefs, and to further this object, various presents were

despatched into the interior. This is called "pay service," and is necessary to secure the good-will of the lords of the soil. A meeting was appointed at the palaver-house of Jumbo-town, and King Jack Ben of Grand Bassa presided over its councils. When Mr. Bacon laid some gifts at his feet, he said in broken English, "Me tanke you—me tanke you—now what you want?—tell." They clearly stated their objects—"to get land for the black men in America to come and sit down upon. They would make a great town, where ships would come and trade with cloth, beads, knives, tobacco, pipes, and in return take ivory, palm-oil, and every thing that grows in their fields. Then they need no more to sell their own people, but carry on good and lawful trade."

The chiefs listened with profound attention, and the object seemed to make a favourable impression upon their minds. "Palaver to-morrow—palaver to-morrow," they said, and therewith ended the business of the day. The result was, that King Jack Ben agreed to sell them a tract of land for the colony, the terms of which were written in "book," as every written agreement was called by the natives. His majesty seemed highly delighted at beholding the young prince dressed in a pair of trowsers given him by the agents, while the people joyfully exclaimed, "He gentleman, all one white man!"

Indeed they succeeded in inspiring Jack Ben with so much confidence in their character and intentions, that he was desirous of intrusting his son to their care, to be taken to Sierra Leone to "learn read."

The natives of this region were found to be in the grossest heathenism, the devil being literally worshipped, by the name of the "Dibbly man." They believe in a good and evil deity, but the latter, to whose malign influence all the ills of life are attributed, obtains by far the largest share of their worship and sacrifices. Every village has its own devil, who is represented by a man covered with dry rushes, with two or three handkerchiefs tied in a fantastic manner about his face, a row of coarse shells around his eyes, while his head is surmounted by a flaming red cap four or five feet high. The creature goes about uttering hideous yells and making frightful grimaces: his senseless chatterings are regarded as divine oracles, and the fate of many a hapless victim is dependent upon his will. How pure, how reasonable, how exalted are the requirements of Christianity, compared with the tyranny and ignorance of pagan superstitions!

After an absence of nearly seven weeks, the schooner made the port of Sierra Leone. The agents returned from their voyage in good health, and increasingly interested in every thing pertaining to the enterprise. The desolations and degradation of

heathenism deeply affected the mind of Mr. Andrus. His Christian sympathies became strongly enlisted in behalf of the poor Africans. "I must preach to them the gospel of our Lord Jesus," he exclaimed; "I will stay and devote my whole life to missionary labour in this dark land." But the Heavenly Master had a wider sphere and a nobler work for this devoted servant. A few weeks more, and Mr. Andrus left the scene of his earthly duties, to enter upon the joyful realities of the heavenly world. Mr. and Mrs. Winn soon followed, while Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, weakened by fever and brought to the verge of the grave, were put on board a vessel bound to America, where they safely arrived, greatly benefited by the voyage.

Again the leaders are prostrate! the front ranks are cut down! Dark is the night of toil. Mr. Wiltberger, one of the colonization agents, is left alone, unaided by the wise counsels and unsustained by the cheerful courage of his fellow-labourers. He is sorrowful and weary, but not faint-hearted. God sustains him. Stretching his hands towards America, he exclaims, "Who will stand in the breach? Who will come over and help us? Who will work for Africa?"

Already another brave heart is enlisted in the cause.

"Here am I—I will go!" responded Dr. Eli Ayres, of Philadelphia, and immediately offered himself to the Colonization Society.

Soon after his arrival at Sierra Leone, Captain Stockton, of the war-ship *Alligator*, came on the coast, bearing instructions from the American Government to co-operate with the agents of the Colonization Society in securing a suitable territory for the settlement of the emigrants.

Leaving the negroes in charge of Mr. Wiltberger, Dr. Ayres accompanied Captain Stockton on an exploring agency along the coast. On the 11th of December, they came to anchor in Mesurado Bay.

"*That is the spot we ought to have,*" said Captain Stockton, pointing to the high bluff of Cape Mesurado, as they stood together on the quarter-deck, "*that should be the site of our colony—no finer spot on all the coast.*"

"*Then we must have it,*" answered Dr. Ayres, with Saxon energy. Did they know all the obstacles in the way of a measure so bold? England and France had been trying for it for one hundred years without success; the interview with Messrs. Andrus and Bacon six months before was positively refused, and even their gifts were sent scornfully back by King Peter. Though well aware of the ill success of every previous attempt at a negotiation, and the uncompromising hostility of the natives to any thing bearing the semblance of a white settlement, they did not mean to sail tamely or timidly by, without making an effort, or at least inquiry; and every new aspect

of the coast only strengthened their desire to obtain possession of it. They determined to land. Some head men met them on the shore, to whom they gave suitable presents, and upon entering into friendly conversation, it was soon clear that a favourable impression had been made upon their minds. They expressed a desire to see King Peter. Messenger after messenger was sent to beg a palaver with his majesty ; but it was not until he had disappointed and deceived them again and again, that he consented to an interview, and then only upon the condition that they should *dare* meet him in his own capital, far into the interior. To accomplish this, they must leave the coast, wade through water, wallow through mud, cut through dismal jungles, and in an enemy's country, surrounded on all sides by savages, whose fiercest passions had been nursed by the slave-trade, and who cared not a straw for human life. They must go armed to the teeth, and even then expect at any moment robbery and death.

Could they dare visit King Peter at such hazards ? Could they brave the lion in his den ? Yes, they could dare any thing in the prosecution of a great and worthy enterprise.

"We will go !" was the resolute answer. In order to convince the natives that their object was a peaceful one, they determined to go unarmed, with the exception of a small pair of pocket-pistols, which

Captain Stockton usually wore in his coat. Wild beasts, and savages armed with muskets, roamed through the forests, but they reached the capital in safety, where groups of naked barbarians came out to meet them, gaping with wonder. Having been conducted to the palaver hall, which was spread with mats for their reception, a head man came forward and shook them by the hands, announcing the arrival of his majesty. When the king entered, he took no notice of the strangers, but went to the farthest corner of the hut, where he sat down, with an angry frown upon his brow, and a glance of defiance in his eye.

On being introduced by one of the chiefs, he asked, in a surly tone, what they wanted, and what business they had in his dominions. The plan of the colonists was carefully and minutely explained, all about which he well knew, having been informed of the object of Mr. Andrus's visit several months before, and more recently, through his head men, of its contemplated renewal by Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres. Meanwhile large bodies of the natives began to darken around them; but every thing wore a peaceable aspect, until, on the entrance of a fresh band, an unusual excitement began to agitate the crowd. Affairs looked dark and threatening. Captain Stockton arose and took his seat near the king. Presently a

mulatto rushed forward, and doubling up his fist, charged Captain Stockton with capturing slave-vessels. "This is a man trying to ruin the slave-trade!" he cried, in a loud and angry tone.

"These are the people who are quarrelling at Sherbro!" shouted another.

A horrid war-yell broke from the multitude; every one sprang upon his feet, scowling vengeance upon the agents. Captain Stockton, fully conscious of the extreme peril of their position, instantly arose, and drawing out one of his pistols, pointed it at the head of the king, while, raising his other hand to heaven, he solemnly appealed to the God of heaven for protection in this fearful crisis. King Peter flinched before the calm courage of the white man, and the barbarians fell flat on their faces at the apparent danger of their chief. The Captain then withdrew his pistol; their savage rage was hushed; awed and subdued by the fearless energy of their visitors, some crept away, while their chiefs began to listen with respect to the advances and proposals now made to them.

And what was the result? Success crowned their efforts. After two or three palavers, the kings consented to sell a tract of land to the colonists. A copy of the contract entered into upon this occasion may not be uninteresting to our readers.

“ Know all men, that this contract, made on the 15th day of December, 1821, between King Peter, King George, King Zoda, King Long Peter, their princes and head-men, on the one part, and Captain Robert F. Stockton and Dr. Eli Ayres on the other, witnesseth: that whereas certain persons, citizens of the United States of America, are desirous of establishing themselves on the western coast of Africa, and have invested Capt. Robt. F. Stockton and Eli Ayres with full powers to treat with, and purchase from us,” (here follows a description of the land), “ we being fully convinced of the pacific and just views of said citizens, and being desirous to reciprocate their friendship, do hereby, in consideration of so much paid in hand, namely—6 muskets, 1 box of beads, 2 hogshheads of tobacco, 1 cask of gunpowder, 6 bars of iron, 10 iron pots, 1 doz. knives and forks. 1 doz. spoons, 6 pieces of blue baft, 4 hats, 3 coats, 3 pairs of shoes, 1 box pipes, 1 keg nails, 3 looking glasses, 3 pieces of kerchiefs, 3 pieces of calico, 3 canes, 4 umbrellas, 1 box soap, 1 barrel rum, and to be paid the following: 6 bars of iron, 1 box beads, 50 knives, 20 looking glasses, 10 iron pots, 12 guns, 3 barrels of gunpowder, 1 doz. plates, 1 doz. knives and forks, 20 hats, 5 casks of beef, 5 barrels of pork, 10 barrels of biscuit, 12 decanters, 12 glass tumblers, and 50 shoes—for ever cede and relinquish the above-described lands to Robert F. Stockton and Eli

Ayres, to have and to hold said premises for the use of said citizens of America."

King *Peter* × his mark.

King *George* × his mark.

King *Zoda* × his mark,

King *Long Peter* × his mark. *Capt. R. F. Stockton.*

King *Governor* × his mark. *Eli Ayres, M.D.*

King *Jimmy* × his mark.

At last, after many unsuccessful endeavours and severe disappointments, an agreement is entered into, signed and sealed, granting to the Colonization Society, a tract of land, suitable for their new colony. One decided and most important point is now gained, a healthy spot to build upon.

In due time, the poor colonists, once at Sherbro Island, and now at Fourra Bay, are transported to their new and permanent home. Dangers at first threatened them, difficulties were strown at every step in their way, but by courage and perseverance these were conquered, so that on the 25th of April, 1822, *the American flag was hoisted on Cape Mesurado*

Three cheers for the American flag !

Three cheers for the little band, who have planted themselves beside it, to lay the corner stone, *they* hardly knew of what—for the great result of their efforts was far in the untrodden future—but stand-

ing where *we* now stand, we behold them laying the foundations of that new Republic, which is to bless and benefit Africa, with the light of its Christianized civilization.

Three cheers for the little band, who have stood undaunted on a savage coast, and who, while their leaders are falling around them, can exclaim, with Christian confidence, "Let nothing discourage the Society or the coloured people. Thank God, our confidence is strong in the veracity of his promises."

CHAPTER V.

FOE AND FIGHT.

“Faith, commerce, knowledge, law, these will be springing,
Where'er thy standard flies.”

BEHOLD the American flag waving for the first time on the shores of Africa. See it towering above the lofty forests of Cape Mesurado, a herald of freedom! Hark! what new sounds break the stern silence of that bold peninsula? The axe and the saw, the spade and the plough are there, instruments of peaceful industry, unused and unknown by the savage tribes which for ages have desolated those fertile shores. A colony of Christian men and women are there, few in number, but fearless in heart, rearing Christian homes in the very centre of barbarism and slavery. Cape Mesurado is elevated about 250 feet above the level of the sea, and is a bold tongue of land, bounded on the south-west by the ocean, and on the north-east by the Mesurado river. The Veys occupied the land northward of the Cape, and between Cape Mount and the Gallians; an active, warlike and haughty tribe, whose principal employment

was the slave trade. The Deys inhabited the coast at and around Mesurado, treacherous, profligate, and cruel in their character; while different divisions of the Bassas lived on the coast southward. The Queahs ranged back of the Deys; and farther in the interior the land was ruled by a powerful and warlike tribe called the Condoes.

The spot chosen by the colonists was about two miles from the extremity of the cape, and one hundred and fifty yards from the river on the north-east, down which there was a steep and abrupt descent. It was covered by a thick forest, interwoven with vines and underbrush.

After doing every thing which the circumstances of the case admitted, for the comfort and safety of this little band, ninety in number, both agents, Dr. Ayres and Mr. Wiltberger, prepared to return to the United States. Leaving their affairs to the care of Elijah Johnson, they sailed on the 4th of June, 1822.

The emigrants are alone amid the wild luxuriance of this eastern wilderness, a little one among a thousand; no city of refuge extends its strong protecting arm; no friendly aid is near to cheer with its warm sympathies the desponding heart,—and yet they are not quite alone. The Almighty One is with them. Morning and evening from the stately palm groves arose the voice of prayer to Him “who guided his own people in the wilderness like a flock, and who

was their chief strength in the tabernacles of Ham." A little church, formed some time previous in the city of Richmond, composed of Lott Cary, Colin Teage, and five or six others, is now transferred hither, and Mr. Cary is its pastor. The Bible, the Sabbath, and the Church have begun to distil their soft mercies, and the "solitary place shall be glad for them, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Two months passed away, and the lonely clearing was cheered by the sight of a brig standing in for the cape; it bore Mr. Jehudi Ashmun, thirty-five additional emigrants, and various stores. Before landing, a terrific storm broke over the bay, which swept the little craft from her moorings, and for thirty-six hours put her in the greatest peril. The passengers at last were safely on shore; but owing to the loss of her principal boat during the hurricane, and the heavy swellings of the surf, her cargo was landed with the greatest difficulty.

How did Mr. Ashmun find the little colony? What progress had it made in its two months's existence? With severe labour a small spot had been cleared, on which a storehouse and thirty huts had been erected; but there were no preparations for the accommodation of new settlers, and no means of defence in case of hostile attack from the natives.

Mr. Ashmun was accompanied by his young wife,

who came ready to suffer the privations and share the labours of his new home in the wilderness. After providing a cabin corner to shelter her from the drenching rains, which had now set in, he cast his eyes over the new-born settlement to learn what was most needful for its interests. A vast work was before him. Orders were immediately given to provide huts for the newly arrived emigrants, and to begin a large storehouse for the fresh supply of provisions. Meanwhile startling intimations of danger reached his ears. The chiefs and head men of the country had by no means relished King Peter's sale of the land, and they began in various ways to threaten the new comers with hostilities. He saw that the matter must be quickly attended to, or very serious disasters might ensue. He accordingly made a visit at the capitals of two of the most powerful sovereigns, King Peter and King Brister, and tried to bring them to friendly terms by offers of trade, and proposals to instruct their sons in the English language. These courteous advances were coldly received. In company with Mr. James and Elijah Johnson, whose name will hold a distinguished place in these records, he then met the chiefs in a regular palaver, but no offers or professions which they could make, seemed to appease the angry natives. Anxious to prevent any open outbreak, for which the undefended colonists were so poorly prepared, Ashmun

and James proposed to buy a peace for two or three hundred bars; a bar being valued at about seventy-five cents. From this Mr. Johnson dissented, constantly declaring that the sum would be thrown away; for he had already learned enough of the native character to convince him that nothing but a fight would settle the difficulty. The bargain, however, was concluded, the amount paid, and the deputation returned to the little settlement.

After a few days the correctness of Mr. Johnson's observations became alarmingly corroborated. Intelligence was received that the natives were mustering their forces in every direction, and preparing for a united attack upon the colony. Preparations for defence were instantly set on foot, leaving no time for regrets over the past, or fears for the future. The whole number of colonists was about one hundred and thirty, of whom only thirty-five were capable of bearing arms. Thirteen, most of whom had never loaded a musket, were enrolled in a lieutenant's corps, and daily exercised in the use of arms; a quantity of ammunition was made up, and a plan drafted for the erection of a tower. Forty muskets, and five iron cannon and one of brass were all the colony could boast of, and four of the cannon were on the shore, almost buried in mud. With incredible labour these were brought up a steep bank, mounted on rude carriages, and in the end did no mean service. The

thickets which surrounded the little clearing, afforded the savages an opportunity of prowling around their dwellings without being discovered. Mr. Ashmun directed these to be cleared away as speedily as possible, and the felled trees to be piled up for a wall of defence.

Warnings were from time to time received through friendly natives, that the danger was advancing; but how great or how near, it was difficult, with any degree of certainty, to find out. In addition to all their other labours, twenty men were now drafted to stand watch during the night.

All this time heavy rains were falling, and sickness began to break out among the new emigrants. Mrs. Ashmun became seriously ill, and her husband experienced a slight attack of the prevailing disease; but he never suffered himself to flag until the fortifications were nearly completed. Often after a night of delirium and distress, he would arise at early dawn, fling his cloak around him, and spend the whole morning in superintending the public works. Mr. Ashmun received great assistance from the good sense and sound judgment of Lott Cary, and of Mr. Johnson and others, who had served in our last war with England. Mr. Cary was one of those who could adapt himself to any circumstances, and do any thing which he undertook. Besides preaching, he could fell trees, build cabins, and what was still better, now that they

were deprived of the services of a regular physician, he turned doctor, and his prescriptions were crowned with remarkable success.

Five heavy cannon were stationed at different points around the settlement, protected by a musket-proof stockade, while the brass cannon and two swivels were mounted on carriages in the centre, ready to assist the post most hotly attacked. All the posts were then connected by a picket fence. The works were urged on with the utmost diligence.

In the midst of these cares and labours, Mr. Ashmun had the grief to see his wife sinking at his side. Her constitution gave way before the violence of an African fever, unrelieved and unsoothed by any of the comforts of refined life. Behold her in the corner of a wretched hut, beneath a thatch dripping with rain, lying on a mat drenched with water. Fear, anxiety, fatigue, and want, are her attendants, yet God strengthens and comforts her soul. On Sabbath morning, the 15th of September, her spirit entered upon its eternal rest, and Mr. Ashmun is left alone. Sinking beneath the three-fold pressure of care, sorrow and sickness, for six weeks he lies prostrate upon his mat, unconscious of any thing around him.

In this perilous crisis, shall *he* too fall at his post? As the rains subsided, his strength began to return, and by the first of November he was again able to attend to public affairs.

Meanwhile the savages have been active, and, from time to time, intelligence has reached the settlement of the plans and debates of their war councils. On the 7th the agent is secretly warned to prepare for an assault within four days. We can readily imagine what days of suspense and anxiety they must have been, to a handful of men in hourly expectation of an attack from the combined warriors of every savage tribe in the region.

Mr. Ashmun, after taking a turn around the works, and reviewing his little force in the evening, thus addressed them with all the solemnity and impressiveness which their circumstances were calculated to inspire. "War is now inevitable," he said. "The safety of our property, our settlement, our families, our lives, depends under God upon your courage and firmness. Let every post and every individual be able to confide in the firm support of every other. Let every man act as if the whole defence depended upon his own single arm. May no coward disgrace our ranks. The cause is God's and our country's, and we may rely upon the blessing of Almighty God to succeed in our efforts. We are weak, He is strong. Trust in Him." A stern silence pervaded the little band; the men were marched to their posts, where they lay on their arms, with matches lighted, during the long watches of that anxious night. It wore away and no enemy appeared.

The next morning Mr. Ashmun aroused himself from the langour of sickness to make a more thorough inspection of the fortifications. It was with deep anxiety, as well as regret, that he perceived the western quarter of the settlement could be easily approached by a narrow pathway, where was only a nine pounder, and no stockade to defend it from assault. The eastern quarter was also exposed, but the station was well guarded, and a steep ledge of rocks made the approach both difficult and dangerous. From bed Mr. Ashmun issued his orders with thoughtful vigilance. He commanded all the houses in the outskirts to be abandoned, and every family to sleep in the centre of the village. Guards of four men were posted one hundred yards in advance of each station during the night, and no man was to leave his post *until sunrise*. Another night passed, and another day arose on the anxious few. It was the Sabbath. A few hours' sleep were hastily snatched by the weary men, while earnest prayers went up from many a brave heart to the God of all mercy for his protecting providence. Divine service was holden at noon, and Lott Cary addressed his little church under the most tender and affecting circumstances. Perhaps it was their last Sabbath on earth; death, in its most cruel form was hovering around them; another Sabbath's sun might witness their little colony given over to butchery and plunder, and every

vestige of industry and Christianity for ever blotted out.

At this moment one of the scouts came running in, with the news that the hostile army were crossing the Mesurado river, only a few miles above the settlement. By evening, the whole body had encamped to the west, little less than half a mile distant. Silently and sternly did each man march to his post, and you could read on every face, "Give me victory, or give me death." Another night went by, and no war yell broke the stillness of the forest. The day dawns. The western guard, owing to misapprehension or inadvertence, or neglect of duty, left their posts at day-dawning, instead of sun-rising, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were in readiness to take their places. At this unguarded moment the savages, who had stolen with silent step to the very verge of the clearing, and were watching with fiendish anxiety every movement of the little band, were now stirring for action. An immense body suddenly issued from the forest, fired, and then rushed forward with horrid yells upon the post. Taken by surprise, several of the men were killed, while the rest, driven from their cannon, without time to discharge it, fell back in haste and confusion. It is a fearful moment! If the savages press on, there is no time to rally, and all is lost! Instead of following up their advantages, they pause, and surround some houses in that direc-

tion, to plunder and destroy. Several women and children, who, in spite of orders to leave, remained in their houses, are now shrieking in the hands of a savage foe. Mr. Ashmun rushed to the scene of action, and assisted by the determined boldness of Lott Cary, rallied the broken forces of the settlers. Two cannons were instantly brought into action, double shotted with ball and grape. They did a rapid and fearful execution. The enemy began to recoil. Fear seized their ranks. The settlers, seeing their advantage, pushed forward and regained the lost post. Directing their cannon to rake the whole enemy's line, every shot took effect; while Elijah Johnson, at the head of a few musketeers, passed around the enemy's flank and increased their consternation. A savage yell echoed through the forest, filling every soul with horror. As it died away, the horde fell back, and rapidly disappeared among the gloomy wilds. In thirty minutes the day is won! God be praised! At nine o'clock orders were issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses, and surrounding the rest by a musket-proof stockade. As there was no safety until it was completed, the work was urged on with the utmost rapidity; for no one could tell when or where another attack might be made, and it was not until the next day that an hour could be spared for the burial of the dead.

On the part of the settlers, it was soon discovered that considerable injury had been sustained. One of the women in the outskirts, Mrs. Ann Hawkins, had received thirteen wounds, and was laid aside as dead; but after incredible sufferings she finally recovered. Another, Minty Draper, received a wound in the head with a cutlass, while flying from her house, and was robbed of both her children. A young woman, with a mother and her five children, finding their home surrounded by savages, barricaded the door in hope of safety. The doors were quickly forced, one of the defenders was instantly stabbed to the heart, while the mother rushed through a small window on the opposite side of the house and escaped to the lines unhurt, between two heavy fires. The children were made captives. Stephen Kiah, one of the most aged of the colonists, having passed the age of three-score years and ten, and who had come out to aid the enterprise by his example, suffered the greatest bereavement. Two of his grandchildren fell before his eyes; five were carried into captivity; and then his son-in-law, his principal earthly prop, was disabled for life by a severe wound in the shoulder; but the old man's spirit was unbroken, for he had counted the cost. "If these things must needs be," said he, "I am willing to bear my portion, so God Almighty help me." The numerical force of the settlers amounted to thirty-five persons, including six

native youth, not sixteen years old. Of this number about one half were engaged.

In this trying hour they were comforted by a present and offers of friendship from Prince Tom of the Bassa country ; but on a calm survey of their circumstances, their situation seemed extremely perilous. There were not provisions in the store-house to last fifteen days, while the men could not long bear up under extra fatigue on stinted allowances ; and what was still more appalling, there was not ammunition enough to stand a single hour's attack. Seven children were in the hands of a cruel enemy, and that enemy not conquered, but routed, as they had every reason to fear, only to marshal a more powerful host.

When aid would come, or where, none could tell. Worn down with no common fatigues, suffering from wounds and disease, surrounded on all sides by enemies bent upon their destruction, can we wonder if the faith of some wavered, and desponding thoughts arose in many a bosom ?

But the dangers which multiplied around them, only nerved Mr. Ashmun to fresh exertions. By night and by day he stood side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the men at their work, urging and encouraging them on by the strength of his own strong, earnest spirit. He faltered not. Every effort was made by the settlers to make a peace but every offer was scornfully rejected, and the

savages were making active preparations for another onset.

The 23d of November was set apart by the colonists as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer : thanksgiving for past mercies, and prayer for Divine help in the hour of need. They cast themselves upon the protection of Almighty God, and He did not abandon them, With what delight and gratitude did they look toward a large ship in sight, to which they immediately sent a boat, with the story of their distresses. It was Captain Brassey, of Liverpool, who soon showed a generous interest in their behalf. He brought ashore all the stores that could be spared from his vessel, and did every thing in his power to relieve the sick and wounded. What was more, he went into the interior, visited some of the principal chiefs, and tried by every means to conciliate their goodwill, and induce them to listen to offers of peace. Though well known along the coast, and exerting no inconsiderable influence over the tribes, his efforts were now in vain. War and plunder they were determined upon, and war and plunder they would have. The kind Captain took sorrowful leave of the little band. Dark was the day he left, darker the future.

"We must make God our trust," cried Mr. Ashmun. "We have only to wait his deliverance, or to lay our bones on Cape Mesurado."

The enemy were all along prowling in the neighbourhood.

At half past four on the morning of the 2nd of December, just as he had sank down to catch a few moments' sleep, after days and nights of wakeful vigilance and unresting toil, the savages opened a brisk and sudden fire upon the western post. It was promptly returned from the cannon, and the assailants for an instant fell back. In a few moments they rallied and forced their way higher up the bank. Again they were driven back. A third attempt was stoutly made to seize the post, but they were boldly met and routed. On the opposite side of the settlement the battle was furiously raging. A large body of natives crept under a ledge of rocks, until within a few feet of the east guard, when they suddenly rose up, fired, and rushed forward like tigers. The two gun battery was set to work, with its sure and rapid fire. Four times they attacked, and four times were they driven back over their dead and dying comrades. Each man of that little band stood firm and cool like a veteran soldier, at his dangerous post. One hour and a half of hard and obstinate fighting, and the settlers were again victorious! Again a yell of defeat and of flight sounded on the morning air, and the savage warriors fled to their dark retreats, panic-struck at the power which conquered them. It is said that nearly a thousand savages had been en-

gaged, and their loss, though very great, could never be exactly estimated. In the last encounter only one colonist was killed, and several wounded.

They had now bravely battled the outward foe; but there was a foe stealing into their ranks which they could not hope to brave. It was famine. For six weeks had they been on an allowance of bread and meat, and this was running lower and lower. The groans and sufferings of the dying and wounded rung on their ears, and no surgical instruments were to be had, to afford relief. Add, to all this, there were no three rounds of shot for their guns in case of another attack, and no one could tell but the angry savages might again make a last and more desperate assault.

“We again cried to God for aid,” says Mr. Ashmun.

During the night, a rustling in the thickets alarmed one of the outposts; a cannon was fired, and several men made random shots. It proved a false alarm, and the poor emigrants could only bitterly regret a waste of ammunition, when ammunition was so valuable,

But that midnight cannon, booming along the shore, startled the night watch of a solitary vessel as she ploughed her watery way around the Cape.

“It is the roar of cannon! What means it—what is it? cried the astonished officers, gathering on deck. “What is doing on this savage coast? Is it a signal of distress? Stand to! Down with the long-boat! Pull to the shore!” A strange and un-

expected scene burst upon the boat's crew, as at the breaking of day, they approached the coast. Behold a little band of brave men, contending for life amid privations, poverty, sickness, and death, surrounded by barbarous tribes, thirsting for their blood. The generous sailors grasped the hands of the settlers, and bade them take courage. The vessel proved to be a British Schooner, laden with supplies for Cape Coast Castle, and having on board Major Laing, the distinguished African traveller. The officers of the schooner proved noble and disinterested friends, granting them every aid in their power, while Major Laing immediately offered to use his influence with the hostile chiefs, to secure a treaty of peace. Humbled and awe struck by the superiority of the handful of settlers over their large and undisciplined hosts, the kings lent a willing ear, and the foundation of a firm and lasting peace were then laid between the natives and the colonists. Intelligence of their bravery and success spread far and wide along the coast and deep into the interior, inspiring fear and respect in every savage breast. Midshipman Gordon and twelve British sailors signified their wish to remain at the Cape, in order to witness the sincerity of their new professions, and help the settlers to repair their buildings, Alas! their generous self-devotion proved their death. Through toil and exposure, they were speedily attacked with fever, and in a few weeks, amid the tears and grief of their new-

made friends Gordon and eight of his men were borne to their last home.

Mr. Ashmun's health, which had greatly suffered by his arduous labours, now began to recruit, and he sat about to restore industry and good order, and the more peaceful habits of civil life. In process of time, the sick and wounded recovered. Repairs went on well, new houses for new emigrants were built, and a trade opened with a rich tribe in the interior, who supplied them with plenty of bullocks. Better than all, the children who had been captured by the savages, were freely sent back to the Colony, and thankfully welcomed by their parents.

In the spring, May, 1823, Dr. Ayres returned to the Colony, from the United States, bringing fresh supplies.

The Doctor found many improvements in the settlement, notwithstanding the people had been compelled so long to leave their farms for the drill and the musket. When he left, they had hardly begun to clear up the underbrush; and now fifty good houses, three excellent store-houses, a substantial stone tower mounting six cannon, industry, good order and regularity, met his eyes on every side, besides one hundred and fifty emigrants, strong, courageous, and in excellent health. He was exceedingly gratified with the energy and resolution which seemed to pervade the settlers, nerving them to bear with cheerful

courage, with patience and gratitude, the trials and hardships consequent upon a new settlement.

"There never has been an hour or a minute, said Lott Cary with great emphasis, "no, not even when the balls were flying around my head, when I could wish myself back to America again."

Mr. Ashmun's connection with the Colonization Society in America, at this time, was not as harmonious as could have been wished. In sending home his reports, the Managers thought his expenses far too large, and some of his contracts they refused to fulfill. This was very painful to Mr. Ashmun, acting as he did according to the best of his judgment, under the most embarrassing circumstances, and knowing far better what those circumstances required, than the Managers could do, five thousand miles off. Feeling himself unjustly blamed, yet supported under the trial by his own conscious integrity, he determined never to abandon the Colony, while his services could benefit her, and after Dr. Ayres' arrival he withdrew, in a great measure, from active duty, in the hope of firmly re-establishing his health; but the respite did not last long. The Doctor was soon taken sick, and seeing no hope of recovery in Africa, especially during the rainy season, in a few weeks he again took leave, and sailed for America, leaving the Colony without the services of any regular physician. The responsibility of managing affairs fell once more

on Mr. Ashmun, who thus far had shown himself equal to the task.

On the 13th of February, 1824, the ship *Cyrus* arrived, bringing 105 emigrants from Virginia. They were industrious and intelligent, and many of them possessed property. Lots were assigned to them, and with cheerful alacrity they set about supplying the wants of their new homes. Fresh difficulties began to arise, and new dangers to threaten the welfare of the Colony. Dissatisfaction with the Board of the Colonization Society arose in the minds of many of the settlers, regarding the tenure of their lands; it gradually spread, embittering their feelings and rendering them hostile to its government. Many abandoned their labours, and refused to work until their grievances were settled. To Mr. Ashmun's great grief, Lott Cary was among the number. He strove in vain to quell the disturbance. It increased to an alarming degree, defying all restraints, and endangering the welfare of the settlement. At last, the Agent collected the insurgents together, and addressed them in a most solemn and affecting manner, reminding them of the oaths by which they had bound themselves to the Society, and the duties which they had sworn to perform. "Your neglect of duty," said he, with great emphasis, his eye glowing with intense emotion, "will bring on you and your families, the severest sufferings. Had you obeyed

the government, which you are bound to support, every man of you would begin to see the comforts of life pour in upon your families—but now you have nothing in possession—nothing growing in your fields—you have nothing—no, not a week's supply of vegetables in prospect. You feel the pinching hand of want to-day; it will be worse to-morrow. Continue to neglect your duty, and it will either disperse you up and down the land, or destroy you by starvation. The authority of the United States and the Colonization Society must be re-established in all its perfection on this Cape, or you must scatter and perish. United, we stand, divided, we fall. I ask you to take no new oaths, but here, *this hour*, in the presence of that God who has recorded your vows in heaven, to recognize those which you have already taken, and pledge yourselves in future to obey them. Either sustain the authority of the Society, or, *mark it well*, the Society will never uphold you in a course, which leads *you* to ruin, and *themselves* to disgrace and disappointment; I require every true man to give me the pledge I ask. Then will I devise a plan of industry, which shall carry us safely through the season; but, mark, it all depends on *you*."

The address produced a happy effect. Mr. Cary then clearly saw the evils which their course of insubordination must inevitably produce upon the Colony: he came frankly forward: "I give the pledge, sir—

I acknowledge my error, and cheerfully submit to the laws of the Society. Henceforth I stand by her side, so help me God!" And Mr. Cary is again in his place, on the side of good order and obedience to authority. Most of the insurgents followed his example, while others, ashamed of their conduct, went away silenced, if not altogether subdued. The welfare of the little colony was dear to Mr. Ashmun's heart. He had fought, struggled, prayed, suffered the loss of all things for its sake; through evil and through good report, he had cherished its interests, and devoted all his energies to its improvement; but as yet the Society at home had failed to acknowledge his self-devotion, or recompense his invaluable services.

When Mr. Ashmun left the United States, he was in debt. Conscientious, educated, and truly pious, his spirits had been greatly depressed at failing to realise a sufficient profit from a literary work in which he had been engaged, to cover its expenses. When he first thought of coming to Africa, it was in the hope of doing something to discharge these engagements. On reaching Cape Mesurado, he complied with the wishes of the Colonization Society to take charge of its affairs, in case of the absence of its Agents. How unreservedly he devoted himself to his charge, has already been recorded.

Borne down by sickness and poverty, by care and

anxiety, he now felt he must withdraw from duties both so arduous and so ill-requited. A sea voyage offering the only prospect of relief, he delivered up the papers and property of the Colony into the hands of Elijah Johnson, and gathering up the few articles which he could call his own, set sail for the Cape de Verd Islands. As the vessel bore him away from Mesurado, painfully and sadly did he take a last farewell of the infant settlement, which owed its existence, as well as its improvements, to his watchful care. He had nourished and brought it up; it had rebelled against him, yet he loved it with a father's love—and now, as he beheld it, a mere speck in the distant horizon, his heart bled for the love he bore it, and he wept in believing he should behold it no more for ever.

No sooner had he departed, than the savages again began to wear a threatening aspect. Mr. Johnson managed his little resources with admirable ability; but poorly supplied as they were with arms and ammunition, the sight of a British man-of-war entering the harbour was hailed with delight. He lost no time in making his situation known. The Commander generously supplied his wants, and offered his men for action, on condition that he would grant and deed to England a piece of land only large enough to plant her flag-staff upon, as British troops could only be called upon to defend the flag and soil of their

own country. "No! no!" answered Johnson, "no—no; we don't want any flag raised here that will cost us more trouble to pull down, than to flog the natives." The spirit which prompted the reply, proved equal to the emergency; the natives were quelled, and the little settlement saved from even the shadow of British authority.

In July, Mr. Ashmun reached Port Praya, on the Cape Verdes. Not long after his arrival, the American sloop-of-war Porpoise entered the harbour. With a beating heart, he bent his solitary way to the wharf, and as soon as she cast anchor, hastened on board. On the deck, stood Rev. R. R. Gurley, sent out by the Colonization Society, with full powers to settle grievances and to regulate the Society's affairs at the Cape. The meeting was as delightful as it was unexpected. There was something in Ashmun's earnest and impressive manner, which deeply interested Mr. Gurley, and he soon felt that he was in the presence of no ordinary man. After some persuasion, Mr. Ashmun consented to return to the colony with him, and on the 13th of August, the sloop hove in sight of Cape Mesurado. Among other important articles on board the Porpoise, was a name for the new colony. At a meeting of the Colonization Society, in December, 1823, at the Senate Chamber in Washington, Robert Goodloe Harper, of Baltimore, Maryland, proposed the name, Liberia, the home of the free, which

met with universal acceptance. Its first settlement was called Monrovia, in honour of President Monroe, who took a deep interest in its growth and welfare.

Mr. Gurley's stay in Africa was short, yet long enough to convince him that the affairs of the colony, under trying and embarrassing circumstances, had been conducted with no common ability. Together, they remodeled the laws, and settled the old difficulties, which had proved a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to the best and most intelligent of the settlers. In the new constitution, made at that period, the colonists were for the first time admitted to a share in the government. One hundred of them assembled beneath the thatched roof of their little church, and, having heard it read and explained, they gave it their cordial approbation, and pledged fidelity to the sacred trust committed to their hands. Mr. Ashmun, at first, seems to have doubted the expediency of yielding to the colonists so large a share in its political arrangements ; but his fears proved groundless, and he declared a year afterwards, in relation to the annual election of officers, "that it was distinguished by an intelligent selection of the most suitable men, which afforded the best pledge of the kind yet given, of the increasing competency of the people for self-government."

Peace having been now established within as well

as without their borders, the settlers began to turn their attention more directly towards agriculture. Harris Clarke, a farmer from the vicinity of Petersburg, Virginia, raised the first garden vegetables in the colony. His first crop was eaten up by insects, and his second was destroyed by a flood; but he made a good use of his ill luck, and at last succeeded in furnishing earlier, better, and a greater abundance of American vegetables than any other settler for many years. Mr. C. M. Waring, an enterprising colonist, at a great expense, cleared up ten acres of land, and planted it with cassada, rice, and other grains. It promised a plentiful harvest, when the rice was invaded by millions of ants, which ate it to the ground. Soon the cassada shared a similar fate from vermin, swarming from the neighbouring wilds, and the whole plantation miscarried. Deer, porcupines, monkeys, and a small species of gazelle, came in troops to the farms, and sometimes laid acres waste in a single night. In this way many of the earliest settlers lost their all. Every one will allow this to have been discouraging, and it was probably the reason why, for so many years, the Liberians were adverse to tillage, preferring the speedier, surer returns of trade; but as the woods were cut down, improved systems of agriculture were introduced, and the proper season for planting African crops began to be better understood, these evils

gradually disappeared, and the husbandman was as amply rewarded for his toils in Africa as in America.

The first female in whose name title deeds for land in Liberia were executed, was Sarah Draper, a free coloured woman from Philadelphia, who, without property or friends, distinguished herself by her steady and well-directed industry. She improved her land, built a house, and brought up two African children put in her charge by the United States' agency.

The United States' agency, as is known, resulted from an Act passed the 3d of March, 1819, "whereby the President was authorized to make such regulations and arrangements as he might deem expedient, for the safe keeping, support, and removal beyond the limits of the United States, of all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of colour, delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade, by commanders of United States armed vessels, and to appoint a proper person or persons, residing on the coast of Africa, as agent or agents for receiving such." The necessity of such an act by the general government had been long felt, by the occurrence of cases like the following: an United States' ship captured a slaver, with thirty-eight negroes, and brought her into Georgia. The negroes were advertised for sale at Milledgeville,

according to an act passed in 1817, by the legislature of Georgia, whereby "all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of colour, brought in by United States armed vessels, were to be sold on account of the state, after sixty days' notice;" the Governor, however, being authorized to deliver them to the Colonization Society, on the payment of all expenses. The Rev. William Meade, now the excellent Bishop Meade, of Virginia, visited Georgia as the Society's agent, and obtained their release. They were among the earliest emigrants to Cape Mesurado. A spot of land was assigned them on Stockton creek, a few miles from the Cape, to which was given the name New Georgia, a settlement which has done credit to African industry, and has amply repaid the benevolent exertion made in its behalf.

An appeal, written by Mr. Ashmun, for an increase of pious labourers at the colony, re-crossed the Atlantic in some of the publications of the day, and fell under the eye of the Rev. Dr. Blumhardt, one of the Directors of the Basle Evangelical Society in Switzerland. He immediately wrote to Mr. Evarts, Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, enclosing letters to Mr. Gurley, the American Colonization agent, and also to Mr. Ashmun, in Liberia. To the latter, among other things, he thus writes: "I had much weighed in my mind, in what manner we might find entrance into the negro

land, and, when I read your appeal to missionary societies, I really felt that I had received an answer to inquiries, which I could not see to whom to direct. May I ask your advice upon the following points?

“By what kind of individuals do you think the first missionary attempts should be made among the Africans? By such as are exclusively fitted for teachers, or those who at the same time possess a competent knowledge of mechanics or agriculture?”

“Are there any preparatory labours made to facilitate the teaching department?”

“Can you form any idea of the possible expense of the first establishment of a mission on a small scale?”

To this letter, at once so encouraging and auspicious, Mr. Ashmun wrote an immediate reply. As there are some who may feel interested in his answers to the several inquiries, we briefly state, that to the first he expressed an opinion that a missionary establishment in Africa neither required, nor ought to comprehend, any farmers or mechanics who are not also well qualified teachers, inasmuch as those arts will advance as fast as Christianity advances among the people. The possession, however, of tools and agricultural implements, and a knowledge sufficient to enable them to build their own huts and cultivate their own vegetables, might be of great use to them.

In answer to the second, he wrote, that no preparatory labour had been done, unless it was that many of the tribes spoke a strange corruption of the English language. In his reply to the third inquiry, Mr. Ashmun says, "A mission family will need six houses, for a place of worship, store house, and residences for a number of native labourers and children. These, in the best native style, will not cost more than twenty-five dollars each, and so built will need no repairs; but, owing to the inroads of insects, new houses must be built every five years. For the next year, including the buildings, the farm, and garden, and the subsistence of ten or twelve native labourers and pupils, a mission family of five persons need not expend more than fifteen hundred dollars."

As new emigrants arrived, their borders were enlarged by the purchase of a fine tract of land on the St. Paul's river, and a new town was laid out, called Caldwell, in honour of Elias B. Caldwell. The land was exceedingly fertile, and the air clear and wholesome. The houses of the settlers began to wear a neat and pretty aspect without, while everything within bespoke cleanliness and comfort. Labourers and mechanics found ample employment, and good pay. In time, two new chapels were built. Sabbath schools were in successful operation, while four day schools were open during the week. The boys' school at Monrovia was under the care of Mr. Steward,

who received twenty-five dollars a month for his services; the rate of tuition for each scholar being seventy-five cents a month. A school committee of three was chosen by a general vote of the settlers, one of whom weekly visited the schools. Miss Jackson, who had charge of the girls' school, was paid twelve dollars a month. Every parent was required to educate his children. In case of neglect, the causes were speedily inquired into, and if poverty prevented, aid was rendered from the public treasury. Through the labours of Rev. Lott Cary and Mr. Lewis, a missionary school of native children was gathered and taught, which received handsome donations of clothing, books and stationery from several benevolent individuals in the United States, while its chief support was derived from the Baptist missionary society of Richmond, by whom Messrs. Cary and Lewis were in part supported. Good order, good morals and quiet industry everywhere bore their happy fruits. The closing year of 1825 beheld Liberia, long struggling with difficulties, standing up with strong limbs and a smiling countenance.

At the beginning of the next year, two ships arrived with supplies, one of which was the brig *Vine*, from Boston, having on board sixty emigrants. Eighteen of these, previous to their sailing, were formed into a church, and at the monthly concert on the 2nd of January, 1826, services of a deeply

interesting nature were holden in behalf of the African race at Park Street Church, Boston. The importance of a printing press having been spoken of, one was given by Charles Tappan, Esq., and Samuel T. Amstrong gave a fount of types. The apparatus necessary to a printing establishment was thus furnished, and a printer, Mr. Charles Force, engaged to go; to whom a salary of 416 dollars was guaranteed. The ship was filled with agricultural implements, nails, a bell for the Lancasterian school, a pair of globes, and divers other things, useful to new settlers. Rev. Calvin Holton, a missionary and teacher, Dr. Flint, a physician, and Rev. Horace Sessions, the agent of the Massachusetts Colonization Society also embarked, the latter intending to return in the brig.

One aged black was among the number, who seemed to be filled with almost youthful enthusiasm for the cause. "I go," he exclaimed, "to set an example to the youth of my race. I go to encourage the young. They can never be elevated here. I have tried it sixty years,—it is in vain. Could I, by my example, lead them to set sail, and I die the next day, I should be satisfied."

They arrived safely in February, and were hailed with great joy by the Monroviaans. Suddenly transferred from a northern winter to the summer heats of the African coast, the New England emigrants

suffered severely from the change. In a short time, two faithful and devoted friends to the negro race, Messrs. Sessions and Force, fell victims of the fever. Mr. Holton recovered, and was enabled to commence his professional duties. To the subject of education he diligently applied himself, but death early closed his much needed and highly useful efforts, to the great grief of his new found friends. His place as teacher was supplied by Mr. John McGill, of Baltimore.

Meanwhile Dr. Blumhardt, having received Mr. Ashmun's letter, laid it before the directory of the Society, at Basle. Five young men were immediately directed to prepare for missionary labours among the native Africans in Liberia. The Swiss mission arrived in 1827, and commenced their efforts by teaching a number of young men, and such of the natives as lived about the settlement. They remained some years in the colony, until part of their number having died, and others having left on account of ill health, Mr. Sessing at last removed to Sierra Leone, assigning, as his reason, "that the door to the natives was not yet quite opened, and many obstacles are in the way, which must first be removed."

Their talents and piety were universally esteemed, and the young men whom they taught are now among the most enterprising and well informed citizens of Liberia.

Emigration was rapidly on the increase; another tract of land was bought, and Millsburg was laid out. The new Colony was advancing slowly, yet surely, towards what Mills beheld it with his large, prophetic eye, before the coast of Africa ever met his gaze. Tribes all along the coast were anxious to be on friendly and commercial terms with neighbours at once so powerful and so peaceable. The Dey Chiefs made grievous complaints, because the influence of the Colony began to injure the slave trade; for it soon became evident that wherever its influence extended, a more healthy and peaceful trade sprang up in its stead.

But why not let the settlers speak for themselves? Owing to some misrepresentations circulated in America against Liberia, the citizens of Monrovia called a meeting on the 27th of August, 1827, and united in an address to the coloured people there, in order to correct their false notions, and make a plain statement of their condition. The feelings of the settlers are expressed in some of the extracts here recorded. "The first thing which caused our voluntary removal to this country, and which we still regard with the deepest concern is *liberty*; liberty in the sober, simple, but complete sense of the word; that liberty of speech, action, and conscience, which distinguishes the free, enfranchised citizens of a free state, and that liberty which was denied to us in

America ; and now we truly declare to you, that our hopes and expectations in this respect have been realized. Our constitution secures to us, as far as our condition allows, "all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the citizens of the United States," and these rights and privileges are *ours*. We are proprietors of the soil we live on, and possess the rights of free-holders. Our suffrages, and what is of more importance, our sentiments and our opinions, have their due weight in the government we live under. Our laws are our own, framed for our exclusive benefit, and administered either by officers of our own appointment, or such as possess our confidence. We have a judiciary, chosen from among ourselves. We serve as jurors in the trial of others, and are liable to be tried ourselves only by juries of our fellow-citizens. We have all that is meant by liberty of conscience.

"Forming a community of our own, in the land of our forefathers, having the commerce, soil and resources of the country at our disposal, we know nothing of that debasing inferiority with which our very colour stamped us in America. There is nothing here to create the feeling on our part ; nothing to cherish the feelings of superiority in the minds of foreigners who visit us. It is this *moral* emancipation, — this liberation of the mind from *worse* than iron fetters, that repays us *ten thousand*

times over for all that it has cost us, and makes us grateful to God and our American patrons, for the happy change which has taken place in our situation.

“The true character of the African climate is not well understood in other countries. Its inhabitants are as robust, as healthy, as long-lived to say the least, as those in any other country. Nothing like an epidemic has ever appeared in this colony; nor can we learn from the natives that a sweeping sickness has ever yet visited this part of the continent, But the change from a temperate to a tropical climate is a great one—too great not to affect the health more or less, and in cases of old people and very young children, often causes death. In the early years of the colony, want of good houses, the great fatigues and dangers of the settlers, their irregular mode of living, and the hardships and discouragements they met with, greatly helped the other causes of sickness, and were attended with great mortality. But we look back to those times as to a season of trial, long past and nearly forgotten.

“People now arriving have comfortable houses to receive them; will enjoy the regular attendance of a physician; will be surrounded and attended by a healthy, happy people, who have borne the effects of the climate, who will encourage and fortify them against that despondency, which alone has carried off several in the first years of the colony. A more

fertile soil and productive country, so far as it is cultivated, there is not, we believe, on the face of the earth. Its hills and plains are covered with a verdure which never fades.

“Cattle, swine, fowls, ducks, goats and sheep, thrive without feeding, and require no other care than to keep them from straying. Cotton, coffee, indigo and sugar, may be cultivated at pleasure, to any extent. The same may be said of rice, Indian corn, millet and fruits, and vegetables too numerous to be mentioned,

“Our trade is already valuable, and fast increasing. It is carried on in the productions of the country, consisting of rice, palm oil, ivory, tortoise-shell, dye-woods, gold, hides, wax, and brings us in return the products and manufactures of the four quarters of the world. Seldom, indeed, is our harbour free from European and American shipping.

“Not a child or youth but is provided with an appropriate school. We have a large public library court-house, meeting-houses, school-houses, and fortifications.

“Our houses are built of the same materials, and furnished in the same style, as in the towns of America. We have an abundance of good building-stone, shells for lime, and clay for brick.

“The cheerful abodes of civilization and happiness which are scattered over this verdant mountain,

the flourishing settlements which are spreading around it; the sounds of Christian instruction, and scenes of Christian worship, which are heard and seen in this scene of pagan darkness; a thousand contented freemen united in founding a *new Christian Empire*, happy themselves, and the instruments of happiness to others; conclusively testifies to the wisdom and goodness of the plan of Colonization."

Have not these men clear heads and true hearts? Do they not prove themselves worthy of laying the foundations of this new republic?

Mr. Ashmun, whose soul-stirring energies were all at work for the improvement and welfare of this infant settlement, at last sank under the weight of his burdens. He was told that nothing probably could save him, but a voyage to the United States, where his services began to be highly estimated by all the friends of Liberia. In March, 1828, he went on board the brig *Doris*, escorted by the military, and accompanied by a large body of the settlers. Men, women and children flocked around him on the wharf, weeping and sorrowful, and willing only to part from him in the hope of a speedy return, with recovered strength. It was a sad day at Monrovia. "He is so dear to us!" they exclaimed. "Oh, it will be a joyful day when we are permitted to see him again!" That day never came. Mr. Ashmun left Africa for ever. He died a few days

after his arrival, and was buried at New Haven, where his monument, erected by the Colonization Society, may be visited. Liberia lost a master workman. Ardent, yet steady, brave, yet prudent; of inflexible faithfulness and unwearied energies, he was a man equal to his day. And that day was one of danger, perplexity and toil. Before leaving, he entrusted his agency to the vice-agent Lott Cary.

CHAPTER VI.

LOTT CARY.

“ So thou didst reap the meed
Most grateful to thy heart ; the glorious view
————— Of ignorance dispelled ;
The arts improved, and O most blessed thought !
That faith which trampled slavery underfoot,
And led captivity in captive chains,
Embraced by men in superstition sunk.”

GRAHAME.

No one is sorry to see Lott Cary at this responsible post, for he can sustain himself with dignity and wisdom. After Mr. Ashmun's departure, he called all the officers of the colony together, and read to them the instructions left in his hands.

“ I trust,” he said, “ through the great blessing of the Ruler of events, we may be able to realize the expectations of Mr. Ashmun, and render entire satisfaction to the board of managers.”

About the last of June, the colonists were thrown into some alarm by three suspicious looking vessels which appeared to be hovering around the coast. At length, one of them ran up Spanish colours, and stood in for the harbour. Cary suspected them to

be slavers, and ordered a cannon to be fired from the fort. At this she speedily sent a boat ashore, saying, she was no slaver, but being chased by a brig, had put in there for protection. "Besides, we want to wood and water," they added.

"I don't believe a word of it," stoutly answered Cary. "I know a slaver any time by the cut of her jib. Tell her captain she can neither wood or water at Liberia. We wash our hands entirely clear of any part or lot in the slave trade. In one hour, if she is not beyond the reach of our guns, we shall fire."

The spirited answer caused the Spanish captain to weigh anchor with all dispatch, and she was soon out of the waters.

Amid all the cares of business, he never lost sight of the great object which brought him to Africa, to make known the blessings of the gospel. He preached acceptably, not only to his own church, at Monrovia, but made frequent missionary tours among the native tribes, where some marked and hopeful conversions were the result of his labours. He greatly felt the importance of having good schools throughout the settlements, and seized every opportunity of laying his views before his countrymen.

In everything Lott Cary acted upon the liberal and comprehensive views of his predecessor, and the colony was thriving under his administration, when King Brister, a neighbouring chief, suddenly one

night, attacked and robbed a factory owned by the colony, a few miles north of Monrovia, and put it into the hands of a slave-trader. Cary instantly sent to the chief to ask what such a proceeding meant, and to get satisfaction for the stolen goods. No answer was returned. He sent a letter to the trader. The letter was seized by some native sentinels, and torn up. Finding gentle measures made no impressions upon the savages, he called out the military, and began to prepare for stronger ones. In the evening, while several men were in an out-building manufacturing cartridges for the next day's service, one of the workmen accidentally overturned a candle; it fell in some powder, which instantly exploding, blew up the building, and killed eight of their number, one of whom was Lott Cary. The mournful tidings ran from settlement to settlement, producing sorrow and alarm in every bosom. Cut off in the midst of great usefulness, the event was solemn and afflicting to his brethren and to the whole colony, But "the Lord knoweth the end from the beginning." "He cutteth down, and He maketh alive. Unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways are past finding out." Lott Cary stands forth a noble specimen of what the negro is capable of being; a thinking, intelligent, sagacious, Christian freeman.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GAP FILLED UP.

“ Youth’s buoyant spirit languished in his frame,
He turned from pleasure and grew cold to fame ;
But not in moody loneliness he pined
For fortunes treacherous, or for foes unkind.
Oh ! warmed by charity—the angel guest,
Of all man’s heavenly ministrants the best ;
By her, inspired to take the suppliant’s place
To live unblessed for Afric’s injured race.”

Mr. Ashmun’s death gave to the managers of the Colonization Society a great shock. They had seen how the Colony prospered under his management, and were ready to acknowledge his distinguished merits. Where now shall they look for a successor to such a man? Who will go? One there was among that Board of Managers, who, having traced Ashmun’s career at first with suspicion and distrust, and afterwards with respect and admiration, seemed affected in no ordinary degree. It was a young physician, intensely interested in the cause of Colonization—Dr. Richard Randall, a man of science, ability, and of great kindness of heart, already in extensive practice at the city of Washington, and

Professor of Chemistry in the Columbian College. A deep seriousness overspread his mind ; his voice was scarcely heard among the councils of the Board. It was evident something weighed heavily upon his spirit. At last he exclaimed, "I offer myself to Liberia—here am I—send me!" As soon as it was known, his friends gathered around, beseeching him to consider the dangers of such an enterprise. "Think of the exposure!" they cried ; "the hazards of a life in Africa—think of the society, the business, the reputation, which you abandon—think of your career at Washington, already so brilliant!"

"In doing what seems to be my duty," he answered calmly, but firmly, "I disregard life. With my present purposes and feelings, I can readily give up the endearing intercourse of relations, the delights of refined society, the promised success of professional exertion, for the humble *duty of promotiny the happiness of the poor negroes in Africa, and be happy in so doing.*" Another instance of that spirit of self-sacrifice, that heroic devotion, which so emphatically distinguished the leaders of this noble enterprise. He arrived at Monrovia about six weeks after Lott Cary's death, December 22, 1828, in company with Dr. Mechlin, a young gentleman who went out as physician of the Colony. Dr. Randall had longed to behold Liberia, nor were his most ardent hopes disappointed. The location

seemed to him commanding and beautiful, and the climate delightful. One of his earliest duties was to locate some re-captured negroes, which he did on a tract of land purchased by Mr. Cary; and the settlement was named, in memory of him Carytown.

The difficulty with King Brister, in which Cary lost his life, was finally settled, and the slave factory broken up. Being anxious to explore the interior, and learn more of the resources of the back country, with three of the colonist traders, Dr. Randall visited King Boatswain at his capital, some fifty miles inland, the traders carrying tobacco, pipes, muskets and powder, to receive in return, bullocks, ivory and gold. Their way led through huge forests, filled with elephants and all manner of wild beasts, and they met no one but the elephant hunters, who on every occasion treated them with great civility. King Boatswain, it is remembered, was a powerful king, always at war with his neighbours, to supply the demand of the slave-trade, in which he was deeply engaged. Three thousand warriors formed his body guard. The colonists were hospitably entertained, for King Boatswain, with all his power, feared the Liberians. In February, the Doctor had the African fever, which he did not regard half so dangerous as an Alabama fever, and as soon as possible, was up, pushing his discoveries towards the sources of the St. Paul's river. Here, through

fatigue and exposure, he took a severe cold, and on the 19th of April, 1829, he died, lamented by all who knew him. His early death blighted bright promises of future usefulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

MECHLIN'S ADMINISTRATION.

“ My notion is, that no missionaryizing is half so good, as to try to pour sound and healthy blood into a young, civilized society ; to make our colony, if possible, like the ancient colonies or like New England—a living sucker from the mother country, bearing the same blossoms and the same fruits ; not a reproduction of its vilest excrescences, its ignorance and its wickedness, while all the good elements are left behind in the process.”—DR. ARNOLD.

DR. MECHLIN, the young man who accompanied Mr. Randall as physician to the Colony, after his death succeeded him in the government. Emigrants continued to arrive in Liberia in such large numbers, that it was feared by many, the means of education and Christian improvement might not keep pace with her numerous accessions. Accordingly, a brig was chartered at Philadelphia, to bring out two Swiss missionaries from the Missionary Society at Basle, Dr. Anderson, a physician, and fifty negroes. Mr. Joseph Sheppard, a highly successful coloured teacher from Richmond, soon followed, to open a high school at Monrovia, and Rev. George Erskine, a coloured Presbyterian clergyman from Tennessee. No sooner did

he reach the shores of Africa, than he wrote: "I am thankful to the Great Parent in Heaven, that I may preach the gospel in Africa. He has brought me into this harvest-field, which is indeed white for labour. I long to be engaged heart and hand in this glorious work." The hopes of the good man realized but in part. After some months he was, through great imprudence, seized with the fever; feeling the approach of death, he called his son-in-law, Zion Harris, to his bedside, and laying his hand impressively upon him, prayed that he might one day return to Tennessee, and bring to Liberia the children and grandchildren whom he had left behind. Mr. Harris promised obedience to these his last wishes, and the old man laid himself peacefully down to die.

About this time also arrived Mr. J. B. Russwurm, a coloured gentleman educated at Bowdoin College, who, not long after, established a paper, called the "Liberia Herald," the first number of which excited no small degree of interest in the United States, as an evidence of the growth and demands of the Colony. We find one notice of an exceedingly interesting, as well as important, nature, as showing something of the tone of public opinion upon the subject of Temperance, as early as 1829. It is thus:—

"Organized, on the 15th instant, the second Trading Company of Liberia, on the basis of uniform

prices and equitable trade, both with the different tribes and foreign nations. Any traffic in human blood or spirituous liquors with the natives is a violation of the constitution, and incurs heavy penalties."

Here is another notice which may interest:

"Wanted immediately — the following articles, namely: boards, planks, shingles, window glass, nails, crockery, all kinds of hard-ware, household furniture, tobacco, pipes, pound beads, American cottons, gingham, calicoes, shoes, hose, cambrics, muslins, buttons, thread, combs, butter, lard and hams. In exchange of which, may be had camwood, ivory, turtle-shell, gold dust, deer, leopard, and tiger skins, goats, sheep, and fruits."

Liberia now received a visit from two coloured gentlemen, Rev. Gloster Simpson, and Mr. Archy Moore, members of the Methodist Church of Mississippi, sent out by the free coloured people of Natchez, to see the colony and make a faithful report of every thing which fell beneath their notice. They were warmly welcomed, and hospitably entertained at Monrovia. Soon after their arrival, the Methodist Quarterly Meeting was holden, whose exercises filled their hearts with joy and gladness.

"I seem to be born a second time," exclaimed Mr. Simpson; "the heavens appear to open over our heads—every thing looks kindly around us—this is indeed the home of the coloured man!" On walking around, and being shown the graves of the missionaries, *white men*, who had come to preach to poor, benighted Africa, but who, in rapid succession, had fallen martyrs to the cause, he cried with deep solemnity; "Oh, Lord! and shall there not come from *our own* ranks men to take their places, and preach to our benighted brethren, the gospel of Christ? For one, I am willing and determined to come." Receiving an invitation to dine with Mr. Devany, the high sheriff of Liberia, they were introduced into a parlour, handsomely furnished with carpets, mirrors, and two elegant sofas. Presently the folding-doors opened, and they were conducted to a table spread with everything that could tempt the appetite. The style of living, farming, trading; the climate, soil, and means of improvement, went far beyond their expectations. After a stay of three weeks, they left in the ship *Jupiter*, and on arriving at New York city, published the following Card:

"During a residence of nearly three weeks at Liberia, we visited the four principal settlements, in all which we found the settlers healthy, well pleased with their situation, and improving their circum-

stances very rapidly. A uniform expression of gratification, that they had found a place of freedom and comfort in Africa, was uttered without exception. Such was the impression made on our minds, of the advantages of emigration to this Colony, that we are determined to report favourably of the object, to those who sent us—and as the best testimony of our full persuasion of its great advantages, have determined to settle our business, and remove thence, the first opportunity. We see our brethren there, *free-men*, and advanced to the full privilege of unrestrained enterprise and Christian liberty."

GLOSTER SIMPSON,
ARCHY MOORE.

As emigration flowed in, an extension of territory became necessary. The Colonial Agent made a journey to the Bassa country, sixty-five miles down the coast, and bought a tract of land at the mouth of St. John's river. Mr. Ashmun had always considered this an important point, and had negotiated with the kings to settle there, but owing to a distrust of the savages in that quarter, and a want of proper means to defend it, no settlement had ever been made, except the erection of a store-house, to buy palm-oil, camwood, ivory and rice. Mr. Mechlin now determined to beat up volunteers, offering a bounty to every settler, besides his farm lands.

Thirty-three stout men offered themselves as pioneers, and with their tools and stores were sent down in a sloop. They set about clearing up the thick forest with great diligence. Soon a little spot began to open to the light, rude huts to arise, with a strong, high fence around them, as a wall of defence against wild beasts and savages. The natives in this quarter, had, on several occasions, proved faithless to their promises, which caused the settlers to be suspicious of their professions. A fast friend was soon found in Bob Grey, an active and powerful chief, who came generously forward, and stood by them through several dangers. He saw clearly all the advantages which the settlers enjoyed over the native tribes, and was very anxious to have a school in his own town, "one them good head-men, dat talks good things to people." The pioneers in due time sent for their families, and others quickly followed. The name Edina was given to this settlement, in honour of some Christian friends in Edinburgh, Scotland, who assisted them in various ways. At Edina was a famous tree, called the Devil's Bush, where many a wretched victim had been sacrificed. If any calamity befall the natives, it is attributed to witchcraft. In such a case, they go to the Grand Devil, and pray him to point out the witch; the Grand Devil points out any one he pleases, as the suspected person. He is immediately seized, to

be put on trial; the people form around him, and he is forced by the Grand Devil, in full dress, to drink a two-gallon pot of poison, steeped from the sassy wood, a very poisonous tree. If the victim survives, he is regarded innocent—and this is possible, if in a short time he can freely vomit. But if the poison remains long on the stomach, the subject dies in great agony: and what adds to his misery, on drinking the fatal bowl, a guard of soldiers approach, chasing him around on the hot sand, with sticks and knives, allowing him no rest until he sinks exhausted and dying before his persecutors. The settlers built a neat Baptist church beneath the long spreading branches of the Devil's Bush, at Edina, that the habitations of cruelty might echo with the praises of the living God.

Another important site, Cape Mount, long desired by Mr. Ashmun, was negotiated for by the Agent. It is a fine height of land, forty-eight miles northwest of Cape Mesurado: it had long been an important trading post, affording, as it did, good anchorage and a safe landing for vessels, with a command of the mouth of the Pissou, which extends one hundred miles into the interior. Formerly this place had been an extensive slave market. The English had in vain tried to buy it, and Mr. Ashmun made various offers for purchase, which the Cape Mount Chiefs steadily declined, although they

suffered him to erect a warehouse for the purposes of trade. Mr. Mechlin made a treaty, securing the land to the Colony, whenever it should be sold, and stipulating for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The native chiefs kept a sharp look-out upon every thing passing around them, and they could not fail to see what advantages the new-comers had over their own people. King Long Peter undertook to reason on the subject. "Yes, here am I and my tribe, always afraid lest the bigger kings get mad, or get poor, or want goods—then they come pounce on us, steal us, handcuff us, whip us, sell us slaves over the seas. New settlers no such fear. Here I, my tribe, Devil King made us drink sassy water we die—we don't want to die—we—die—settlers don't drink sassy water—I'll be settlers—I'll be"—and away he sent a deputation to Governor Mechlin, begging to place himself and his men under the protection of Liberia. The governor and council said, "Yes, if you will be no more called king, if you will mind our laws, and have nothing to do with the neighbouring tribes." When the answer was brought to the king, he and his poor people were so glad they did not know what to do; they wanted to rush in a body to Monrovia to express their thanks. "Yes, yes," they shouted, clapping their hands; "yes, yes, we'll mind the laws—we be like you—we

be Liberians." Not long after, Far Gay, Prince Will, and King Tom, wished to follow Long Peter's example, "We 'fraid King Boatswain—he terrible slave-dealer—his bloody warriors—snatch us off any night—we be Liberians, then we be no slaves—we no fear."

Some of the kings began to grow jealous of the increasing influence of the Colony, and longed for an opportunity of commencing hostilities against it. At last they seized upon some of the border settlers, and robbed their houses. A messenger was quickly dispatched to demand their release. "Tell your Governor we shall not give them up—no! no!—but we mean to seize and imprison every colonist we can fall in with. We are for war, war, war! they said scornfully: "we 'fraid of war? no! go back, tell him;" and the next day a large body of savages appeared on the bank of St. Paul's river, opposite Caldwell, blowing their war-horns, firing their muskets, and with loud and angry yells daring everybody to a fight. A small force was sent over the river, to King Willy's town, where they were driven back by the superiority of numbers. The savages were highly delighted by this seeming success. They sent to the colonists "Come, meet us again for fight—come, or we fall on Caldwell, on Millsburgh, we burn 'em, we plunder, we kill!"

Dr. Mechlin immediately resorted to more decided

measures. A force of 270 men were collected under the command of our old friend, Elijah Johnson, who crossed the river, and on the first day captured King Brumley's capital, without even a show of opposition. The next day, they took up their line of march for King Willy's town, where a large body of savages were firmly encamped. Though the distance was but ten miles, they were seven hours on the route, in many places being obliged to force their way through large trees and thick underbrush, cut down and piled up to stop their passage. Issuing at last from the narrow path, they suddenly found themselves in front of the enemy's barricade, a huge pile of logs, filled with loop-holes, through which their guns were pointed. A cannon was so placed as to do great execution in the narrow path, which the settlers crowded. Besides this a force was placed in ambuscade, to attack the little army on the flank. Captain Johnson instantly saw it, and word was immediately given to fire on the ambuscade. At the same moment a Dey chief, the principal mover of the war, was shot down while setting fire to his cannon. At these unexpected disasters, the savages fell into confusion and fled. Capt. Johnson pressed forward, captured the field-piece, and found that it was loaded to the muzzle with pieces of iron bolts, pot metal, and balls, which must have proved dreadfully destructive to their ranks, huddled together as

they were in so narrow a space. It was not long before some of the confederate kings sent messengers to sue for peace. The Agent sent word, they must come themselves, and see upon what terms peace could be agreed to. In a short time, King Brister, Willy, Sitma, Short Peter, and King Jemmy, appeared at Monrovia, extremely humbled by their late defeats. They readily consented to the terms, and a treaty was speedily signed; for the energy and courage of the Liberians, in bringing their artillery through the thick forests, and attacking a town which they had hitherto considered one of their strongest holds, filled them with the profoundest alarm. "War no with them agin—war no—peace, good peace," they said, and very wisely.

Two promising missionaries left America to come to Liberia at this time: Mr. Cox, sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mr. Pinney, from the Presbyterian. They seemed to understand their field, and with the largest plans of usefulness began their labours, with cheerful courage and ardent hopes. The career of Cox was short. With his armour just buckled on, he fell in the conflict. In the spirit of a true hero, his last words were, "Write on my monument *"Let thousands fall before Africa be abandoned."* "Let thousands fall before Africa be abandoned!" The glorious message echoed over the broad Atlantic, and kindled in other

hearts the fires of a lofty purpose and a heavenly zeal. Two missionaries, with their young wives, resolved to give themselves to Africa, and as soon as possible set sail to occupy the post of the lamented Cox, and preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to those who sat in the valley of the shadow of death. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto the nations, Thy God reigneth."

After a time, the health of Dr. Mechlin having failed, he resigned his situation, and returned to the United States.

CHAPTER IX.

STRUGGLES AND EXPERIMENTS.

"All beginnings must be small: it is only by slowly and heavily piling one stone on another, that foundations are ever made. Discouraging as such beginnings are, it is evident on looking back on every such enterprise, that their hopelessness at first has been their greatest blessing, calling out patient hope, inspiring successive as well as strong endeavours, and giving the new element time to ripen into consistency and hardness, to bear the weight that shall afterwards come."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ON the resignation of Dr. Mechlin, the temporary services of the Rev. John B. Pinney, who had returned to the United States on account of his health, were secured for the Colonial Agency. He returned to Liberia on the 1st of January, 1834, and was received by the Monrovia authorities with all the respect due to his distinguished position. Already familiar with the moral and social wants of the people, among whom he was greatly beloved, he made himself speedily acquainted with the duties of his new office, and set about discharging them with great energy and judgment. The government buildings were refitted. A beautiful craft of 100 tons,

which had been built and equipped, at a cost of nearly 4000 dols., by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, for the use of the colony, and which had been laid up for want of tackling, was put in thorough repair, and sent down the coast upon a trading expedition. This schooner was called *Margaret Mercer*, in commemoration of the virtues and sacrifices of that noble-hearted woman in behalf of the cause of emancipation. For the use of the sick, a large hospital was planned, to be built upon a high and healthy bluff in the outskirts of the town. There were, at this time, many floating and disputed land titles in the colony, occasioning much jarring and discord. To examine and settle these, the new agent applied himself with the greatest assiduity.

In the month of June, interesting and important accessions were made to the colony. Among these, were Dr. Ezekial Skinner, a missionary and physician of the Baptist persuasion in Connecticut; Mr. McDowell, a coloured physician, educated at Edinburgh, and Mr. Webb, a coloured student; also Mr. Josiah Finley, a son of Robert Finley, one of the founders of the Colonization Society, and Mr. Israel Searle, sent out as teachers. Rev. John Seys, a clergyman from the Methodist church, was also among them. They were all warmly received. On the day of their arrival, divine service was held in the agency-house, of a deeply impressive and inte-

resting nature. The warm heart of Mr. Seys kindled with delight, as he visited the different settlements, and beheld on every side tokens of present comfort and future success. In relation to Millsburg, where he thought of locating himself, he exclaims : " If I am pleased with Monrovia and Caldwell, I know not how to express myself in reference to this beautiful spot. Surely, nature's God has been lavish in his bestowment of blessings on this favoured part of Liberia. The soil is extremely productive. Here may be seen cultivated, with a little pains and certain success, plantains, cassada, sweet potatoes, yams, papaws, sugar-cane, arrow-root, cotton, pine-apples, and a great variety of beans, peas, and fruit, all of which grow to an astonishing height, and well repay the labour of the agriculturist. The colonists are industrious, and suffer much less from ill health than those who reside at Monrovia. Indeed, those who, on their arrival from America, went up the river immediately, either did not take the fever at all, or had it very lightly. The next morning after our arrival, I called together our little society of nineteen members, and preached to them. They had a meeting-house, which is very small, but would answer very well for a Sabbath school-house, could we erect a larger one. Millsburg is twenty-one miles from Monrovia, and is thus much on the way to King Boatswain's territory, which I intend to visit the first

favourable opportunity, should the Lord, in his mercy, see fit to spare my life."

Almost all the territory skirting Liberia, and far into the interior, was the theatre of destructive wars, waged among the different tribes of savages. Inland trade was almost entirely broken up, and a continuation of hostilities threatened serious injury to the colony, by depriving them of supplies of food, and drying up the springs of their commercial interests. Mr. Pinney, with the advice of the colonial authorities, despatched commissioners into the interior, in order to negotiate with the chiefs, and to select a suitable spot for an inland settlement.

The embassy consisted of Messrs. Whitehurst, Williams, and McGill, accompanied by a missionary, Mr. Matthews. They left Monrovia on the 19th of November, 1834, with twelve Kroomen. After a short absence, Mr. Pinney recalled them, owing to the distracted state of the country; but a strong escort arriving from King Boatswain, soliciting an immediate renewal of the embassy, and giving the most earnest assurance on his part, that every thing should be done to secure the object of the mission, the colonial agent reappointed the same commissioners, associating with them Josiah Finley.

Their journey was both dangerous and interesting; they passed over rugged paths and through dense forests, sometimes climbing over almost perpendicular

heights by the help of the projecting roots, sometimes wading through stagnant ponds, or leaping from rock to rock, over rapid currents, until, after many stops and detentions, they reached Bo Poro, the royal residence of the mighty Boatswain. The white portion of the delegation produced a most alarming effect upon the children, who ran in all directions, shrieking with fright. On their entrance into the town, they found it densely peopled, with habitations very compact, and thatched with palm and other leaves of various figures and sizes. The market presented a most busy spectacle, where five hundred women, and about half the number of men, from all the tribes far and near, were bargaining with all the zeal and shrewdness of more enlightened traders. From an abundant display of plantains, pumpkins, pepper, pea-nuts, pine-apples, as well as monkeys, rats, and grubs (which latter are well suited to the dainty appetites of the town's folk), our hungry travellers selected a tempting breakfast of pine-apples, bananas, and cassada, for which they paid a leaf and a half of tobacco. Tobacco, salt, powder, and flints, form the medium of exchange, of which salt is the most valuable, and can buy their most valuable commodities, slaves, ivory, and gold. Salt is manufactured on the coast, and is packed in sticks of bamboo, three feet in length and about three inches in diameter: it is closely wound around with leaves,

to preserve it from the rain, and in this way it is sent far into the interior, an able-bodied man being able to carry from sixteen to twenty of these sticks.

At noon, they held an interview with the king, whose massive frame had been greatly shattered by intemperance. He was reclining upon a bamboo couch, behind which sat fifteen slaves, chained by the neck. On presenting their gifts, which consisted of 50 pounds of tobacco, a piece of cotton cloth, 2 pairs of Madras handkerchiefs, 1 piece of satin stripe, 3 red caps, 1 yard of scarlet, 25 pipes, 1 pound of thread, 2 papers of needles, 1 Turkish cap, 1 Arabic Bible, he bade them welcome, in good English, and courteously accepted their offerings.

The commissioners remained at Bo Poro a fortnight, which gave them a good opportunity of observing the home-life of the savages. Here they witnessed the trial by fire. His majesty having missed some salt, suspected three of his boys, who, denying the charge, were delivered over to a gree-gree man for detection. This officer, having placed a small piece of iron in the bottom of an earthen vessel, heated it to a white heat, and then filled it with palm-oil. The offenders were brought forward, and their hands rubbed with a jelly-like substance, which renders them less susceptible of the heat. Those who succeeded in taking out the piece of iron, were accounted innocent. Two did this ; one failed, and his failure esta-

blishing his guilt, he was taken away for punishment.

A letter from Mr. Williams, the coloured missionary, who accompanied the commissioners, thus speaks of his reception ;—

“ King Boatswain was much pleased at the proposed location of a school among them, and readily assigned land for that purpose, which was soon cleared, and the limits of the building marked off. The school-house is forty feet front, by eighteen in depth, and will accommodate as many pupils as can occupy my attention. During the protracted residence of the commissioners at court, I employed my leisure time in teaching a school of fourteen persons, from the ages of seven to fifty years. Their proficiency was truly astonishing, and in the space of six weeks, boys who had never seen a book, nor could speak a word of English, were in words of five syllables. Their attention was most regular, and their deportment correct. The eldest pupil was a Mandingo, who, when he found it difficult to retain the English sound, would write it in the Arabic characters, and by that means was enabled to pronounce it accurately. The explanation of words through an interpreter afforded him great pleasure; and his ambition was very much stimulated, when he was informed that by a little labour he would be enabled to

read about the Saviour. The country still continues agitated by war, but we have every reason to believe it will soon terminate by the conquest of the Golahs. Humanity shudders at the barbarity incident to their conflicts. Death, and that with the most refined cruelty, is the lot of the captured. It will be necessary to have light clothing for the school. I shall write more fully before I leave, which will be as soon as the caravan returns.

The Commissioners returned to Monrovia, after an absence of three months, without having accomplished all which the Liberian government desired and hoped for; but the journey had enabled them to obtain a better knowledge of the manners and habits of the interior tribes, than any opportunity had as yet afforded, and to learn something of the hatred, violence, and desolations which mark their warfare. Their health was good, except a few ulcers and sores on the feet, occasioned by the rough roads, and the poisonous grass of the country. A caravan from Boatswain accompanied them on their return, consisting of more than three hundred persons, by far the largest company which ever came to the Colony before, bringing ivory, camwood and cloths.

Beverly R. Wilson, a very respectable free man of colour, uniting the offices of clergyman and carpenter, living in Norfolk, Virginia, arrived in Liberia at this time, for the special purpose of examining

the Colony. He remained here a year. On his return, he made an address to the Free People of Colour in the United States, a few extracts of which cannot fail to interest the reader.

“ After more than a year's residence in Liberia, I have returned to the United States. I went to satisfy myself; I sought every opportunity of informing my mind. Some of the things already said about the Colony, are a fair and candid exposé of things as they exist; other persons are too favourable in their estimates; while a third class, with hearts bleeding for the loss of friends, or angry at the loss of property, have wielded their pens to bring the whole scheme into disrepute. I hope to correct these statements, The facilities held out by Liberia are rarely equalled. Industry and economy meet with a sure reward. For proof, look at a Williams, a Roberts, a Barbour, and others, who a few years ago possessed limited means, but who now can live like the wealthy merchant of Virginia.

“ The morals of Liberia I regard as superior. A drunkard is a rare spectacle. To the praise of Liberia to be spoken, I did not hear during my residence in it, a solitary oath uttered by a settler. The Sabbath is rigidly observed and respected.

“ If the coloured man desires liberty, Liberia holds out great and distinguished inducements. Here, you can never be free.

“Liberia! happy land! thy shore
Entices with a thousand charms;
And calls—his wonted thralldom o’er—
Her ancient exile to her arms.

“Come hither, son of Afric, come!
And o’er the wide and weltering sea,
Beheld thy lost, yet lovely home,
That fondly waits to welcome thee.

“In one or two months I go to Liberia.”

BEVERLY R. WILSON.

June 5, 1835.

Mr. Searle was charged to act with Mr. Pinny in locating a colony, to be sent out by the Pennsylvania Young Men’s Colonization Society. Bassa Cove had been previously selected by Mr. Cresson, the founder of this Society, as the site for the new Colony, and the purchase had been entrusted to Rev. Colin Teage and Dr. McDowell. The spot chosen was opposite Edina, on the St. Johns, a fine river, commanding a trade with the interior, of camwood, rice, and palm oil. Besides the natural advantages of the situation, the hope of ultimately breaking up a slave factory in the vicinity entered largely into the views of the agents. A few days after the bargain was concluded, the owner of the barracoons asked, with great anxiety depicted upon his face, how the affair was going on?

“The purchase is completed,” was the reply.

“Then it is high time for me to quit,” cried he.

This Society, though acting as auxiliary to the Parent Board, wished, in the formation and government of its colony, to carry into practice certain principles of moral action more thoroughly and entirely than had yet been attempted. "This will be done," they say, "by fostering with more care the agricultural interest, checking the deteriorating influence of petty and itinerant traders, maintaining the virtue of sobriety, the nurse and parent of so many other virtues, by obtaining from the colonists a pledge of abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, and by withholding all the common temptations and means for carrying on war, or for engaging in any aggressive steps with the native population of Africa."

Three conditions were proposed to every one who offered to embark in their enterprise, which, could they have been carried out, must have exerted a sound and healful influence over their little community, but which perhaps we might hardly dare to hope for, surrounded as it was by savages, whose notions of self-interest were as bad as their principles.

1st. Entire abstinence from ardent spirits in every colonist.

2nd. Total abstinence from trade in ardent spirits and the arts of war.

3rd. An immediate Christian influence and operation upon the surrounding heathen.

The colony consisted of one hundred and twenty-six persons, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers, weavers, tailors, spinners, brick-layers, stone-masons, all well acquainted with their respective trades, of excellent characters, and of whom many could read and write. A large number were manumitted slaves from the estate of Dr. Hawes, in Virginia, who left twenty dollars a head to defray their expenses. Just before sailing, a Temperance Society was formed, to which each man freely gave his pledge. Perhaps a more promising company never left this country for the African coast. The following verses, composed by the Rev. George W. Bethune, express more forcibly than we can do the blended prayers and hopes which followed the Ninus as she left our shores.

Oh, Thou who built Jerusalem
For Israel's wandering race,
And yet in love will gather them
Back to their dwelling place ;

Who captive Joseph like a flock
Led forth with prowess high,
And gave them water from the rock,
And manna from the sky ;

Smile on our efforts—who would fain
Redeem each outcast slave ;
And waft them to that land again,
Thou to their fathers gave.

“ They seek a better country,” where
Their toils and tears shall cease.

Build thou their city—grant them there
A heritage of peace.

Thy name, O Christ, and thine alone,
Is all their hope and trust.
Be Thou their precious “corner-stone,”
To raise their walls from-dust.

Thy Spirit's sword, unto them lent,
Thy cross, their banner free ;
Thy Word, their only battlement,
And faith their victory.

Their watchmen shall lift up their voice,
Together shall they sing ;
And in the guardian care rejoice
Of Israel's sleepless King.

The little one—men's scoff and scorn,
A mighty realm shall be ;
And generations yet unborn,
Shall give the praise to Thee.

After a prosperous passage they reached Liberia, where they were warmly received, and every aid was offered them in preparing for their new homes. On arriving at Bassa Cove, the men entered upon their respective labours with patience and energy. Little or no sickness visited their families, and the beginning of things in this new colony of Port Cresson was more than ordinarily auspicious. By the 1st of June, seven months after its first establishment, it could be said that the emigrants were all comfortably located in eighteen houses, with lots presenting the prospect of an excellent harvest. A government house, twenty feet by fifty, and two

stories high was built, with a garden of two acres, well stocked and enclosed; forty acres of cleared land, a smith's shop with a pit of coal were nearly ready for use; a kiln of lime was burnt, and six head of native cattle were almost broken to the yoke, and ten additional houses were completed for new emigrants.

It was not long before a coolness began to manifest itself on the part of the natives, which was hardly noticed by the industrious and hard-working settlers, until it began to wear a threatening aspect. Such was their peaceable character that there were no difficulties to settle, for none had arisen. They became alarmed, and begged for some mode of protection and defence. This was refused by the too trusting superintendent, Mr. Hankinson. The hostile intentions of the savages becoming too evident to be mistaken, the colonists applied to Edina. Thirty volunteers crossed the river to their aid, but Mr. Hankinson promptly declined it. They consequently went back, and the defenceless emigrants were left alone to the work of blood, which commenced that night at twilight. The savages issued from their wilds, rushed upon the huts, and butchered men, women and children to the number of twenty, while the remainder fled to the forest and to Edina, or wounded, robbed, hungry, and panic-struck, skulked to the glens and swamps, or to what-

ever could afford them shelter. Delighted with so easy a victory, the savages were for falling upon Edina, but the timely appearance of Bob Grey, who more than on one occasion had proved the settlers's friend, disconcerted their plans, and they escaped with their booty to the woods. Mr. Weaver, the superintendent of Edina, immediately sent an express to Monrovia, with the following dispatch.

To the vice-agent, Nathaniel Brander, Esq.

Edina, *June 11, 1835.*

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you of the dreadful circumstance which took place on the night of the 10th. King Jõe Harris has taken an armed force over to Port Cresson, and killed and wounded about eighteen persons. We are at present in a state of war. If you can get any volunteers to come down, you will confer a great favour on an unprotected people. We, on this side of the river, are in a state of defence, enough to defend ourselves in a small way; but we have only one barrel of powder on hand at present.

No more, but remain yours respectfully,

WM. L. WEAVER.

Immediately on receiving this communication, in the absence of the agent, Mr. Brander convened the inhabitants of Monrovia, and dispatched orders to

the other towns for men to proceed to the defence of Edina. One hundred and twenty volunteers were soon ready, and on their way, accompanied by three commissioners, Major Barber, and John Day, Esq., of Monrovia, with John Hanson, Esq., of Edina, charged with instructions to inquire into the causes of the attack; to demand of King Joe a reparation of the outrages done to the persons and property of the settlers, and secure a guarantee for the future peace of the colony. The king refused to give any reason for his conduct, and repulsed every overture to a peaceable settlement of affairs. He was then attacked and put to flight, and his town and defences demolished, without the loss of a single Liberian.

It has been ascertained that some time before the catastrophe, a slave trader, an old acquaintance of his Majesty, anchored at the Cove, and finding a Liberian settlement, he declared "that he should not think of buying slaves so close to the Americans, and he meant to go and establish his factory at the river Bras." The king was angry, and promised to drive the Liberians away; but it is thought the attempt would never have been made, had he witnessed suitable means of defence. The defenceless condition of the inhabitants probably stimulated his passions, and he felt that the prey was too easy not to be secured. It is somewhat remarkable that the houses and the persons of only two of the emi-

grants were unmolested, one who had a gun, and the other, who sometimes ventured to use one. "It does not seem to be enough," remarked one, in reference to this event, "to withhold, as was done by the colonists and temporary agent at Bassa Cove, the incentives to quarrel and the means of destruction, namely, ardent spirits and the ministers of war. It is not enough to distinctly avow and sedulously act upon the principles of justice and equity in the purchase of land. Something more than all this is required for the protection of an infant colony in the vicinity of savages and heathens, who are too often insensible to generous appeals, and forgetful of all promises. The law of self-defence points out the absolute necessity of new settlers, thus situated, placing themselves in an attitude which, whilst it shall enable them to repel attacks, will be one of the surest means of preventing them, and thus of securing peace, by depriving the savages of the motives to war,—hope of success, and the prospect of plunder."

Meanwhile boats were sent down the coast to seek out the suffering fugitives, and bring them to Monrovia, where they arrived from time to time in a state of extreme destitution. Generous provision was made for their comfort by the authorities, not only at Monrovia, but at all the other settlements. Mr. and Mrs. Hankinson owed their lives to a trusty Kroo-man, who contrived their escape to his own village. When the news reached America it excited the deep-

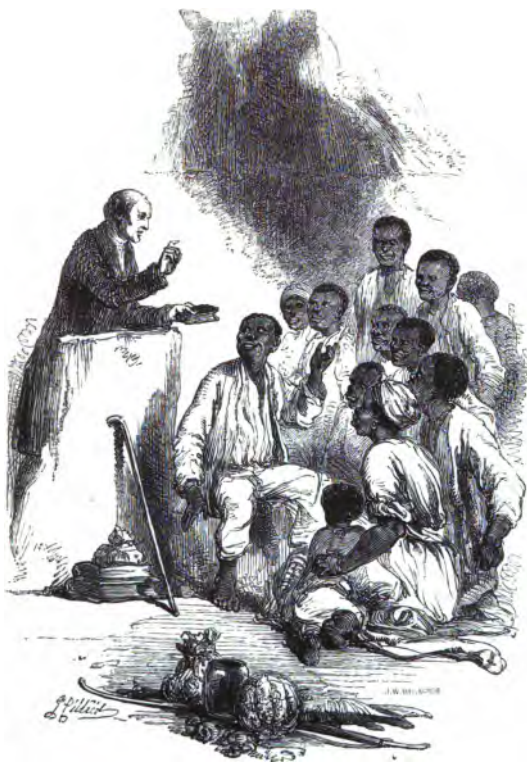
est interest and compassion. Through the untiring energy of their fast friend, Elliott Cresson, Esq., abundant supplies were immediately provided and sent out under the charge of Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the agent of the New York and Pennsylvania societies, with instructions to revive the settlement as soon as circumstances should make it safe. On reaching Monrovia, January 1, 1836, he found many of the emigrants had already re-established themselves at Bassa Cove, at the earnest desire of King Joe himself, who found that he had in no way improved his situation by making war on the colonists. Heartily repenting of his folly, he sent Prince John of Grand Bassa, as his ambassador to beg an interview with the agent, and to declare his willingness to make any satisfaction for the damages done to Port Cresson, offering to the settlers any part of his country, if they would only come and give "God's book," and "'Merica trade" to his people again. Such was the industry and enterprise manifested by these people, that six months after the disaster, Mr. Buchanan could write thus to his friends in America :

"Bassa Cove, *June 28, 1836.*

"Our affairs are generally in a flattering condition. The people are industrious, healthy, and contented. The village has a beautiful and thrifty appearance, exceeding any thing of the kind, considering its infancy, which I ever saw. The streets are clean,

and finely shaded with palm trees ; the lots are all well cleared, and teeming with luxuriant vegetation. This people have for some time past been supplying their tables with the fruits of their industry, drawn from a soil which, five months since, was covered with a thick wilderness. Among our public improvements, we have a commodious Baptist meeting-house, just finished. On the 10th instant we had Divine service in commemoration of the melancholy disaster which broke up our first settlement. The scene was solemn and impressive. Bob Grey, the native ally, who stood our friend in that time of peril, was present by invitation, together with a number of the neighbouring kings and head men. In the evening a prayer-meeting was held, and a good and, I trust, a lasting effect was the result. So far this little Jerusalem has been signally blessed by a merciful Providence. Not a death has yet occurred since the settlement was re-established in December last.

“ I have been labouring by every means to inculcate and cherish the spirit of your resolution in relation to agriculture since my first arrival, and it will, I have no doubt, be warmly seconded by the people, as soon as the means are put into their hands. I have just broken a pair of wild bullocks to the yoke, and they work well. This is a beginning. We have lately got a weekly mail established between this place and Monrovia, which promises great advantages to the whole colony.



"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill to men."

"Though we have got a large quantity of land cleared for the use of the next expedition, the work of building houses proceeds very slowly during the wet weather, which had fairly set in before we could commence."

The colony re-established itself, for greater security from the slavers, two miles northward of its former site, Port Cresson, and took the name of Bassa Cove.*

Another voice comes over the waters. It is from Mr. Beverly R. Wilson. What does he say? "I am happy to inform you that we arrived here well,

* We are glad to learn that this noble harbour—perhaps the best on the West coast—is again occupied, and promises to become a place of great importance. The port is capacious and safe; the people industrious and honest: and the Nautical Magazine recommends it strongly as a desirable place for vessels to obtain supplies; naming Messrs. Benson, Moore, Davis and Chuseman as persons of integrity. By the last advice Judge Benson was erecting twenty houses at CRESSON, for the reception of new immigrants. Several substantial warehouses had been built for the accommodation of its rapidly increasing commerce; and another, of iron, was soon to follow. The Episcopal Church, long projected, will render it a welcome haven for the mariner, none other existing between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas, a distance of 500 miles. It was long a favourite place of resort for the slaver, who from time immemorial made it his chief watering place. Hence the hostility to the first settlers; but happily, since its purchase in 1834, the slave trade has ceased; and a Christian temple now occupies the site of the "Devil's Bush," so recently the scene of human sacrifice.

and to say that I am more in favour of the colony of Liberia than when I left it on my return home. No, there is no place like this for the coloured race to be found in their reach, where they can enjoy the same privileges as here: To fly to the north or south is all folly; to go to Canada or Hayti is nonsense; for in either there are obstacles as high as mountains. Here is our home. Farming is going on well."

The failing health of Mr. Pinney did not enable him to carry out his proposed plans of colonial improvement, or longer to retain his office. His administration, though short, was vigorous, provident, and discreet. In a few weeks after the arrival of Dr. Skinner, the duties of the agency in a great measure devolved upon him, and at Mr. Pinney's formal resignation, the Board of the Colonization Society appointed him his successor.

It will be remembered that two coloured gentlemen, Rev. Gloster Simpson and Archy Moore, had been sent out to Liberia, in 1832, as exploring agents, by their brethren in Mississippi, to make a report of the land, and see if it was a safe and suitable spot for emigration. Their report being satisfactory, seventy-five began to make preparations for their departure hither, the exploring agents with their families among the number. Mr. Simpson was a regularly ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a man of great respectability. He owned a well-

stocked farm of one hundred and fifty acres, valued at two thousand dollars. On signifying his intention of removing to Liberia, Mr. Robert Cochrane, who owned his wife and children, generously gave him a bill of sale for them, estimated at four thousand dollars. Soon after, dying, he left in his will the sum of one hundred dollars to each of Gloster's children. Through the liberality of the citizens of Natchez, the family of Archy Moore was purchased for two thousand dollars. He was pious and intelligent, and the possessor of a small estate. David Moore, a brother of Archy, who accompanied them, had been emancipated nine years before, on account of his excellent conduct, and was both a planter and shoemaker. He took with him a cotton gin, one thousand dollars' worth of agricultural implements and mechanics' tools; one thousand dollars' worth of provisions and trade goods, and three thousand in specie. Twenty-six more slaves, emancipated by the will of James Green, and furnished with an outfit of one thousand dollars, and money to pay their passage, and five thousand more to promote their comfortable settlement in the colony. The whole company possessed property to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. After reaching New Orleans, many interesting meetings were holden, previous to their embarkation, in the Methodist chapel, before a large audience of emigrants, free blacks, and slaves. Mr. Simpson thus

addressed the people relative to the motives which led him to leave America:—

“For a long time,” said he, “I have desired to find a place of refuge, where I might enjoy liberty, and such advantages as I could not here. Not that I have been treated unkindly in Mississippi. I have many dear friends there. But it is not possible for coloured people to enjoy among white men all the privileges and advantages of liberty. I heard a good deal about Liberia, and read a good deal. Good people told me a heap about it, and I wanted to see it; so did some of my friends. One said to another, ‘Will you go and see it for us?’ But all were too busy. They sent to me to know if I would go. I said ‘yes;’ so did Archy Moore. We started. First we came to New Orleans, but the vessel we expected to go in had sailed. Then we had to go to an eastern port. We started for Washington City. We met with many discouragements. In Fredericktown a lady said to me, ‘Where are you going?’ ‘To Africa.’ ‘Where?’ ‘To Africa.’ What! are you such a fool as to go there? Don’t you know that the niggers will kill and eat you?’ So other persons tried to dissuade and dishearten us from going, till we found Mr. Gurley. He received us in a friendly manner, encouraged us to go on, and provided us a passage from Norfolk. Our voyage was much pleasanter than I expected. We found many Christian

friends among the emigrants of the ship. We arrived at Monrovia the last day of June. I went ashore. It looked like the home for the coloured man. Mr. Moore and I went all about, and examined the country. We saw an abundance of every thing growing. The people looked as healthy as they do here. Old Teage, of Virginia, said he had been prejudiced against the colony; he had tried Canada, and wanted to go to Hayti; but he blessed God his lot had been finally cast in Liberia. He told me not to try to get others to come, but persevere and come myself, and they will then see what you think of it. There will be enough to come. I have persevered so far, and expect soon to embark for Liberia. I hope to do something for my blessed Master's cause there, if He spares my life. If death be my early lot, I hope to be as ready and willing to meet it on the coast of Africa, as on the shores of the Mississippi. Brethren, pray for us."

A Temperance Society was formed among the emigrants, in which they pledged themselves to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, either as a drink or an article of merchandise. The company embarked on board the brig Rover; and, after a pleasant passage of fifty-four days, reached Monrovia. During the passage, Mr. Simpson led in morning and evening worship, and held the usual services on the Sabbath. The greater part of them went up to

Millsburg, under the charge of Josiah Finley, to remain until the end of the rainy season. Mr. Simpson and David Moore remained at Monrovia. The town seems to have favourably impressed Captain Outerbridge of the Rover, who declared, "I heard not a word of ill fame, while I was at Monrovia, among the Americans; for it appeared to me they had left off that practice, as well as drinking. You will see them all going to church on Sunday, three times a day, and appear very strict in their devotions. You cannot get a man to work on Sunday, for love or money." A rare and most extraordinary testimony for any ship-master to be able to give of any sea-port; perhaps the only one of the kind on record.

A year after the departure of this interesting colony, David Moore gives us his experience and prospects in an interesting letter, as follows:

"According to promise, I sit down to write from my long wished for Africa. I am glad to inform you that myself and family are well, and have generally enjoyed as good health, if not better, than in the United States. Indeed, our expedition has suffered very little with the fever of the climate. I have been very busy since we arrived, in building and in settling my farm, and I think I shall be well repaid for my labours. I do truly thank God and my kind friends who directed my feet to this land of liberty. We have, although a few privations to un-

dergo, many of nature's blessings, and I do expect in a few years to be able to say that we live in a land of unrivalled plenty and luxury, and what is most cheering, we enjoy so many religious privileges. We have truly a goodly heritage. All we want here is proper men with a little beginning. Although we have not as yet work animals, yet I have eight acres of corn. Some sugar cane we planted. We want some of your good seed-corn, cow-peas, &c. Please send some. Gloster Simpson and family are quite well; his daughter Rhoda is just married; he has a thriving farm adjoining mine. Our children are all going to school. The thermometer ranges from 72° to 87°."

A light-house, the want of which had been seriously felt by vessels on the coast, was erected on the Cape, thirty feet high, which added to the extreme height of the Cape, two hundred and fifty feet, made the light two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea.

A mutual labour school was established at Millsburg, by the Methodists, called the White Plains Manual Labour School, in honour of several individuals of White Plains, New York, who generously aided it. Orphan children were here to be apprenticed until the age of twenty-one, educated and trained to some useful occupation. The plan was given to Mr. Beverly R. Wilson, who superintended

the erection of the buildings, and at the same time became pastor of a small church of nine members. His labours were greatly blessed, and it soon increased to seventy.

Bassa Cove and Monrovia had public Libraries, the former numbering some fifteen hundred volumes, while many of the colonists possessed small though valuable private libraries. In that of Mr. Samuel Benedict, a highly respectable coloured gentleman from Georgia, were to be found works upon divinity, medicine, and law: Blackstone's Commentaries, Rollins' Ancient History, Henry and Clark's Commentaries, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and books of a similar character. Mr. Benedict, both a scholar and a man of sterling sense, could not but command a high position wherever he lived. What does he say regarding his adopted country? for his opinions are entitled to respect. "I would not return to live in the United States for five thousand dollars. There is scarcely a thinking person here, but would feel insulted, if you should talk to him about returning. The people are now turning their attention to agriculture, and are beginning to live within their own means. I believe that a more moral community is no where to be found than in Liberia; and I never saw more religious enjoyment in my life. I hope that God will send us some good inhabitants—men of piety,

intelligence and pecuniary means. That is all we want to render us a happy republic."

In Monrovia are the Liberian Lyceum, and "Female Benevolent Society;" "A Union Sisters of Charity Society," and a Moral Friendship Society, whose anniversaries are celebrated by addresses, and appropriate religious exercises, and oftentimes closed with a social gathering. The 1st of December, the anniversary of Ashmun's celebrated victory over the savages, and of their very existence as a people, is honoured with peculiar honours. We find the order of the day similar to our observance of the fourth of July. All foreign as well a colonial vessels that are in the harbour, are requested to display their flags on that day. Each warehouse and grocery to be closed, and every mercantile operation is suspended. One gun from Central Fort announces the dawn of day; at sun-rise another gun from Central Fort, at which time the flag of the Colony is displayed. The forenoon is occupied by an oration, and other exercises, and at twelve o'clock a national salute is fired.

A hymn, composed by Mr. Hilary Teage for the 1st of December, and sung on one of these occasions, is a specimen of the poetic art on Liberian Soil.

Land of the Mighty dead !
Here science once displayed,
And art, their charms ;
Here awful Pharaoh sway'd
Great nations, who obeyed ;

Here distant monarchs laid
Their vanquish'd arms.

They hold us in survey—
They cheer us on our way—
They loud proclaim,
From pyramidal hall—
From Carnac's sculptured wall—
From Thebes they loudly call—
" Retake your fame ! "

" All hail, Liberia !—hail !
Arise and now prevail
O'er all thy foes ;
In truth and righteousness—
In all the arts of peace—
Advance, and still increase,
Though hosts oppose."

At the loud call we rise,
And press towards the prize,
In glory's race ;
All redolent of fame,
The land to which we came,
We'll breathe the inspiring flame—
And onward press.

Here Liberty shall dwell,
Here Justice shall prevail,
Religion here ;
To this fair virtue's dome
Meek innocence may come,
And find a peaceful home,
And know no fear.

Oppression's cursed yoke,
By freemen shall be broke—
In dust be laid.
The soul erect and free,
Here evermore shall be.

To none we'll bend the knee
But nature's God.

Commerce shall lift her head,
To auspicious gales shall spread
Expanded wing ;
From India's spicy land,
From Europe's rock-bound strand,
From Peru's golden sand,
Her tribute bring.

O Lord ! we look to Thee—
To Thee for help we flee ;
Lord, hear our prayer :
In righteousness arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Their hellish plots surprise,
And drive them far.

Oh happy people they,
Who Israel's God obey,
Whose Lord is God !
They shall be blest indeed,
From anxious cares be freed,
And for them is decreed
A large reward."

Dr Skinner, whose indefatigable labours, both as a physician and an agent, had seriously undermined his health, was obliged to leave Africa and try the benefit of a sea-voyage. The agency fell into the hands of the vice agent, Mr. Anthony D. Williams, a coloured gentleman of great worth. Liberia met with some severe losses also at this time in the death of Mr. Searle, Dr. Webb, Rev. Mr. Laird and

wife, and Mr. Cloud, missionaries of the Presbyterian church.

On presenting his report before the Colonization Society, at his return to the United States, in 1837, Dr. Skinner, says : " Much can be done to render the settlements more healthy than they are at present, without incurring any great expense. Monrovia, for example, is capable of great improvement in this respect. The draining of two swamps, which might be done for two hundred dollars, would greatly improve the healthiness of the town." He thinks with proper exercise, diet, cleanliness and nursing, many of the emigrants might escape the sickness altogether, or have it in a light and greatly mitigated form.

The mortality, however, has been less than it has been generally estimated, and greatly less than took place at the Colonization of this country.

With one of the finest soils in the world, agriculture had not received that attention from the settlers which it should have done. Captain Nicholson, of the United States' ship Potomac, in visiting Liberia in 1837, says : " The slave trade within the last three years has seriously injured the colony. Not only has it diverted the industry of the natives in the vicinity from agriculture and trade, but it has effectually cut off the communication with the interior ; the war parties being in the habit of plundering and kidnapping for slaves all whom they meet, whe-

ther parties to the war or not. If the slavers were kept from the coast, which I am informed could be effected if the colony could possess an armed vessel, to be manned by their own people, four-fifths of the wars would be removed, and the natives would return to their peaceful pursuits. It is complained that many of the emigrants are forced to expend what little they have in erecting their buildings, &c., and to resort to petty traffic for immediate subsistence, to the neglect of the slower returns of agriculture. It is said Monrovia is not so prosperous looking as formerly, which I ascribe to a neglect of agriculture. It is important that a greater proportion of farmers be sent among them, *for on the produce of the soil, by their own labour, must the settlers mainly depend.*"

Visiting New Georgia, four miles from Monrovia, on the Stockton river, which, it may be remembered, was then a settlement of two hundred and fifty recaptured Africans, the officers declared the village to be *far in advance of all others in agriculture*; they were patient, painstaking labourers, and the soil amply rewarded their labours. The Liberia Herald contained an article so full of good sense, that we wish everybody to have the advantage of it, and we doubt not there is a large class of people in this country, who need the advice as much as the Liberians did. After speaking of the necessity of indi-

vidual exertion, and the folly of expecting too much from America, the writer says—

“ The extent of the Society’s promise of direct personal assistance, as far as we are acquainted with it, has been always limited to a passage to the Colony, and subsistence for a short period after arriving here. And considering its nature, circumstances, and the precariousness of the sources whence its funds are derived, it is exceedingly strange that more should be expected. We ought to withdraw our attention from every uncertain source, and direct our energies immediately to that quarter whence a sure and independent subsistence can be derived. For us to be grievously complaining that the Society does not afford us the means of support, would be degrading to us as a people, and go far towards justifying the slander, so often thrown upon us by our enemies, ‘*that we are incapable of improvement.*’ The great practical error of all, consists in fixing an unavailing and covetous desire on distant objects, without being willing to encounter the difficulties of the way which leads to them. Advert to the prosperity of the Colony, its independence and stability, and all are ready with the general concession, that agriculture would secure these blessings. They will say farther, that with proper means, agriculture can be carried to any extent. Urge people to act according to these

concessions, and you are immediately confronted with, 'But what can I do with my limited means?'

"If the objections which are so continually brought up against farming were analyzed to the bottom, we have no hesitation in saying beforehand, they would be found to consist of pride and ignorance, and perhaps a small portion of laziness. All are willing to work, if it can be done on a large scale, and in a respectable manner; if there is a probability, not only of making a living, but a fortune in a short time: which being interpreted, is, all are willing to work, if they can get others to do the work, while they stand idly, and merely give directions. Tell it not in Liberia, publish it not in the streets of Monrovia, lest these natives laugh, that there are those in Liberia, who are ashamed of honest labour. It is exceedingly strange that it has not long since occurred to our people, that everything must have a beginning—that agriculture in every country is progressive until it reaches its acme of improvement. The North American Colonies, during the first years of their agricultural experiments, raised little more than enough for their own use. But the produce of preceding years enabled them to enlarge their operations the succeeding years, and soon they had a surplus, after supplying their own wants, to give in exchange for the productions of other countries. They had, during that time, to content themselves with such

coarse fare and home-made dress as their own industry and ingenuity could furnish them, and this conformity to their circumstances was the main cause of their future prosperity and independence. Could we subdue our pride, and content ourselves a few years with such articles of clothing and provisions as our own soil and a little industry could abundantly supply us, we should soon reap the benefits in ample resources, increasing with every returning year."

James Brown, an observing and intelligent emigrant, gave much of his attention to the agricultural interests of the Colony. An association was entered into, to advance this great object, called "The Liberia Agricultural Society," the principal object of which was to enter vigorously into growing the sugar-cane, and the manufacture of sugar. Some ears of corn, carried out by Mr. Simpson, on being planted, came to maturity in two months, of a finer and better quality than the original. If peas and beans are fit for the table in four weeks, fresh vegetables could be grown in every month in nine out of the year, while half an acre of cotton trees would clothe a whole family, it would seem that ample means of living were in the hands of every one, who is willing to set himself patiently and industriously to work; and he who is not, can be poor and complaining on the best soil and in the finest country in the world.

The Mississippi Colonization Society took measures to plant a colony under its own superintendence, to be called "Mississippi in Africa." Territory was purchased in the Sinou country, one hundred and fifty miles below Monrovia, and a town laid out, called Greenville, in honour of Mr. James Green, of whom mention has been already made, and who, in addition to freeing a number of his own slaves, and defraying their expenses to Liberia, left twenty-five thousand dollars to be used for colonization purposes. Josiah Finley was appointed Governor. He wrote, long after its establishment, that the three most pressing wants of the colony were, wheaten flour, soap, and most important of all, emigrants. For the first, they could substitute rice flour and corn meal; second, they could find no equivalent; and for the third, they were looking with longing anxiety, inasmuch as the labour of native Africans could never make up the labour of civilized men. Rev. Gloster Simpson removed from Monrovia to this settlement.

In view of their condition and prospects, and under a deep sense of their obligation to the means and measures which had enabled them to come to come to Africa, the inhabitants of Monrovia held a meeting about this time, to give a public expression of their opinions upon the results of their great work. Speeches were made and resolutions passed,

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to the effect, that the operation of the colonial experiment in Liberia had proved itself, thus far, safe, beneficial, and advantageous ; that it had provided a free and happy home for the coloured man, and was entitled to his confidence ; that it was laying the foundations of Christian institutions in Africa, and thus appealed to the sympathies of every friend of humanity ; and that, in view of what has been already accomplished, devout thanks and heartfelt gratitude are due to those philanthropists who planned and carried out the scheme of African colonization.

We find among the speakers, on this occasion, David Moore, Beverly R. Wilson, Rev. J. Revey, Major Elijah Johnson, G. R. McGill, J. J. Roberts, Esq., enterprising and intelligent citizens, many of them long residents in Liberia, and sound, practical, sagacious business men, whom we must allow capable of making a fair estimate of the present results, and of the future prospects of their new settlement. Are not their opinions entitled to our confidence ? Shall we suffer the impressions of a few idle, discontented, and dissolute spirits to prejudice us against testimony like this ? Or more than that, shall we allow the disappointments of an ardent imagination, or the too sanguine, and of course disappointed hopes of the merchant, or the one-sided report of a transient visitor, to have any thing like an important weight, against the matured views of intelligent residents ?

Every wise and reasonable man will give but one answer.

A new settlement, six miles up the St. John's river, was surveyed and commenced by Louis Sheridan, an enterprising emigrant from North Carolina. It was named Bexley, in honour of Lord Bexley,* President of the British African Colonization Society, who subscribed five hundred dollars towards its foundation. Another had been commenced on the Junk river, called Marshall, for Chief Justice Marshall, a distinguished friend of the African cause.

If it be true that little things are often the best indications of the true state of society, another quotation from the *Liberia Herald* may occupy an apt position on our pages.

“ *African Improvement.*—In conversation the other day, it was said that some people abroad thought our colony going back. Happening to be passing up street, we noticed an *iron railing* with *brass knobs* being put up in front of the house of Mr. Elijah Johnson.”

* Since the above was written it has pleased God to take to himself this excellent nobleman. To the close of his valuable life Lord Bexley exhibited a warm interest in the well-being of Liberia; and we cannot refrain the expression of our regret, that at the time of his lordship's benevolent proposition, the public mind was not prepared to carry out his munificent offer to contribute largely to the endowment, at Bassa Cove, of an Episcopal mission, church, schools, and theological seminary. We rejoice in the prospect of its early commencement by our American brethren.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW ERA.

" But still imperfect is the work of love.
Ye generous band, united in the cause
Of liberty to Africa restored,
Oh, may your hands be strong and hearts be firm
In that great cause !"—GRAHAM.

As the settlements, planted by the different State Colonization Societies, and in some measure under their control, sometimes conflicted with and embarrassed each other's proceedings, it was thought expedient to unite them, by one constitution, under one efficient government, granting to the settlers a greater degree of power than they had hitherto exercised, and accustoming them to the responsible duties of sovereignty. For the purpose of drafting a constitution, a committee was appointed by the Colonization Society, consisting of Charles F. Mercer, Samuel L. Southard, Matthew St. Clair Clark, and Elisha Whittlesey. After various meetings, Mr. Mercer, who was chairman, presented a paper upon which the constitution was drawn. To the clause, declaring the right of white missionaries, officers, and agents to

hold in the colony a fee of land to a limited quantity, Mr. Whittlesey made objections, and moved that *no white man* should become landholder in Liberia. After much discussion, the committee unanimously sustained the motion, and the constitution was accepted by the Society. The following are some of its most important Articles.

“ *Article 1st.* The Legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Governor and Council of Liberia; but all laws enacted by them, shall be subject to the revocation of the Colonization Society.

“ *Article 2nd.* The Council shall consist of representatives, elected by the people of the different settlements, and shall be apportioned among them according to a just ratio of representation. The Commonwealth shall be divided into two Counties. Monrovia, Caldwell, Millsburg and New Georgia shall constitute one County, called the County of Mesurado, and shall be entitled to send six representatives. Bassa Cove, Marshall, Bexley and Edina shall constitute another, under the name of the County of Bassa, and shall send four representatives.

“ *Article 15th.* The Judicial power of the Commonwealth of Liberia shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Governor and Council may from time to time ordain and esta-

blish. The Governor shall be, ex officio, Chief Justice of Liberia.

“ *Article 20th.* There shall be no Slavery in the Commonwealth.

“ *Article 21st.* There shall be no dealing in slaves, by any citizen of the Commonwealth, either within or without the bounds of the same.

“ *Article 23rd.* The right of trial by jury and the right of petition shall be inviolate.

“ *Article 25th.* Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one shall have the right of suffrage.

“ *Article 26th.* All elections shall be by ballot.”

The new Constitution and the new Governor, Mr. Thomas Buchanan, already known to our readers, were both shipped in the *Saluda*, a ship owned by the Colonization Society. It came to anchor at Mesurado Bay on the 1st of April, 1839. A boat was sent ashore, announcing the arrival of his Excellency, when a salute was gallantly fired from the Fort, which was answered from the ship. The military was soon seen filing down to the wharf, to receive and escort the new Magistrate to the government house.

As soon as practicable, an assembly of the citizens was convened, to whom was read and explained the

new Constitution. Some demurred at the veto power of the Governor, but in every other respect, it met with general approbation. "It is wise and liberal," they said, "and a good stepping-stone to independent sovereignty." The inhabitants of Monrovia took the oath of allegiance, and their example was speedily followed by the other towns. It bound the interests of the settlers more strongly together, and in that union, they felt there was strength.

The new Legislature held its first session at Monrovia, in September. A brief notice of some of its earliest proceedings may not be uninteresting to our readers.

A post office department was established, and the Colonial Secretary was elected Postmaster-General.

An act was passed regulating the employment and oversight of the poor of the commonwealth of Liberia, and another concerning schools. They provided as follows :—

Be it enacted and ordained by the Governor and Legislature of Liberia, in Council assembled, That the support and maintenance of aged widows, destitute orphans, poor persons and invalids, shall be borne by the Commonwealth, out of any moneys in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated.

Be it further enacted, That a number of good cards, wheels, looms, knitting and sewing needles,

shall be provided for the use of all females who reside in the asylum, so that they may be employed in carding, spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing ; and to the end that there shall be no idlers about this institution, the requisite quantity of wool, cotton, flax, hemp, and such other materials as may be manufactured into useful articles for the convenience of the community shall be kept constantly on hand.

“ Be it further enacted, That there shall be a regular teacher employed to take charge of a school attached to the asylum, whose business shall be to instruct the youth belonging to the institution in all the branches of a common English education.

“ Be it further enacted, That for the improvement of the youth of this institution, carpenters, rope-makers, blacksmiths, and such other mechanics as the improving state of the colony may demand, shall be employed in and about the establishment, for the purpose of instructing the youth in their several branches.

“ Be it further enacted, That in each of the counties of this commonwealth, there shall be one or more asylums established on the plan suggested, and to which paupers, whether natives or colonists, shall be admitted, where they shall be fed, clothed, educated,

and instructed in agriculture, or in some useful branch of mechanic art, if they are of a proper age.

“Be it enacted by the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth of Liberia, in Legislature assembled, That there shall be established in each settlement and township that is, or hereafter may be, formed in this commonwealth, one common school, the same to be under the supervision or control of a School Committee, to be created for that purpose by the Governor and Council.”

“How large was Liberia at this time?” you may want to ask. It contained nine towns, and owned five hundred thousand acres of rich land, where the finest vegetables and the most delicious fruits could be cultivated to any extent. It had four printing presses, and two newspapers—the *Liberia Herald*, already mentioned, and the *African Luminary*, a religious paper. What is the best token of good in the world, it numbered twenty-one churches, thirty ministers, ten day schools, and many Sabbath schools. Few new settlements could compare with it, in its supply of the means of Christian improvement. In this respect, it looks like the Puritan colonies of New England. The monthly concert for prayer, so dear to the hearts of American Christians, was early established at Liberia, in which the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists united. A deep interest in

missions was generally felt, and surrounded as they were by heathen in every jungle, their hearts often gushed out in most powerful appeals to Christians in America.

Behold Mr. Seys on one of his missionary tours. He is at King Doongy's town; men, women, and children are squatting around him, beneath the spreading thatch of a rude cabin; an old wooden mortar, turned upside down, is his pulpit, large enough for a light and a book. He has lifted up his heart to God in prayer, and now, through an interpreter, he attempts to teach the naked savages the way of eternal life. So interested did the interpreter become, that he suddenly stopped; "Me no tell fast enough—come here, you boy, who 'peak English—come help! dat no word be lost—no single good word." With one on each side of him, explaining his words to the listening audience, he again went on. Again the interpreter stopped, and turning around, asked hastily, "Suppose poor African man do good fash, no do bad—but he never hear 'bout God, 'bout God's love, 'bout new heart—so he dead—he go up top? will God take him?" Ah! we cannot answer the poor African's question. We fear few heathen men "do good fash—no do bad;" and for such who do, we can safely trust them to the tender mercies of an all-wise and all-compassionate Creator: but there is one thing we *do* know, and that is, our duty towards the

heathen. "Go ye unto all the world, and preach the gospel"—and, to leave us no room for doubt, it is added and reiterated, "preach the gospel to *every creature*." The gospel they must have, and mainly through our instrumentality. Let us hear what another good minister, Mr. Brown, says of a new station, just beginning to bud in the wilderness: "I am on my post at Hedington. It is one of the pleasantest situations in the world, although the town has but just commenced building; and, under God, I have charge of one of the most interesting little flocks in the world. This flock consists of fifty-nine natives. Oh, the power of the gospel! See the old man dethrone his idol, in whom he trusted till his head was grey; but now he casts the dumb thing into the fire, looks up and prays the Eternal God to curse the smoke thereof. See the savage warrior lay his spear and sword upon the ground, and see him kneel and look up, and pray to God, that if he ever takes them up again to war, they may be immediate instruments of his death. Oh, sir, could you hear a little two-pound bell ring in this dark forest, and see the natives flock to the mission-house, like sheep to the shepherd in time of drought, singing,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;"

or,

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

and hear them thanking God in prayer for the benefits and spread of the gospel, and hear the loud amens; and add to this, their regular attendance at family devotions, their sound reasonings in meetings of business, and constant applications to the missionary, to know what God says about it; why, sir, you would be tempted to lay down your fear, and come over to Africa at once. Oh, Christians! pray that God may sustain us in this glorious work!"

Does not your heart yearn over little Hedington? Can you not almost hear the tinkling of its little two-pound bell, echoing in the almost unbroken wilderness? Should you not rejoice to see those dark savages, no longer savages, but gospel-freed men, kneeling in grateful prayer at the mission altar? The little settlement of Hedington was about twenty-five miles north-east of Monrovia. Near the spot where the mission-house was built, the paths of the negroes, from the Pessah, Gissah, Queah, and Golah tribes, leading to Monrovia, Millsburg, Caldwell, New Georgia, intersected, so that frequent opportunities occurred of communicating with the surrounding natives. Oh! that these little paths, so often trod by the treacherous savages, might become "a way of holiness," highways to speed the glad tidings of the gospel of peace!

Shall we take a peep at Mr. Ivory Clarke, another

excellent missionary, of the Baptist denomination? King Joe Harris had long wanted a man to come and teach his people "book." He offered to build a house for any body who would come. At last, Mr. Clarke made a journey to his town, where he preached upon the creation. Joe and his people listened very attentively. After Mr. Clarke had finished, the king wanted to tell what he had always thought about it. "God made, first time," said he, "white man, den white woman—den black man, den black woman. God den held out his hands, book in one, rice and palm-oil in other—choose which, you both? White man choose book, black man choose rice and palm-oil. Book tell white man how get every thing else; black man never get nothing but rice and palm-oil. I want you come teach book to me, my people, then we get more." Mr. Clarke explained to him the treasures of salvation which the book unfolded to him and to them. The poor creatures seemed touched by the life and death of Jesus. "Preach more—more book," they cried. Several missionaries were sent over to Liberia by the Presbyterian Board, to "preach more—more book."

But there were shadows mingling with these lights of Liberian life. There are darker tints to this pleasant picture, to which we must now sadly and painfully turn our eyes. The slave-trade, as you well know, was the secret of all the wars, the

kidnapping, and the bloodshed, which prevailed among the native tribes, and of the difficulties which, from time to time, broke out between the Liberians and the savages. It was the main desire of the government of Liberia to break up this traffic in all the territory over which they claimed any jurisdiction, and as far as possible among all the neighbouring tribes, to turn the trade of the country into different channels. Towards this object, the settlers laboured with firmness and courage. No sooner had Governor Buchanan taken the oaths of office, than his attention was directed towards some suspicious movements at Bassa.

What were they? Two traders had come to the coast, erected a factory, offered great bargains to the natives, and made every preparation for carrying on the slave-trade. "It must not, and it *shall* not be!" exclaimed Governor Buchanan. "Fire, famine, blood, and chains, are the necessary elements of the slave-trade! What multiplied miseries is this devilish traffic inflicting upon this unhappy country! It must be stopped." He immediately sent an order to the traders to leave the coast instantly, or run the risk of having their property ruined, and their factories destroyed.

The order was treated with great contempt. "Leave! no! Tell Governor Buchanan we shall stay as long as we please, and trade in just what

suits us best," cried Lang; and forthwith he set about to add to his stores, enlarge his barracoons, and to make every preparation for a permanent settlement. The Governor again sent to him, threatening hostilities if his orders were not obeyed. The message was treated as before. The Governor resolved to let no time be lost in executing his threats. The military of Monrovia were immediately assembled; he presented the facts before them, and asked for forty volunteers to come forward, and support the government. Forty men grasped their muskets, and with one voice declared, "We will go." He then sent to New Georgia for thirty-five more, and the call was instantly responded to. These were put under the command of Col. Elijah Johnson, the old hero of Ashmun's time, and took up their line of march towards Little Bassa. Three schooners, filled with a supply of ammunition, put to sea, to aid and co-operate with the land force at the scene of action. The whole amounted to one hundred men, under the direction of the Marshal of Liberia, Mr. Lewis, all animated by the same heroic determination to expel the slavers, or die in the attempt.

Three days passed away, and the inhabitants of Monrovia were anxiously awaiting the result, when Governor Buchanan was thrown into the greatest alarm by beholding the return of his little fleet, after struggling against a strong head wind, and a heavy

current, in a vain attempt to double the Cape. "What has become of the land force, deprived of the assistance of the schooners?" he exclaimed, filled with fearful forebodings of their fate. It was a moment of intense anxiety and gloom. Just then an English man-of-war arrived in the harbour, with a fine, snug, fast-sailing slaver, which had been recently captured, and which, on learning the critical state of things, the commander put into Governor Buchanan's possession. In an incredibly short time, her captain and crew were landed, and the Governor was on board with men, arms, ammunition, and provisions. By daylight on Friday morning, a little more than thirty-six hours after her departure, the slave-schooner *Euphrates* anchored off Little Bassa. At that early hour, nothing could be distinctly seen on shore, and a canoe was instantly despatched to learn the state of affairs around the barracoons. As the day opened, a scene of fearful interest burst upon the eyes and ears of the Governor and his crew. About one hundred and fifty yards from the beach, in a little clearing amid the forest, rose the barracoons, and a few native huts, from the walls of which now gleamed, in hot and quick succession, the fire and steel of musketry; the woods muttered a thrilling and angry answer; the roar and blaze of guns burst forth upon the barracoon, on every side. Stern and fearful was the contest. Who were the

besieged? Who the besiegers? Were there friends or foes in the forest? Were there friends or foes behind the palisades? None could tell; none could even guess. Breathless and anxious stood the men on deck, watching the varying struggle. The return of the canoe was waited for with the utmost solicitude. "Dem live for fight dere now! 'Merica men had barracoon; countrymen in woods all round! Fishmen stay back. 'Pose you go shore; you catch plenty balls," shouted the Krooman, as soon as he was in hailing distance. "'Merica men in the barracoons!"

The little force of the Liberians then was surrounded, and hotly, closely besieged by a savage and angry enemy, of tenfold numbers, thirsting for their blood. Their ammunition must soon be exhausted, and they must fight for every inch of life. A new difficulty and danger sprang up. The Governor was on board a well known slaver; the settlers, mistaking them for Spaniards, coming up to reinforce the enemy, might fire upon them, or seeing no way of safety but in retreat, abandon their barracoons, and attempt to cut their way into the forest.

What was to be done? We must communicate with the barracoons. We must convey information to our friends with all possible dispatch. "Who will go on this perilous enterprise?" asked the Governor, looking around upon his men.

"I will go, sir," cried a young American sailor, stepping forth from the crew, with fire in his eye, and an unflinching courage stamped upon every feature in his face.

"It may cost your life," said the Governor, fixing his keen eye upon the man.

"Never mind, I will go!" was the bold reply. With a hastily penned note to Colonel Johnson hid in his bosom, he put off upon his dangerous errand.

The brave Liberians in the barracoon were all this while anxious watchers of the schooner. When her masts and spars became first visible in the morning light, they hailed her as the promised aid. "Aid! aid!" they shouted, one to another, joyfully and gratefully. "Thank God, aid is near!" How must their hopes have been dashed on discovering her to be the slaver Euphrates! Already weary, and worn, with an increasing foe and failing ammunition, how desponding their spirits, how appalling their prospects! The second canoe pushed from the vessel's side. It was seen by Johnson. "There goes the slaver to concert measures with the natives, for a combined attack! If he reaches them, we are lost! He must be cut off!" and at the head of a handful of men, Johnson rushed out to attack him, as the surf threw the canoe upon the beach. The brave sailor found himself beset with foes on every side. No sooner had he landed, than a party of the natives,

concealed in the bushes, seized the poor fellow, and discovering him to be " 'Merica man," were about to despatch him with their knives, when Johnson's party, who saw in the movement something auspicious to themselves, made a furious onset. The savage who held his knife at the sailor's throat was instantly shot down.

Meanwhile the governor and his men were already under way. A party of savages stood ready to cut them off as they leaped upon the shore. Before it could be done, a sudden and heavy fire from the boat reached their ranks, and scattered them into the forests. What a joyful welcome did the governor receive as he crossed the threshold of the barracoon! For an instant the rattling shower of balls was forgotten, while the men threw up their caps, shouting " Hurra, hurra, for Governor Buchanan!" Prompt measures were immediately resorted to. Some houses without the palisades, which had afforded shelter to the savages, were quickly destroyed. A sally was made into the nearest thicket, where a large body of the natives had intrenched themselves. They were speedily routed, and a party of axe-men soon levelled it to the ground. The property saved by the marshal began to be shipped, and the whole day was passed in industriously working, and as manfully fighting. It was a day of toil, vigilant, severe, unresting toil. The next day, it being re-

ported that Lang had determined to reinforce himself with other native princes, and continue the combat, the schooner was despatched to Monrovia, for more volunteers, two field-pieces, fourteen thousand ball cartridges, and other articles necessary to their position. On her return, the Governor sent a message to the native kings, demanding an instant surrender of the slaves in their possession, and desiring of them to make a treaty of peace within twenty-four hours. The messenger came back in the evening, bringing word that the kings would appear the next day on the beach. The next morning, a white flag was borne towards the barracoon. Bah Gay was said to be upon the beach, fearful of approaching nearer. Governor Buchanan, with an escort of 73 men, then marched up to meet him. It was some time before Bah Gay consented to issue from the bushes, and when he did, he shook with fear, though enclosed by a body-guard of 300 warriors. Before saying a word, he gave up the slaves in his possession, and piteously bewailed his folly in making war on the 'Mericans. The terms of peace were readily agreed to, written and signed on a drum-head, the principal articles of which were, that he, Bah Gay, would never deal in slaves again, or enter in any way into the slave-trade. The next morning, their encampment was broken up, and both land and sea forces returned to Monrovia with the loss of one Krooman.

Six or eight of the Liberians were wounded, some severely but not seriously, among whom was Colonel Johnson. The loss of the enemy was declared to be 10 killed, but it was thought greatly to exceed that number. The spot is now called Fort Victory.

Few things grieved Governor Buchanan more, or filled him with deeper shame, than to see his own countrymen engaged in the slave-trade. He was anxious to have clear and distinct instructions upon the kind and amount of testimony required to condemn a slaver in an American court. "I cannot bear," said he, "to see these pirates escape when brought in my power; but it perplexes me often beyond measure to know how to act.

Her Britannic Majesty's brig *Saracen* brought into the harbour of Monrovia an American slave schooner, *Campbell*, captured just after having anchored at Gallinas, one of the most extensive slave-markets on the coast. The governor went on board, and overhauled her cargo, was fully satisfied in his own mind that it was intended for the slave-trade, but the evidence, he feared, was not sufficiently strong to condemn her at court. The captain swore she was no slaver; and begged permission to remain and make some necessary repairs, without which it was not safe to re-cross the Atlantic. Permission was granted. On learning that an American cruiser was daily expected, he seemed exceedingly uneasy, and

at last determined to sell both cargo and vessel. No sooner was the sale advertised, than one of the mates came forward, and under oath, declared that both vessel and cargo were owned by Don Pedro Blanco, one of the principal slave-traders at Gallinas, that she was a regular slaver, and came on the coast solely for that purpose. The sailors confirmed his testimony. Governor Buchanan immediately ordered a writ to be served; the property was seized, while the captain disappeared in the night, and made his way back again to his employer.

Have you heard of the sturdy bravery of those British seamen, who shipped on board a vessel engaged in the African trade, and on arriving at Gallinas, learned for the first time, that they were to take a cargo of slaves? Disgusted with a traffic condemned by every Christian nation, and indignant at being deceived into it, they resolved to bear no part or lot in the matter. One day, while the captain was absent on shore, the crew weighed anchor and put to sea. They carried her to Sierra Leone, and gave her up to the authorities of that colony.

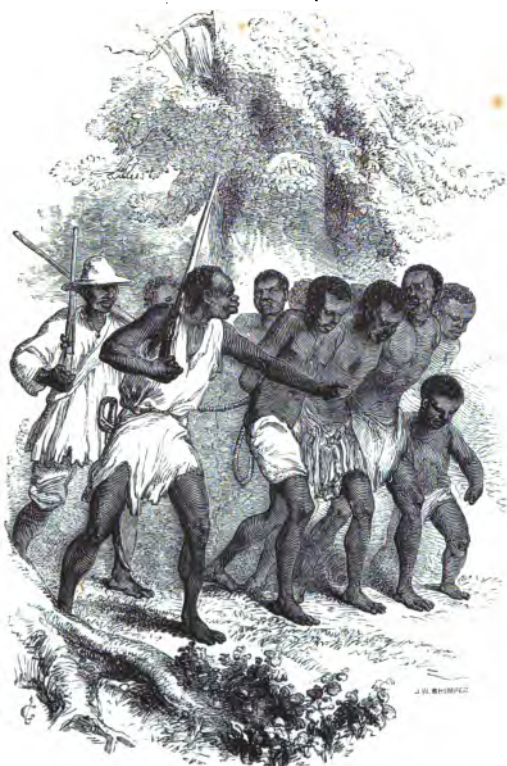
Frequent mention has been made of King Boat-swain, a powerful chief, and one of the greatest slave-dealers in the region. He was a most extraordinary African. When young, he visited England, and served for a time in a British man-of-war. Afterwards returning to his own country, he plunged

into the interior, 50 miles from Cape Mesurado, and set up his standard. Of giant stature and unconquerable energy, he soon drew about him all the high bloods of the country. War was his business; his generals became the most noted warriors of the age; few tribes could long withstand their artifices or attacks. But King Boatswain, with an almost instinctive reverence for civilization, had always been a faithful friend to the Liberians. In fact, he was their most powerful ally, whose protection had been of service to them, more than once in overawing the turbulent spirits of some of their nearer neighbours.

His death proved the occasion of serious troubles. Gatumba, a bold and bloody chief, succeeded to the kingdom, while Goterah, a noted warrior, became commander of his forces.

The tribes around soon felt the weight of their power; they waged war in every direction, for the purpose of making captives, to supply the demands of the slave-trade; and at length they had entered the Dey country, a region bordering on Liberia. Thousands of unhappy Deys were butchered, or carried away and sold into hopeless slavery, when a poor, miserable remnant of the tribe, about 20 in number, came to the people of Millsburg, begging the protection of the Liberian government, and permission to settle quietly down among the colonists. They were kindly received. The people set about

to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, and for the first time in their lives, they began to enjoy peaceable and pleasant homes. The poor Deys were as happy as could be. No fear of captivity haunted them, nor did the chains of slavery clank in their ears, for they now considered themselves beyond the power of their blood-thirsty pursuers. Alas! they knew not how relentless are the demands of the slave-trade. Suddenly, on the night of the 16th of November, 1840, a savage yell awoke the quiet sleepers at Millsburg; Gatumba was on their track: The people of Millsburg rushed to the rescue of the Deys, but not before the savage chief had killed four, captured twelve, and dreadfully wounded the remainder. The poor sufferers were taken to the hospitable homes of the colonists, nursed with the tenderest care, and finally recovered from their wounds. An express was instantly sent to Governor Buchanan with news of the outrage. Gatumba was found to be hanging on the outskirts of Liberia, and no one could predict where his daring spirit would next direct hostilities. The Governor sent arms and ammunition to Millsburg with orders to keep the strictest watch by night and by day. He also despatched messengers to the chief, demanding a release of the captives and reparation for the wrong to the Colony. Gatumba sent back word that he had a war to fight, and he would not for an instant suffer the



Gatumba drives the captive Deys from Millsburgh.

Americans to interfere with him. He declared that he had a right to every runaway slave, and that there were runaway slaves at Hedington which belonged to him. Arms and ammunition were immediately sent to Hedington, with orders to keep a sharp look-out, at any appearance of hostilities. Meanwhile a council of war was holden, in which, as the Liberians always preferred peace to war, they resolved to seek a peaceable adjustment of difficulties, before taking more decided measures. Two young men, Peale and Wilson, a son of Mr. Beverly R. Wilson, undertook a mission to the chief. With the flag of peace in their hands, they fearlessly left their friends and plunged into the forest. On approaching the enemy's camp, alone, unarmed, and undefended, the cowardly natives fell upon the two trusting deputies, and murdered them without mercy. An act, at once so atrocious and so unprovoked, sent a thrill of horror through the Colony. The Liberians felt that they had to grapple with an unscrupulous and deadly foe. Their spies were cut off in every direction, and it was difficult, if not almost impossible, to learn the movements of the savages.

Time passed away in a state of great suspense and anxiety, until the 16th of March, when a fearful onset was made upon little unoffending Hedington, by between three and four hundred warriors, Condoes, Veys, Manboes, headed by four chiefs, of

whom Goterah was the principal. So sure were they of victory, that Goterah had brought a pot for the purpose of cooking Mr. Brown, the missionary, for his breakfast. The mission-house was on one side of the settlement, behind a large field of cassadas. At this time there were two carpenters from Caldwell, living at the mission-house, Zion Harris and Demery, who had come for the purpose of building a church and school-house for the mission. At daylight, a report of guns was heard, and immediately a voice shouting "War! war! war, is come!" while a horde of savages came rushing through the cassada field, sending the most horrid yells. Harris and Demery, seizing their muskets and cartridges, rushed out and took their stand behind the picket fence, which surrounded the house, as the enemy, like furious tigers, pressed madly forward. Their course was suddenly checked by a deadly discharge from Harris and Demery, which stretched several leading warriors on the ground. Before recovering from their surprise, Brown opened a heavy discharge upon them from the upper window.

It was now just light enough to behold the work of death. The two below were soon out of ammunition. They ran to the house for more, and quickly returned to the stockade. A brisk fire was kept incessantly up for some time, when some of the savages, led on by Goterah, tore off the palings of

the fence, and leaping over the railings, made towards the house. The little party within were almost exhausted. Harris stood in the door at the moment, when a poor Christian native came in, crying out, "Look, daddy, I shot," and crawled away, leaving his gun, loaded with a heavy charge of slugs and balls. Goterah came on, brandishing his war-knife, and calling on his men to follow. "On! on! the town is ours!" The danger was imminent. All seemed lost, when Harris, reaching behind him for an axe, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, seized the gun, which the wounded native had left behind him. He clutched it like a dying man, took aim, and poured its contents into Goterah's body. The chief instantly fell, a mangled and hideous corpse. Several of his men ran up to catch the body of their prostrate leader, shrieking out, "War is done! The head man is dead!" Others, growling with rage, rushed in to fill up the gap. Demery and Brown were no where in sight. Harris, fearing for the fate of his companions, still kept at his post, while the slugs and shot rattled around the building in all directions. Every thing looked desperate, and as a last hope, he levelled his gun at a second chief, who fell to rise no more. The assailants now faltered and fell back. Harris blew a large bugle, which greatly frightened the savages. Supposing it to proceed from an approaching reinforcement, they made

a rapid retreat, carrying off their dead into the neighbouring forest.

Some of the natives, gathering around Harris, began to lick his feet, exclaiming, "You got gree-gree—you got gree-gree—give me some." "I have none but what Almighty God gives me," answered he. Gree-grees are charms worn by the natives, to protect them from danger. Harris's remarkable preservation, in the midst of perils so great, led them to suppose that he possessed one of more than common power and value. Ah, no! the well-being, nay, the very existence of this interesting village, just converted from heathenism to Christianity, seemed for the time, to hang on his own bold arm; defenceless homes were about him, his own life was at stake, either the band of savage cannibals must be driven back, or they must all fall victims to their rage. The God who led the armies of Israel, and who gave Gideon the victory, gave victory to this poor carpenter of Liberia in that fearful struggle. The death of Goterah gave great joy to the natives far and near. Some came from long distances to see the man who had slain the tyrant, exclaiming, "'Merica man's God is God for true."

As soon as the news reached Monrovia, Colonel Johnson was sent down with orders to fortify the town. It was reported that Gatumba was determined to revenge Goterah's death at Hedington, by an

attack on Millsburg. The colonists were in great alarm. It was feared that a general conspiracy might unite the interior tribes against Liberia, and attempts be made to blot it from the coast. At this moment of uncertainty and fear, Governor Buchanan determined to carry war into the very heart of the enemy's country, and strike a blow that would settle the matter at once and for ever. General Roberts was ordered to prepare for a sudden march to Gatumba's strong-hold, twenty miles from Millsburg, with 300 men, one piece of artillery, and 60 Kroomen to carry the baggage. On Friday morning, they took up the line of their dangerous march from Millsburg. It was an hour of deep and thrilling interest, as the little band filed away beyond the pale of civilization and protection, into a pathless forest, beset by foes, to meet an enemy of more than common ferocity, maddened by a late defeat. There were sorrowful partings between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friend and friend. The natives ruefully shook their heads, saying, "no come back from de long bush," "no come back from there." But brave hearts bade them God-speed, and Christian hearts pled their cause in deep and fervent prayer before the Sovereign Disposer of events.

Fearlessly they went forth, not only to be a shield to their own countrymen, but to maintain their right to furnish a shelter and a home to the defenceless

natives, who fled to them for protection from slavery and death, liable to be inflicted upon them, at any moment, by their own ruthless chiefs : a cause worthy a noble defence ! God be with them !

It was a painful, as well as perilous march. After dragging their cannon over streams and through swamps, the labour of which was found to be rapidly wearing down the men, it was concluded to draw it aside and leave it, concealed in the underbrush. The little company proceeded on, in spite of a drenching rain, until two o'clock, when they reached an old, deserted town of Gatumba's, where they encamped for the night. By daylight the next morning they were on their way. The path was often so narrow that they were obliged to march in single file. At other places, the rains had so swollen the streams and swamps, that the mud was often knee-deep, while the water arose to their arm-pits. As yet, the enemy had scarcely disturbed them. On ascending a hill, from a deep, wet, muddy ravine, almost exhausted with fatigue, a sudden attack was made from the surrounding forest, which brought the brave Captain Snetter, of the Rifle Corps, to the ground, mortally wounded. His men rushed forward and drove away the savages, without disturbing the line of march. As there was no longer any hope of concealing their approach, the music, which had hitherto been silent, now broke in enlivening strains upon the ear, inspir-

ing the flagging spirits of the men, and urging them onward with a rapid and animating step. The next six miles was one of painful exposure. All along they were subject to the fire of an enemy, concealed in every jungle, and behind every tree. Though extremely disheartened, no murmur escaped their lips; no man recoiled from his post of duty. It was forward or death! Delay was certain destruction. At last, a tremendous roar of musketry announced their near approach to the fortress. The salute was rough and ready. A heavy fire was opened upon them with muskets and swivels from every port-hole in the wall. It was a fearful crisis. General Roberts quickly arranged his men for a desperate attack. So skilful were his manœuvres, so determined his assault, that on the first onset, before a hope of victory had animated their hearts, the enemy became panic-struck, and hastily fled to the woods. General Roberts instantly forced his way into the town, planted their standard on the walls, and a proclamation was issued, declaring the battle fought and won. The suddenness of the event was astonishing even to themselves. They could scarcely believe the lion had been bearded in his den. The town was found in a fine state of defence, and pots of cassadas were boiling over the fire for supper, which proved very acceptable to the tired and hungry Liberians. Among the spoils were found the bones of Goterah's brother, covered with

leopard skins, which was considered a most powerful gree-gree, and which, while they possessed, they supposed no harm could befall them ; but it failed them before Liberian heroism. With their wants well supplied, General Roberts remained in quiet possession of the town over the Sabbath. On Monday, they marched out, set it on fire, and took their homeward route. The natives were astonished to see them return, as it was very generally supposed they could never penetrate into the "long bush." The valour of the settlers won the admiration and respect of the whole region round about. Thenceforth Governor Buchanan, who accompanied the expedition, was known as Governor Big Cannon. Thus the expedition ended, with the loss of only two men, the release of the captives, the defeat of Gatumba, and a growing confidence in the strength and power of their government. This proved the last battle with the natives, in fulfilment of the governor's hopes, when he declared, "We must strike a blow that will settle the matter at once and for ever."

Six or seven kings, who had stood ready to join the strongest party, now hastened to Monrovia, with presents and protestations of friendship ; while from the interior tribes, messengers were despatched to beg an alliance with Liberia. One article in every treaty, always insisted upon by the Governor, was—*never in any way to be engaged in the slave-trade ;*

so keenly alive was he to the horrors and outrages of this unnatural traffic. Every man seemed glad to be freed from the attacks of the dreadful Gatumba, who, driven from his town, and shunned by the neighbouring kings, was forced to skulk in the woods, without a hut for shelter, and nothing but wild yams for food. Henceforth he became an outcast and vagabond, in regions once ruled by the terror of his name. The feeling began extensively to prevail, that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were they secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery. The idea cannot be more touchingly expressed than in the reply of a poor fellow, from the river Congo, on being asked if he did not wish to return to his own country: "No, no," said he, "if I go back to my country, they make me slave. I am here free; no one dare trouble me. I got my wife—my lands—my children learn book—all free—I am here a *white man*—me no go back."

The aptness of the native youth to learn is encouragingly spoken of by Mr. Wilson, the teacher at White Plains.

"In reference to my own affairs, since I have been in Africa, up to the first of December last, I can truly say I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted pleasure; but O, since that time, I have had sorrow. My eldest son was sent by the Governor to a hostile native prince with the terms of peace, and this fellow

would have nothing to do with the ambassadors, but drove them from his town, and they were followed by a merciless mob, and my son, with Mr. Peale, a very worthy man, was slain on the second day of December last. I would give you a detail of the whole affair, but it will be seen in the Luminary. This has caused much grief, but I hope the Lord will give us grace. Pray for us.

“ Here, at White Plains, we are doing well. We have been greatly blessed in our own labours. Our native boys and girls make rapid improvement. They read and write. Many of them promise great usefulness, and to be future blessings to their generation; for many of them have already embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. We have a considerable farm under cultivation, and we intend to connect a sugar plantation and a saw-mill to this institution. Our workshops are doing well. We are making wheels, bedsteads, tables, and other articles, such as are useful in the colony. The native boys are remarkably ingenious. Indeed, sir, there is a glorious reformation going on in this vicinity, and as we believe the present wars are very near at an end, we look forward to a more glorious day. But I must say that a great deal depends upon the advancement of the colony; for we plainly see, as she grows and strengthens, in the same proportion do the heathen superstitions yield to her influence, and

thus the way is open for the Gospel. This we have sufficiently proved. Our first object was to extend our labours as far as possible into the interior, even beyond the general influence of the colony, but we soon found that our labour was lost. Then we changed our labours to the natives under the influence of the colony, and we find that every thing goes on well. My opinion is, that the only thing now wanting is men and means, and the barren land will soon become a fruitful field. Time will not permit me to give you all my views on this subject."

As has already been said, one grand source of all these wars was to be found in the two great slave-marts, New Sesters and Gallinas. New Sesters is about 70 miles south-east, on the coast from Monrovia, in the neighbourhood of Bassa Cove ; Gallinas is about 75 miles north-west of Monrovia. The slave-trade is principally in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese. Traders go on the coast, and make some pretensions to place themselves under a negro king, whom they supply plentifully with arms and ammunition, in order to obtain captives either by war or robbery, or by any other means, either more or less iniquitous. Theodore Canot, a Florentine by birth, and once a resident of the United States, was at the head of the establishment at New Sesters. Don Pedro Blanco, principal in an extensive firm at Havana, Cuba, resided at Gallinas, where he had a

princely mansion, six native wives, and numerous children. Their factories and barracoons (eight in number) were extensive and strongly defended; slaves were bought with goods, amounting to about 20 dollars, and sold at Cuba for 350. To give some idea of the immense profit arising from this traffic, a slaver took a cargo of 900 slaves at Gallinas, landed 800 at Cuba, and cleared 200,000 dollars, free of all expenses.

Sometimes 5000 captives are waiting to be shipped. These are often delayed by the vigilance of British and American cruisers. When the *Grampus* and *Dolphin* were cruising on the African coast, the slave-trade was exceedingly dull, and multitudes of the poor creatures died from the close confinement and filthiness of the barracoons. It is said if one vessel in three eludes the vigilance of the cruisers, the business is still profitable. For twenty years, Pedro Blanco had been engaged in the business. He argued in favour of it, declaring that the condition of the natives is greatly improved by a removal to Christian countries, and that he was effecting more good than all the missionaries in Africa, inasmuch as they convert comparatively few to Christianity, while he sent thousands yearly where the sound of the gospel could reach them, and the influence of Christian institutions could mould their characters and affect their hearts. The vicinity of these slave-

marts was highly injurious to the interests of the colony; "and no truth is more certain," said Governor Buchanan, in one of his dispatches, "than that, sooner or later, we must fight the slavers, or surrender the high principles upon which we have planted ourselves. As long as they remain in the neighbourhood, they will annoy and injure us, through the medium of the savages. For my part, I care not how soon the collision may come. It would be much less hazardous, and infinitely more agreeable, to fight them, than to be exposed to these repeated conflicts in the outskirts of the colony with the natives."

The Governor's wishes were in some measure fulfilled sooner than he expected; for not long after, Captain Denman, of the British Navy, landed at New Sesters, with 200 men, and attacked the barracons. Canot and his men fled to the woods, taking two or three thousand slaves with them. All their own property, which was not inconsiderable, fell into the hands of the captors, and was destroyed.* Pre-

* Captain the Hon. Joseph Denman, the British officer in command on this district, adopted the system of keeping a constant watch of the slave factories, in order to prevent the embarkation of slaves; and never losing sight of the place, even to chase slave vessels in the offing, without leaving his boats to prevent mischief in his absence. The good effect of this system was proved by the fact that from this place, which had heretofore shipped 12,000 slaves a-year, only two slave

vious to the settlement of Liberia, the mouths of the rivers Mesurado, St. Paul, and St. John were the greatest marts for slaves on the windward coast. Thousands came annually down those streams for transportation. Now those rivers are used by the

ships carried off cargoes in 1840 ; a great number of vessels were obliged to leave the coast without cargoes.

Towards the end of 1840 Captain Denman discovered that some British subjects, from Sierra Leone, were the victims of the slave-dealers, upon which he demanded redress from the native chiefs ; and under a treaty concluded in the name of his Government, all these great establishments were destroyed, the slaves in the barracoons, near 1000 in number, were delivered up, and the white slave-dealers expelled.

This tremendous blow was soon followed up at New Sesters, where the same system of prevention had been carried out by Lieut. Seagram of the *Termagant*, under instructions from Captain Denman. Here the slave-dealer, Canot, abandoned his factory ; the slave-trade was entirely put an end to, and a treaty was entered into with the chiefs in the name of the Queen of England, by which the former engaged to abolish the traffic for ever.

In the destruction of these strongholds of the slave-trade, not one single article was carried off by the English force, and some provisions they were compelled to use at Gallinas (where they remained on shore a week) at a time the bar was impassable, were scrupulously paid for to the slave-dealers, though everything else was destroyed or carried off by the natives.

The *Grampus* and *Dolphin*, American cruisers, were commanded by most able officers, but their powers did not, by virtue of treaty, extend beyond vessels under their own flag—but the former vessel was the means by which the *Wanderer*, Captain Denman's ship, was on one occasion enabled to capture a Spanish slave vessel ; and it was deeply to be lamented that owing to

husbandmen to bring their produce to Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Edina, and the negro paddles his light canoe in safety, protected by the stout arm, the free, strong heart of this Christian Colony. But he whose wisdom had guided its councils, and whose energy had lengthened its cords, and strengthened its stakes, he who had wrought for it what no other man had done since the days of Ashmun, was soon to sink, to rise no more. The sudden death of Governor Buchanan plunged Liberia into the deepest mourning. While on his way to some of the eastern settlements, he was attacked with fever, which continued at intervals for several days. On reaching Bassa Cove, he partially recovered, and immediately gave his attention to the duties which had called him thither. They were too much for his already broken constitution, his strength gave way, and after a few suffering days, his eyes closed upon the scene of his earthly conflicts. He was buried with military

the absurd state of the public law, by which slavers are not dealt with as pirates, although in all cases slave vessels must now violate their own national laws in destroying life, and holding men in chains on the high seas, yet the power to arrest them is still made contingent upon exceptional stipulations with particular states. Let the United States declare her determination to deal with slave vessels as pirates, England would echo the declaration ; and such a cause would be only worthy and consistent with her position as a free and enlightened republic, with such claims to take the lead in civilization.

honours at Bassa Cove. The following was the order of procession.

1. Military escort commanded by Colonel W. L. Weaver.

2. Militia.

3. Sheriffs, Physicians, and Clergy.

4. Bearers, Corpse, Pall-bearers.

5. Heads of Departments.

6. Citizens.

Half-hour guns to be fired from sunrise to sunset.

“All that remains of our much loved and respected Governor,” writes one from Liberia, “except the glory of his benevolent and devoted career, lies entombed in the government grounds at Bassa, beneath some stately trees shading the house built by him some five or six years ago. While the green turf flourishes, and the south sea-breezes spread the perfumes of flowers, planted on the spot, sacred to his ashes, may his memory abide in the heart of every Liberian, and his praises diffuse a sacred love for his name in the bosom of every coloured man, to whose cause he was wholly and ardently devoted.”

Bound as he was to his mother-land, by ties that bind a son to a much-loved and widowed mother and half-orphan sisters and brothers, he thought not the sacrifice too great to forsake all for the love of the cause in which he was engaged.

What his self-devotion was to the glorious cause of fostering the work of Africa's redemption, we learn from a scrap found in his journal, penned on his first voyage to this country, in Dec. 1835. "The Lord, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can also temper the rays of a tropical sun to a northern constitution. *But though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him. The work is his, in which I go, and is worthy of all sacrifice.*"

With nothing are we so forcibly struck in Liberian history, as the spirit of self-consecration, the generous and exalted principles, which inspired and animated the leaders of this noble enterprise. Death and dangers, public and pecuniary interests, the endearments of friends, and the delightful privileges of a Christian country, are alike unheeded, alike cheerfully sacrificed, to the supplicating cry of injured Africa, and the hope of enlightening her "habitations of cruelty" with the light of civil freedom and Christian institutions.

The following extract from a sermon delivered by Elder Teage, upon the death of his Excellency, may not be amiss, illustrating as it does a strong point in Governor Buchanan's character, and furnishing an interesting specimen of Negro eloquence. "Not unfrequently to be met with in the history of nations, is the fact of some individual's name, from a concurrence of circumstances, carrying terror wherever it

is heard, among his or his country's foes. The brilliant and continuous chain of success which crowned the campaigns of Napoleon is to be accounted for as much from this fact, as from his universally admitted skill in their science and courage on the field of combat. Victory was supposed to hover over their march, and in the field to perch upon their sword. Thus their enemies, palsied with terror, were prepared at the first onset to yield an easy victory, or seek safety in an ignominious flight, or unconditional surrender. From similar coincidences, united with the strict integrity and good faith which marked all Gov. Buchanan's intercourse with the natives—readily conceding to them all their rights, and inflexibly demanding his—the like impressions pervaded their minds. The bare encounter with him in the hall of palaver, or in the field of fight, was regarded by them as an earnest of defeat. Never was a man more feared and respected by the natives, than Governor Buchanan; nor is there a man in all the colonies, the influence of whose presence can so effectually check or hold in abeyance their blustering passions, as did the presence of our lamented Governor. Frank and open, he was a stranger to duplicity. He possessed largely that charity which thinketh no evil, and acknowledgeth readily whatever was commendable in the character of his enemies. He presented a harmonious union of dignity and gentleness.

To sum up his character, he was a Christian and a gentleman."

At his death, the official duties of his station devolved upon the Lieutenant-Governor, Gen. Joseph J. Roberts, until the appointment of a successor by the Colonization Society in America.

The following note, calling him to these new responsibilities, is not devoid of interest:—

" Agency House, Bassa Cove,
Sept. 3, 1841.

" To General Roberts, Monrovia.

" SIR,—The afflictive and mournful dispensation by which we have been bereaved of our late chief magistrate, places you in such a position to us and the Commonwealth of Liberia, as to compel us to throw all our weight of public cares upon you.

" As under the guidance and teaching of your illustrious predecessor, we have had inculcated upon us lessons of political economy and principles of republican liberty, permit us to hope that, being favoured with the blessing of Heaven, you will be governed by the same imperishable principles, and to a similar end. How deeply we condole with you, in the almost irreparable loss we have sustained, need not here be stated; but be assured of our co-operation in every emergency, of our prayers for the

success of all our undertakings, and that our public affliction may be sanctified to the public good.

“ WM. L. WEAVER.

NATHANIEL HARRIS.

JOHN DAY.

LOUIS SHERIDAN.”

CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNOR ROBERTS.

“ Dim through the night of these tempestuous years,
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears.
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed :
At home the bonds of peace her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While pure Religion's hand shall build and bless
The church of God amidst the wilderness.”—MONTGOMERY.

AT the death of Governor Buchanan, Lieutenant-Governor Roberts was appointed to succeed him. Joseph J. Roberts, a coloured youth from Virginia, came to the colony many years before, and had grown up under her institutions. By a diligent application to business, he had become a wealthy merchant, and had filled with ability numerous offices under the colonial government. In acknowledging the honour conferred upon him, he said, “ There are few men who have the requisites which characterised Governor Buchanan. I am sure I have not, neither should you expect so much from me ; but thus far I pledge my-

self, that as long as I am intrusted with the affairs of this commonwealth, *I will do my best.*"

Peace being again re-established among the tribes, a renewed desire was manifested on the part of the natives to receive Christian instruction. Great numbers of native children were sent to Liberia to attend school, even from places as remote as Bo Poro. "I sen you my piccaninnie. I want you for keep him, larn him white man fash, s'pose he no larn, flog him." Mr. Elijah Johnson, in extending his missionary tours, found the people everywhere begging, "When you go, bring that God-palaver to my town." In some cases, the head men did not reciprocate the wishes of their people, lest God's palaver might entirely destroy the influence of the Devil's Bush, which they considered necessary in order to keep their wives in proper subjection. The women, with the quick perceptions of their sex, beheld all the advantages which God's palaver had in store for them, and only pled for it more earnestly. A new Methodist mission was established not far from Hedington, called Robertsville.

Difficulties began to arise in relation to the rights of British traders on the coast owned by the colony. A large part of the African trade was in the hands of the English. During the legal existence of the slave-trade, English merchants, being actively engaged in it, gained access to a vast line of coast, at various

points of which fortifications were erected for its protection. When it was abolished, all the means and facilities for prosecuting a lawful trade were already in their possession. In addition to this, English armed ships frequently visited the leading stations, aided in making treaties of commerce with the native chiefs, and by their presence securing their fulfilment. Thus the English influence was strong on the African coast; nor did the English traders seem disposed to relinquish any of their advantages, even over the land which had passed under the control of Liberia. In violation of her express laws, a British trader attempted to land and traffic with the natives of Bassa Cove. On a remonstrance being sent to him, he declared, at one time, that it had been always done from time immemorial; on another, that the right of trading had been purchased by a British subject. As the evidence of such a purchase could not be produced, and a refusal to pay the colonial duties was still persisted in, the collector of Bassa Cove seized goods to an amount sufficient to indemnify the port. This, it was feared, might be the beginning of aggressions, highly injurious to the commercial interests of the colony. On a representation being made of the subject to Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, he suggested to Mr. Everett, the American Minister to England, that an inquiry be instituted relative to the facts, and that measures be

adopted for the prevention of any infraction of the rights of the colonists, or any improper interference on the part of her Majesty's subjects on the coast of Africa, with the interests of the colonial settlements at Liberia. Captain Denman, of her Majesty's sloop *Wanderer*, in his despatches, also presented the subject before his government.

Zion Harris, the hero of Hedington, visited the United States at this time, in fulfilment of a promise made to his dying parent, Rev. Mr. Erskine, to assist his remaining children and grand-children in removing to Liberia. Thirteen of his descendants prepared to emigrate, in company with many others, among whom was the venerable George Wight, a coloured clergyman of Alabama, who, with his wife, had been freed by their owner, several years before, on account of their long-tryed and faithful services. He paid down seven thousand three hundred and fifty dollars, for five of his children, while several others were compelled to be left behind, until the means could be acquired for their release. Seventy-nine of this company were from the estate of Mr. John M'Donough, of New Orleans, who, by a long course of faithful training, had prepared his slaves for a wise use of their liberty. From distant points others arrived to join the expedition, some on foot, some alone, some having parted with their all to purchase the means of going. The whole number, 234, embarked at New Orleans

in the Mariposa, under the care of Mr. Harris and Dr. James Brown, another Liberian of great worth and respectability. Directions were transmitted to Governor Roberts to buy land at Blue Barre, opposite Greenville, in the Sinou country, to be called Louisiana in Liberia. Owing to some difficulties, then springing up among the head men of that region, the negotiation was deferred, and the emigrants were located on a fine tract of land on the St. Paul's, four miles below Millsburg. Attended by the colonial physician, Dr. Day, and a coloured physician, they passed through the acclimating sickness with little suffering and few deaths.

At the session of the Liberian council in 1843, a large number of chiefs and head men, having been assembled at King Bromley's town on the St. Paul's for the settlement of differences and the adoption of laws for their future welfare, sent a deputation, begging the Governor and his associates to come and assist them in their deliberations. At the same time, a despatch was received from the war chief of the Golahs, Ballasada, asking permission of the Governor to wage war against Gogomina, king of Bo Poro, for capturing six boys belonging to his tribe. A few years before, both of these chiefs had entered into treaties with the Colony, to give up the slave-trade, and refer their quarrels to the Liberian authorities. Orders were immediately sent to the Golah king,

requiring him to refrain from any warlike manifestations until some effort had been made to settle the matter on easier and quieter terms ; at the same time messengers were sent to Bo Poro, to make inquiry into the wrongs complained of, and to demand a speedy reparation, for the injustice done. The result was that Gogomina lost no time in restoring the captive boys to their friends, and thus was the country saved from a war, whose devastations nobody could estimate.

After the session of the Council, the Governor, accompanied by Gloster Moore, Beverly R. Wilson, and others, made a visit to several tribes, far in the interior. On reaching the residence of Yando, head king of the Golahs, his majesty, having been informed of their approach, received them on a sofa of raised earth, with the utmost cordiality. Shaking Governor Roberts heartily by the hand, he exclaimed : " I heard your news long time, but now I see you, and I glad you take the trouble to come and see my town. My people, this country be your country. All this people be your people. Country no fit 'Merica man, so you be king for all countrymen. Me be king no more. You be first king, cause you pass all king for country side." The Governor informed him on what conditions the Liberians were willing to enter into alliance with them, which were, to abandon the slave-trade, to give up the trial by

sassy-wood, to refer all their disputes to the Colonial authorities, and to engage in no wars without their sanction. The next day, at a general assembly of kings and head men, the subject was debated at great length, and in the afternoon an answer was given. "We have all agreed, and are willing to sign a treaty embracing these subjects." A treaty was then made, signed and witnessed, a copy of which may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

"Treaty of amity and alliance, entered into 22nd of February, 1843, between Joseph J. Roberts, Governor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, and Yando, Head King of the Golah country, with others, kings and head men of the same country.

"Whereas it is of great importance to the welfare and interest of the citizens of the Commonwealth of Liberia and the natives of the country represented by their kings and head men in this treaty, that there should be a mutual good understanding, and that the relations between them be friendly, tending thereby to establish peace among the several communities of the Golahs, and between them and the surrounding tribes :—

"It is therefore agreed, this 22nd day of February, 1843, by and between the parties above named, that all matters of dispute between Liberians and Golahs

shall be referred to the Governor of the Commonwealth, for adjustment; and all matters between the natives that cannot be settled amicably by the king and his head men shall be also referred to the Governor, and all disputes arising between the Golah kings and other tribes, that cannot be peaceably settled by them shall be referred to the Governor, who shall summon the parties before him, to settle the matters in difference; and should the adverse party not appear, or admit the arbitration of the Governor, then the Governor shall give aid to the party so referring to him. And it is understood, that the paths shall be open for trade and travel both ways: that the natives in the interior shall not be let or hindered from carrying their trade through the Golah country, to the Colony, and citizens of the Colony shall not be molested in their peaceable journeyings through the same country.

“The party second to this instrument agree to banish for ever the slave-trade from their country. The penalty for selling slaves shall be the same fixed by the laws of the Colony.

“The party second to this instrument also agree to banish for ever, the trial or test by sassy-wood, or any other poisonous matters; the penalty for this offence being the same fixed by the laws of the Colony for murder and manslaughter.

J. J. ROBERTS.

	his
In presence of	Yando × King,
S. CHASE,	mark
J. L. DAY,	Bauh × Bauh,
B. R. WILSON.	Ballasada × his mark."

The next day, at Ballasada's desire, they visited his town, consisting of about three hundred persons. Here he confessed that though a powerful chief, he was constantly subject to fears; war, captivity, and death were always tracking his path, and he proposed to leave his own country and settle down with his people to more peaceful occupations, within the limits of the Colony. To this, the Governor was not prepared to give a definite reply, and begged to refer it to some future occasion. Treaties like the one above had been formed from time to time with different tribes, nearer the Colony, always producing the most beneficial results. There seemed to be an increasing conviction, that its restraints over them were for their good. They saw that there were advantages in Christian civilization, greatly superior to any thing which they possessed, accompanied by a power which it was not wise to withstand. Under its shield, they could find peace and safety. Beyond it were dangers, perils, and fears, which seemed more insupportable in contrast with the peaceful security of Liberian citizenship.

In December, 1843, three vessels of the United States squadron visited Monrovia, on their way down the coast to inquire into certain acts of violence done by the natives to American traders. At the request of Commodore Perry, Governor Roberts embarked on board the frigate *Macedonian*, and accompanied the expedition. After stopping at various places, they anchored off the Kroo country, where Commodore Perry met the kings of the Fishmen, to demand satisfaction for an outrage committed on a New York vessel some time before. The matter having been satisfactorily settled, Governor Roberts proposed to the assembled head men, to buy a portion of their territory. After no small amount of palavering, they declined selling, but expressed their wishes to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with the colony. An agreement was entered into, similar to the one already recorded, with the additional article, that no foreign officer, agent, or subject, except of the colony of Liberia, or of the American Colonization Society, shall purchase, have, or in any way by sale, lease, or gift, obtain any right or claim to the Kroo country. This was considered an important step, not only because it afforded a larger trade in camwood and oil, than any other point on the coast, but as, on account of its vicinity to the colony, the presence of any foreign trader might prove a constant source of disquietude.

The Kroomen are, in many respects, a very remarkable people. They are, in fact, the seamen and pilots of the coast, and are found all along it, for fifteen hundred miles. The Kroo country, the residence of their families, comprising a population of some thirty or forty thousand people, extends from Sinou, some thirty miles towards Cape Palmas. They are faithful to their employers, industrious, and accustomed to the hardest labour, which they readily perform with the greatest cheerfulness. In the lading and unlading of ships, their services are indispensable. Though they are never direct participators in the slave-trade, slave-vessels could not do without their aid. They are great economists, indulging in no luxury but tobacco. A young Kroo leaves home, labours a year or two abroad, and then returns with his earnings, a part of which he gives to the head man, something to each one of his relations, even if it be only a leaf of tobacco, and with the rest he buys a wife. The Krooman's riches are estimated by the number of his wives.

A Presbyterian mission had been established at Settra Kroo, a few years before, by Mr. Canfield, assisted by Abraham Miller, a Christian native, who had spent a year at school in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer occupied the station, when visited by Governor Roberts. Mrs. Sawyer, in one of her letters home, gives an affecting picture of the ardu-

ous labours of a solitary mission family in a distant African tribe. She thus writes:—"We number about ten in the family, four of our own, and six work-people. Thirty boys in school look up to us for their daily bread. To manage the affairs of the family, attend to the work of the mission, to teach the school, and perform the whole without a friend to aid in counsel or labour, is not a small matter. Mr. S. is building a new kitchen, the upper part of which is designed for a rice room. Of this article we must have a large quantity, and it can only be preserved by smoking. This keeps out the insects, of which there are a great abundance. The only injury we sustain from the natives is theft. They are apt to pillage all small things, such as fowls, knives, basins, &c."

While the squadron was at anchor off Settra Kroo, intelligence was received of the sudden death of Mr. Sawyer. Governor Roberts and some of his officers immediately made a visit to the afflicted wife, and offers were made to remove her to her native country, or any part of the coast she might desire; but she could not think of deserting her missionary field, feeling it her duty to remain, and do what she could for the perishing pagans around her. If we would witness sacrifice and self-denial for the great Master's cause, visit the lonely mission of a savage tribe. In the midst of the greatest social privations, cut loose

from all excitements of intellectual life, we find educated, refined woman, engaged often in laborious and difficult occupations, to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed, sustained and cheered by the simple hope of doing good, in simple obedience to the Redeemer's last command.

In Commodore Perry's dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy, he says :—" Governor Roberts, of Liberia, and Russwurm of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity ; and we have, in the example of these gentlemen, irrefragable proof of the capability of coloured people to govern themselves.

" As far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave-trade ; and their endeavours in this respect have been eminently successful. And it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."

Prince de Joinville, in a French frigate, also visited Monrovia. After walking about and making numerous inquiries, he expressed himself greatly pleased with the settlement, and desired to exchange salutes. The colonial authorities declined the courtesy, it being the Sabbath day.

In 1844, Governor Roberts, requiring some relaxation from his arduous duties, visited this country, in company with his wife and family. After a few months' travel, they returned to Liberia with recruited health and spirits.

Dr. Day, the colonial physician, wishing to return home, Dr. J. W. Lugenbeel, of Washington city, was sent out to supply his place, and he was also appointed United States agent for recaptured Africans. The doctor was directed to make some arrangement towards establishing a medical school in Liberia, if suitable young men could be found desirous of pursuing the study of medicine. He soon took under his charge James Smith, and H. J. Roberts, a younger brother of the governor, two very worthy and promising young men. From a letter, dated April 11, 1844, we learn the following particulars :—
“The colony never perhaps was in a more flourishing condition than at this time. Indeed Monrovia is becoming a considerable commercial depôt. Vessels of the various European nations, engaged in trading on the coast, as well as American merchantmen, almost always stop at this place, and frequently consign large portions of their cargoes to our commission merchants, and in return receive camwood, palm-oil, ivory, &c. The exportations from this port last year, amounted to upwards of 100,000 dollars. About two months ago, a neat and substantial cutter of about

twenty tons was launched in our harbour, and another of about the same size is now on the stocks. There are in all about twelve vessels, one of ninety tons, owned by different persons in the colony, and engaged in trading along the coast.

“In regard to agricultural pursuits, however, there seems to be a want of energy on the part of the colonists. Many forget that the soil is the true source of wealth and comfort, and that in order to maintain themselves as a free people, and to have a permanent home, they must cultivate it. In making sugar the colonists have not as yet been very successful, owing to the want of necessary apparatus. Horses do not live well in Liberia, and the sugar mill has to be turned by manual force. The employment of so many hands is necessarily very expensive; consequently the sugar costs more than it can be bought for from merchant vessels. Until they can obtain a good steam engine (which I hope they will soon), they cannot make sugar as cheaply as it can be bought.

“The Legislature of Liberia adjourned on the 20th, after a session of fourteen days. There were ten members. No unprejudiced person could have attended the meetings of this body and listened to their deliberations, without being convinced that the citizens of Liberia are capable of self-government.”

In 1846 the receipts into the public treasury were

8,525 dollars ; disbursements, 7,536 dollars ; leaving a balance in the treasury of 989 dollars.

The people manifested an increasing interest in intellectual improvement. Two flourishing Lyceums meet weekly at Monrovia, whose debates are sustained with no small degree of ability and skill. Among the questions proposed for discussion, we find, "Has the discovery of America proved beneficial to the coloured race?" It was decided in the affirmative. Another was, "Would the natives of this part of Africa be more speedily civilized and christianized, by the unaided and unprotected efforts of missionaries sent among them, than from the influence and efforts of the colonists, apart from any missionary aid?" It would be interesting to know the opinion of intelligent colonists upon this subject.

Bah Gay, one of the Bassa chiefs, long known to the colonists, now signified his wish and the wishes of his people to subscribe to the laws and constitution of the commonwealth, and become citizens of Liberia. He had suffered much disquietude from Prince Salt Water, who, with a few other restless spirits of the tribe, was urgent again to engage in the slave-trade. This was manfully opposed by a great majority, who with one voice preferred to become Liberians rather than return to the bloody customs of their fathers. In the midst of their palaver on this important movement, Governor Roberts arrived un-

expectedly among them, for the purpose of buying land. He found the old king busily making preparations to visit Monrovia. The Governor received a hearty welcome, and his majesty lost no time in laying before him the petition of his subjects. Mutual agreements were soon entered into, whereby a new portion of territory was ceded to Liberia, and another tribe came under the beneficial influence of Christian laws.

The following proclamation was then issued by the Governor :—

“ To all to whom these presents may come.

“ Know ye, That this day King Bah Gay, rightful sovereign of the Little Bassa country, until relinquished to the commonwealth of Liberia, as per deed, dated at Marshall, Junk, 15th of February, 1845, has this day subscribed to the constitution and laws of this commonwealth, thereby incorporating himself and his people with the people of these colonies, and entitled to the care and protection of this government.

“ Be it therefore understood, that any improper interference, either by colonists or natives, calculated to disturb the peace or quiet of Bah Gay and his people, will be promptly noticed, and punished by this government.

Given at Monrovia, this 5th day of April, 1845.”

As emigration flowed in, new territory was bought from time to time. Governor Roberts was anxious to secure an uninterrupted line of sea-coast from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, comprehending Trade Town and New Sesters. The last was a great slave mart, which, though frequently crippled and curtailed and even broken up by English and American ships, always seemed to renew its operations with fresh vigour after every defeat. Frequent offers had been made to the natives of New Sesters for the purchase of their territory, which, through the influence of the slave-merchants, were always refused.

The want of regular and stated intercourse between this country and Liberia was deeply felt even in Mr. Ashmun's time, and much more so, as the ties which bound the two countries yearly multiplied. Attempts had been made from time to time, to run a regular packet to the Colony. The *Saluda*, purchased by Judge Wilkinson for this purpose and owned by the Society, made several trips, but from her unfitness for this peculiar service, it became a heavy expense to the Society, and was finally sold. Through the energetic efforts of Dr. James Hall, agent of the Maryland Colonization Society, a joint stock company, composed of coloured people in this country and Liberia, was formed, whose object was to build a vessel to run regularly between Monrovia and the Chesapeake, to be manned by coloured

officers and seamen. The American and Maryland Colonization Societies each agreed to furnish annual freight and emigrants to the amount of 2,000 dollars. A liberal charter was obtained from the Maryland Legislature, under the title of the "Chesapeake and Liberia Trading Company," allowing it to extend its capital to 100,000 dollars. The Liberians came forward with liberal subscriptions, which not being followed up with the same generous interest by their coloured friends in this country, several white capitalists came to their aid, among whom Dr. Hall stands prominent. Her first trip commenced on the 3rd of December, 1846, carrying out twenty-seven emigrants to Monrovia and fourteen to Cape Palmas. She is called the *Liberia Packet*, and is a barque of 331 tons.*

The Methodist Mission was reinforced at this time by the arrival of Rev. J. Benham, superintendant of the Liberian mission, and immediate successor of the Rev. Squier Chase, who died shortly after his arrival in Africa. In company with Mr. Benham, were Rev. B. Hoyt and wife, and Rev. W. B. Williams, Principal of the Monrovia Seminary, with his wife. Their joyful welcome was scarcely over, when other and sadder scenes passed mournfully before them. In all the efforts of the colonists

* She is now (Jan. 1851) on her ninth voyage, as a regular packet, between the United States and Liberia.

towards the suppression of the slave-trade, the horrors of that trade were never pictured in blacker colours, than as they beheld them, lining the decks and darkening the hold of the slaver Pons, captured by the United States ship Yorktown, Commodore Bell, and brought into Monrovia in December, 1845.

The Pons, built in Philadelphia, and sold at Rio Janeiro for a trader, was sent to the African coast for slaves under American colours. On reaching Cabinda, a noted slave-mart, three degrees south of the equator, she lay at anchor three weeks, before taking in her cargo, being closely watched by the Cygnet, a British man-of-war. When the Cygnet left the coast, Capt. Berry—with shame be it said, an American Captain—immediately gave her into the hands of Gallano, an Italian, who had been in the slave-trade twenty-one years, and who, though six times taken by English cruisers, had contrived to make many profitable voyages. Gallano made the most of his time, and before evening took in nine hundred and three slaves. When the Yorktown espied her, she had hoisted American colours, under the impression that the vessel in chase was an English cruiser. Discovering her mistake she immediately raised the Portuguese flag, but it was too late. On boarding and taking possession of her, eight hundred and fifty males were found between the ages of twelve and thirty, piled almost in bulk

upon the water casks in the hold, with the thermometer ranging from 100 to 120°, while the remainder, females, were in the round house above. Eighteen died that night, and one hundred and forty during the passage to Monrovia, when 756 were landed and put in charge of Dr. Lugenbeel, the United States Agent. As soon as her arrival was known, the Governor, Judge Benedict, Dr. Lugenbeel, and others hastened to the ship. Such was the stench, they could remain but a short time on board, and the scene, Mr. Benham declared, beggared all description. Almost every one was naked, and many were so emaciated that the skin literally cleaved to their bones; others had worn the skin through, producing putrid ulcers, which fed swarms of flies; some were in the last agonies of death, and on every countenance were traced lines of unutterable anguish. Thirty died soon after landing.

With most praiseworthy promptness, Mr. Benham immediately called together a special meeting of the Liberia Conference, to consider what their mission ought to do for the multitudes of hapless youth, thus suddenly cast upon them. Beverly R. Wilson was called to the chair. It was recommended to take one hundred of them under the patronage of their mission, and to open a subscription upon the spot, to defray this new demand upon its treasury. We find Mr. Wilson's name for 20 dollars; A. D.

Williams, 20 dollars; Elijah Johnson, 20 dollars; and others to the amount of 135 dollars.

The remaining Africans, more than six hundred, Dr. Lugenbeel committed to the charge of responsible persons in the Colony, requiring from each one into whose care they were consigned, a written obligation for kind treatment and suitable clothing. Mr. Benham wrote to the United States, laying before his church the course he had taken, and making a powerful appeal to the Christian public for assistance. It was calculated that thirty dollars a year would support and educate a child, if farming utensils could be supplied, axes, hoes, bush-hooks; and cooking utensils, pots, kettles, frying-pans, &c.

It may be asked, who was at the expense for the remainder? For a long time, the law of 1819, regarding recaptured Africans, mentioned in a former chapter, was understood to make suitable provision for their support, after having been landed at Liberia, until they could take care of themselves. President Monroe so construed it. But later administrations have denied the power, and while they have appropriated hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain a squadron on the African Coast, for the purpose of capturing slavers and stopping the trade, with wonderful inconsistency they allow no provision to be made for maintaining the released captives, leaving them again to the cold charities of their savage

brethren, or flinging them upon the hospitalities of those, who struggling with all the disadvantages of a new settlement, can ill afford this fresh demand upon their resources. Through a strong representation made in 1843, Government appropriated five thousand dollars to the African agency. Two thousand of this was sent out in the ship *Renown*, for the purpose of preparing houses for their reception and providing them with employment. The *Renown* was wrecked on her passage, and the money was lost. The remainder was then sent to Dr. Lugenbeel, two thousand to be appropriated as before directed, and the rest to remain in his hands, to be used as circumstances seemed to demand. One thousand dollars, then, the agent had in his possession when the *Pons* arrived, which, as will be readily seen, was a very small sum for the support of six or seven hundred men. But the colonists came generously forward, and with ready hands and open hearts contributed to their immediate wants, and made every provision in their power for their future welfare.

“ Had they not been bondmen ; and had they not been redeemed from the house of bondmen ; and had they not come to a land to possess it, a land of hills and valleys, which drinketh water of rain from heaven, where they dwell in peaceable habitations, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places ? ” So, “ when this people, which had been robbed and

spoiled, which had been snared in holes and hid in prison houses, which had been for a prey and a spoil," when these came among them, they said, "Fear not, nor be dismayed. We will uphold thee. Then they helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, be of good courage."

"Shall not Liberia comfort the waste places of Africa, and make her wilderness like Eden?"

As soon as these events became known in the United States, supplies were immediately got in readiness and sent out in the bark Chatham; but they did not arrive before scarcity and distress, in some cases, defeated the benevolent plans of the colonists towards their ill-fated brethren.

Two years after, Dr. Lugenbeel could thus write: "The change which has been effected in the condition of the captives by the Pons, since they were landed in this place, on the 16th of December, 1845, is truly gratifying. When I received these poor, naked, degraded, and starving creatures from on board the slave-ship, I must confess I had some fears respecting the future comfort and welfare of so large a number of grossly ignorant and deeply degraded human beings, thus suddenly thrown into this community. Little did I think that in less than two years, so great a change could be produced in their social, intellectual, and moral condition. Little did I think, that most of them would be able to understand and

appreciate the transcendent blessings of the Gospel of Christ, and many of them be earnestly engaged in seeking the pearl of great price." Five in the Governor's family gave evidence of becoming sincere Christians. One of them, in his attempts to describe the consciousness of his sins, affectingly says ; " All time before, my heart be wah-wah (bad) plenty. It make me tief, tell lie, and do plenty bad ting. I pray God for give me good heart. Last night I lay down for sleep, I no sleep ; my heart be too wah-wah. I pray, pray, pray ; then God hear me and make my heart fine. He take away all wah-wah ting in my heart and make me feel no more trouble, but make my heart fine." No sooner had the poor fellow experienced the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit in his own soul, than he commenced his labours of love among his companions, and it is hoped his influence may be great and abounding, in winning over many others to the like precious faith. So that " herein is revealed the mystery of goodness, blessing through permitted woe, and teaching through the mystery of sin."

It was not long after Captain Denham, of the African squadron, laid his dispatches before the British Government, (related on a previous page,) before Judge Upshur, the Secretary of State, received a communication from Mr. Fox, the English minister at Washington, requesting to be accurately

informed what degree of official patronage and protection, if any, was extended towards the Colony of Liberia, and how far it was recognised as a national establishment, the American government holding itself responsible towards foreign nations for the acts of her authorities.

Mr. Upshur replied that it was an enterprise *not* established under the authority of our government, or recognised as subject to our laws or jurisdiction; and that while the settlers were responsible for their own acts, being nearly powerless, they must rely for the protection of their rights upon the justice and sympathy of other powers.

A few months after this correspondence, Governor Roberts received a letter from Captain Jones, of the British Squadron on the African coast, informing him, that his government could not allow any association of private individuals, however respectable, to delegate an authority which they did not possess themselves, and that property could not confer sovereign rights upon a private association, or justify the imposition of state duties, or the exclusion of British commerce from its accustomed resorts.

In accordance with these views, the "Little Ben," Captain Davidson, of Sierra Leone, soon after entered Bassa Cove, and, refusing to pay anchorage, declared that Commodore Jones ordered him no longer to regard the commercial regulations of the

colony. The collector of the port promptly seized a sufficient amount of the "Little Ben's" goods to pay the harbour dues, leaving her to make sail in no very good humour. The next afternoon, an English man-of-war entered the harbour and seized a colonial schooner, the "John Seys," just filled with a fine cargo of English and American goods for the leeward trade, and owned by Major Benson of Bassa Cove, an excellent and enterprising colonist. It was carried to Sierra Leone and entered upon the court of Admiralty on charge of being engaged in the slave-trade. There being not a shadow of proof against her, she was, after a long and ruinous detention, discharged, and Major Benson was informed that he could have his vessel by paying the costs, amounting to twelve hundred dollars. This he declined doing. So great an outrage upon Liberian property, and so pitiful a show of justice at the Court of Admiralty, threw the colonists into the greatest agitation. They felt themselves in the hands of a new foe, a prey to the suspicions and hostility of one of the most powerful governments of Europe. It seemed that the English government, previous to the correspondence between Mr. Fox and Judge Upshur, had supposed Liberia under the especial protection of the United States; Mr. Buchanan in his dispatches to our government having always styled it, "The United States Agency." This protection being disclaimed,

the English felt at liberty to regard it in what light they pleased; and interfering as it might do with the rich profits of some of her traders, the strong arm of the English government was immediately laid upon its advancing power.

There being nothing in any way to implicate the "John Seys" in the slave-trade, it seems difficult to account for her seizure, except as an unauthorised act of reprisal, for the harbour dues of the "Little Ben." Governor Roberts sent dispatches to England, containing a petition from Major Benson, setting forth all the facts connected with the seizure of his vessel, and praying indemnification for the heavy losses he must otherwise sustain.

Immediately on the seizure of the "John Seys," the Liberian government enacted, that henceforth no British subject should be permitted to land goods at any Liberian port, unless all duties and port charges were paid in advance. To this bold position, British traders submitted; and their government informed the Liberian authorities, that though their sovereignty was not acknowledged, they might receive harbour dues and duties, in compensation for improving some of the harbours and for maintaining a lighthouse on the coast.

In conversation from time to time with British commanders on the coast, the governor was given to understand that, so long as the colony remained

dependent on or subject to the Colonization Society, their government would not relinquish their *right* to one foot of the ground assumed by Commodore Jones. Letters were at the same time received by the Colonization Society in the United States, from distinguished friends of the cause in England, urging the importance of having Liberia declared an independent nation. The constitution of the colony made no provision for making treaties, except with the native tribes of Africa. A crisis had come, in which there must be a negotiation with the British government, and there was not, and could not be, under its present constitution, any officer authorised to act in it. A change was therefore necessary, and such a change as would enable the Liberian government to make treaties with foreign powers. Her present position was like that of a half-breed, neither a recognised colony of the United States, nor an independent and recognised state. Difficulties and disputes were liable constantly to arise between them and foreign traders, which it would be difficult if not impossible to settle, for the want of precise ground, well understood and clearly acknowledged, to stand upon.

Here then was a new issue for this little people. Shall it, still in the feebleness of youth, cut loose from its parent stem? Shall it undo the tie which binds it to the counsels and authority of its friend and guardian? Can it stand alone, in wisdom and

strength, on a pagan shore? Is the germ so deeply rooted that it shall grow up and bear fruit, and shall its leaves be for the healing of the nations? Had the time indeed come, when Liberia could take the entire responsibility of her own government into her own hands, and stand one among the nations of the world? The majority of her citizens thought the time *had come*.

In the next session of her legislature the subject came before the house, and after much discussion, it was resolved to present their case before the Colonization Society, and to solicit their co-operation in the important crisis. A committee of four were appointed for this purpose.

It need hardly be said, that the Society promptly responded to their views. At its annual meeting in 1846, it was resolved, *that the time had come*, when it was expedient for the people of the commonwealth of Liberia to take into their own hands the entire work of self-government, and that they be recommended to publish to the world, a declaration of their true character, as a *sovereign and independent state*.

It was felt that in the discretion and ability with which Governor Roberts had discharged his duties, in the economy and skill with which the financial affairs of the colony had been managed by their several officers, in the peace and advancing pros-

perity of the settlements, were signs of improvement and tokens of success, deeply gratifying to every friend of the African, and hopeful earnestness of what the republic shall yet do for Christian civilization on the African soil.

Upon receiving dispatches from the United States favourable to their views, the Governor issued a proclamation to convene the legislative council, in order to take measures for bringing the subject before the people at large. It held a session of three days; and its discussions, it is said by a *white* ear-witness, were calm, dispassionate, and full of good sense. Every man seemed to feel the solemn responsibility of the new movement, and that nothing should be done without mature deliberation. As a result of the session, the Governor was instructed to assemble the people together in their respective towns on a specified day, to express, by vote, their decision, whether their State should indeed declare itself free, sovereign, and independent.

This was done on the 27th of October, 1846.

The official returns were not so full as were expected, especially from the Bassa county, owing to some unforeseen misapprehension of the movement; but the majority was clearly on the side of independence.

A convention was then called, and holden at Monrovia in July, 1847, to adopt a constitution for the

new state, and to make a public declaration of its new position. The Governor issued a proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving, to be holden on the 8th of July, calling upon all ministers and people of the commonwealth to meet for religious worship. After enumerating the many mercies for which they should be unfeignedly thankful as a people, he called upon them to offer up fervent prayers to Almighty God, that "he would give to the delegates assembled in convention to form a constitution for the government of these colonies, wisdom to guide them in their deliberation, and to inspire them with counsels, which Infinite Wisdom alone can suggest, that their action may be honourable to themselves and right in the sight of God."

Could they not indeed exclaim, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made the heaven and the earth."

After a laborious session of three weeks, the convention completed and signed the new constitution and the declaration of national independence. The prominent features of this important instrument cannot but be deeply interesting to our readers. It is at once manly and comprehensive.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

“We, the representatives of the people of the commonwealth of Liberia, in convention assembled, invested with authority to form a new government, relying upon the aid and protection of the Great Arbiter of human events, do hereby, in the name and on behalf of the people of this commonwealth, publish and declare the said commonwealth a *Free, Sovereign, and Independent State*, by the name and title of the *Republic of Liberia*.

“We, the people of the Republic of Liberia, were originally the inhabitants of the United States of North America.

“In some parts of that country, we were debarred by law from all the rights and privileges of men—in other parts, public sentiment, more powerful than law, frowned us down.

“We were everywhere shut out from all civil office.

“We were excluded from all participation in the government.

“We were taxed without our consent.

“We were compelled to contribute to the resources of a country which gave us no protection.

“We were made a separate and distinct class, and against us every avenue of improvement was effec-

tually closed. Strangers from all lands, of a colour different from ours, were preferred before us.

“We uttered our complaints; but they were unattended to, or only met by alleging the peculiar institutions of the country.

“All hope of a favourable change in our country was thus wholly extinguished in our bosoms, and we looked abroad for some asylum from the deep degradation.

“The western coast of Africa was the place selected by American benevolence and philanthropy for our future home. Removed beyond influences which depressed us, it was hoped we would be enabled to enjoy those rights and privileges, and exercise and improve those faculties, which the God of nature has given us in common with the rest of mankind.”

After making grateful and honourable mention of the work of the Colonization Society, it adds:—

“Liberia is already the happy home of thousands, who were once the doomed victims of oppression, and thus far our highest hopes have been realised.

“Our courts of justice are open equally to the stranger and the citizen for the redress of grievances, for the remedy of injuries, and for the punishment of crime.

“ Our numerous and well attended schools attest our efforts and our desire for the improvement of our children.

“ Our churches for the worship of our Creator, everywhere to be seen, bear testimony to our piety, and to our acknowledgment of his Providence.

“ The native African, bowing down with us before the altar of the living God, declares that from us, feeble as we are, the light of Christianity has gone forth ; while upon that curse of curses, the slave-trade, a deadly blight has fallen as far as our influence extends.

“ Therefore, in the name of humanity, virtue, and religion—in the name of the Great God, our common Creator and our common Judge, we appeal to the nations of Christendom, and earnestly and respectfully ask of them, that they will regard us with the sympathy and friendly consideration to which the peculiarities of our condition entitle us, and to extend to us that comity which marks the friendly intercourse of civilized and independent communities.”

Then follows the constitution, beginning with a declaration of civil rights and restrictions similar to our own. On one point, we find the New Republic standing on far higher moral ground than their parent model. Section 4th declares “ That there shall be

no slavery within this Republic; nor shall any citizen or any person resident therein deal in slaves, either within or without its bounds, either directly or indirectly."

Its legislative powers are vested in a legislature, consisting of two separate branches—a Senate and House of Representatives. The representatives are apportioned according to the number of inhabitants. Two years' residence in the county which elects him, real estate to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars, and the age of twenty-three, constitute eligibility to the office of representative.

The Senate consists of two members from each county. No person can be elected to this office, who has not resided three years in the Republic previous to his election, who does not own real estate to the value of two hundred dollars, and who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five.

The supreme executive power resides in a President elected by the people, and holding his office for two years. No person can be eligible, who has not been a resident of the Republic five years, who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five, and who shall not be possessed of real estate to the value of six hundred dollars. The duties of these several officers and bodies are similar to those in our own country.

The Judicial power is vested in one Supreme Judicial Court and such subordinate courts as the legislature from time to time may establish.

The instrument, a brief outline of which has been given, does credit to its authors. It is signed by

S. BENEDICT,	}	<i>President.</i>
J. N. LEWIS,		
H. TEAGE,		
BEVERLY R. WILSON,		
ELIJAH JOHNSON,		
J. B. GRIPON.	}	<i>Mesurado County.</i>
JOHN DAY,		
A. W. GARDNER,		
AMOS HERRING,		
EPHRAIM TITLER.		
R. E. MURRAY.	}	<i>County of Sinou.</i>

The insignia of the Republic of Liberia was also adopted by the convention. Its flag consists of six red stripes, with five white ones, alternately displayed longitudinally. In the upper angle of the flag, next to the spear, is a square blue ground, covering in depth five stripes, in the centre of which is one lone white star.

The imprint of its Seal is a dove on the wing, with an open scroll in its claws; a view of the ocean, with a ship under sail; the sun just emerging from the

waters; a palm tree, and at its base a plough and spade. Beneath the emblems are the words, *Republic of Liberia*; and above the national motto, *The Love of Liberty brought us here*.

The twenty-fourth day of August, 1847, was the day appointed for raising the Flag of the New Republic, and its happy dawn was announced by the thunder of cannon. At an early hour were seen groups of citizens gathered here and there, with a joyful smile lighting up every countenance. Old men seemed to have renewed their youth, and youth itself moved with a more buoyant and elastic step. At nine o'clock, the Governor and his staff, with the military, assembled at the court-house. At the same time, people from all quarters were pouring toward the Government Square. At eleven, his Excellency was escorted opposite to the Government house, where he was met by a band of ladies, bearing the flag of their country. On receiving it from Mrs. Lewis, accompanied with a short speech, he unfurled it amid the cheers and hurrahs of the assembled multitude. The troops then marched up to the Central Fort. At twelve the first gun of the national salute pealed over the waters, when the flag was seen majestically arising, and from its lofty height soon floated on the breeze, the herald of a brighter day for poor benighted Africa. At the same moment, a responsive gun was heard from Signal

Hill, as if the mountains echoed the jubilant shout of freedom. A salute of twenty-one guns followed; when the procession marched to the Methodist church, where were holden exercises appropriate to the occasion. The flag of the Republic was reared on one side of the altar, near Colonel Elijah Johnson, the Marshal of the day, while the left was occupied by the flag and banner of the high School: National Freedom, National Education, and the Ministry of Christ, the triple alliance, which shall give strength, permanency, and beauty to the New Republic.

We cannot but contemplate the Marshal of the occasion, a little, old, grey-headed man, with feelings of no ordinary interest. How little could he have anticipated beholding a day like this, when he first leaped upon the African shore, and built his little hut in the forests of Mesurado! Less too, when he headed his feeble forces, in their solitary fortress, surrounded by hordes of savage foes just ready to overwhelm them! And least, perhaps, as he saw friend and companion falling at his side in the hot embrace of the African fever. But he had survived that dark night of toil. He fought his way through discouragements, disease, and death. With unshaken constancy, he had met the cowardice of some, the treachery of others, the doubts and the fears which clog the wheels of every new and untried movement; and with a courage and fidelity which *never flagged*,

worked on, and worked on—doing with all his might whatsoever his hand found to do, counselling with his wisdom, encouraging, by his cheerfulness, and inspiring by his faith every one around him. He *felt that he had work to do, and he meant to do it*. In the providence of God, he was permitted to see it *done*, the establishment of a *free, independent, Christian state* on the shore of his fatherland, where he, his brethren, and their children, and children's children might secure a birthright,—in common with the citizens of other free Christian states,—*life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*. With him of old time, he might then have said, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and a covert for a stricken people.”

A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at an evening entertainment, composed of the rich products of their own luxuriant soil, where patriotic toasts and gallant sentiments were drank in the *very purest water* which Monrovia afforded.

We cannot conclude this chapter better than with the spirited hymn composed by Mr. Hilary Teage, and sung at the forenoon exercises, preceding the oration, delivered by Rev. J. S. Payne.

“ Wake every tuneful string,
To God loud praises bring,

Wake heart and tongue.
In strains of melody,
And choral harmony,
Sing—for the oppressed are free—
Wake cheerful song.

See Mesurado's height,
Illumed with new-born light !
Lo ! the lone star !
Now it ascends the skies ;
Lo ! the deep darkness flies,
While new-born glories rise
And shine afar.

Shine, life-creating ray—
Proclaim approaching day ;
Throw wide thy blaze—
Lo ; Savage Hottentot—
Bosjesman from his cot—
And nations long forgot
Astonished gaze.

Shout the loud jubilee,
Afric once more is free—
Break forth with joy.
Let Nilus' fettered tongue,
Let Niger join the song,
And Congo loud and long
Glad strains employ.

Star in the East, shine forth !
Proclaim a nation's birth.
Ye nations hear—
This is our natal day,
And we our homage pay :
To Thee, oh Lord—we pray—
Lord, hear our prayer.

All hail, Liberia ! hail !
Favoured of God, all hail !—

Hail ! happy land !
From virtue ne'er remove—
By peace and truth and love,
And wisdom from above,
So shalt thou stand."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

“ Muse ! take the harp of prophecy : Behold !
The glories of a brighter age unfold :
Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplished plan,
The Negro towering to the height of man.”

MONTGOMERY.

“ I AM inclined to think that greater good might be done by joining a young settlement, than by missionary work among the heathen. Every good man going to New Zealand, or Van Dieman's Land [or Liberia] not for the sake of making money, is an invaluable element in those societies ; and remember, after all, they must be, by-and-by, the great missionaries for the heathen world, either for God or the Devil.”—*Dr. Arnold.*

The new constitution of the Republic was accepted by the people on the 27th of September, and on the 5th of October the first election of officers took place. Joseph J. Roberts was elected President for two years, and Nathaniel Brander, Vice-President. A

few weeks after, the American Squadron on the African coast, and Captain Murray, in a sloop-of-war of Her Majesty's service, learning the new political era of the settlement, gave a salute of twenty guns in honour of her new-born sovereignty.

The first Legislature held its session in January, 1848, when the President delivered his inaugural address, and was duly sworn to the duties of his high and responsible station.

President Roberts soon after made preparations to visit England and America in behalf of the interests of his country. He arrived at Boston, in May, 1848, accompanied by two commissioners from the new Republic, Beverly R. Wilson, and James S. Payne, who were sent out to confer with the Colonization Society and settle on articles of agreement. The Board of Directors of the Society met the Commissioners at New York, where, after a full and minute examination of the subject, arrangements were made, which gave satisfaction to all parties. The Society agreed to cede all its lands to the Republic, reserving only such rights in them as are necessary for the performance of its duty to future emigrants, and an appropriation of ten per cent., on the proceeds of the sale of public lands, for all time to come, for purposes of education. Recaptured Africans were to be admitted as heretofore, the United States government making provision for their support.

President Roberts' arrival in this country excited a lively interest among all the friends of the African. He was received with flattering attention by the city authorities both of Boston and New York, and the impression everywhere made by these distinguished citizens of the New Republic was highly honourable to themselves and auspicious for their country. Although the American government did not formally acknowledge its sovereignty, Mr. Roberts was able to make some commercial arrangements of great importance to the finances of Liberia.

He then set sail for England, where he was warmly welcomed by Lord Palmerston, Lord Bexley, Dr. Hodgkin, Samuel Gurney, and others, who showed a strong interest in the object of his mission. Before his negotiations were completed with the British government, he proceeded to France, and found an efficient friend and advocate in George Washington Lafayette, who rendered him every assistance in his power in the prosecution of his plans. The French government speedily gave a full acknowledgment of the independence and sovereignty of Liberia, and orders were issued to its naval commanders on the coast of Africa, to place at President Roberts' disposal two or three ships of war, whenever he should want them for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade, or otherwise protecting the rights of humanity in that region.

The acknowledgment of Liberian independence by England soon followed, and other European governments are prepared to imitate her example. A very liberal treaty of commerce was entered into with England, based upon the perfect equality of the two nations.

On the President's representations respecting the movements and haunts of the slave-trade and the necessity of buying up the land to secure its destruction, Samuel Gurney, a distinguished philanthropist, pledged £1000 to aid in purchasing the Gallinas; and encouraging intimations were given, that the necessary sum, of ten thousand dollars, would be seasonably provided. The English government presented a beautiful cutter of four guns to Liberia, and authorised the President to use her ships of war on the African coast whenever it was necessary for breaking up the inhuman traffic in slaves.

Mr. Roberts visited Belgium, and was present at the Peace Congress, held in the city of Brussels. Everywhere, he was received with the respect due to his official station and personal worth. After having completed his important business in Europe, he and his family set sail for Liberia, in her Majesty's ship Amazon, courteously tendered to him on this occasion.

Behold, then, Liberia! a free, independent, recog-

nised sovereignty among the civilized nations of the world.

This new movement has given a surprising spring to every class of business in the new Republic. Everywhere the subject of agriculture is occupying the attention of the people. Gardens and plantations heretofore neglected, or receiving comparatively little hearty labour, are now improved with great industry and careful attention. Every man seems to bear about him a renewed sense of responsibility. The dignity of free citizenship is upon him. And if this people have wrought well thus far in their feeble and imperfect beginnings, shall we not bid them God speed in the great and glorious work, which lies before them for the redemption of Africa?

To the ardent and enthusiastic, we would say, pause, and remember two things. First, remember, that Liberia is a nation of *negroes* under a *tropical sky*, many of them emancipated slaves, brought up without any of those stimulants to moral and social position, which bear upon most men from their earliest youth. From such we must not expect too much. Nor would we speak either discouragingly or disparagingly in saying this. Suffering from centuries of social depression, entitled to the exercise of no rights and privileges which they could really call their own,

possessing few or no means of improvement, with few motives to think and fewer to feel, we cannot know all the capabilities of the negro character, except indeed from the few splendid specimens which have occasionally broken away from their spiritual fetters, and in spite of every clog have become *men*. The idle, thriftless, ignorant negroes, who frequently skirt our northern towns, and who so often occasion the sneering question, "Look at your free blacks, what are they?" ought no more to be taken as proper examples of the race, than should St. Giles of London or Five Points of New York. In fact, they are not free. Public opinion still fetters and degrades them. It sanctions laws and imposes restraints, which essentially hinders their social improvement and moral elevation.

In many of the free states they are excluded by law from important privileges which white citizens enjoy, and are subjected to peculiar hardships. In some, they can hold no office, their testimony is not received in court, and their vote is refused at elections. A free black man from Illinois writes:—"We are in as bad or worse condition than the slaves, being compelled to leave the state or give security, as those of the whites who would befriend us, are prevented, by the fear of public opinion. Such is our situation, and we deem it worse than slavery."

They are free now here in the United States.

Clogged and restrained as they have ever been, we cannot be surprised if they do not immediately arise to the full and matured proportions of Christian freemen; so that if the warm and ardent friend of the African is sometimes disposed to be disappointed at what he may imagine the slow progress of Liberian improvements, he *must not be discouraged*. If the African is planting his fields and rearing his home and building his schools under a serener sky and in a more fertile land than did the New England colonists, remember also, that he does not come to his work taught and trained from his youth upward in the duties and employments, the motives and the hopes of intelligent Christian freemen. The immense power which these possess in directing industry, stimulating effort, arousing the faculties and enlarging the views, *they* have just begun to feel. We must give them time enough to feel their full force; for results, to be permanent, must be gradual. They have gone forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, which their children and children's children shall reap in joy, bringing their sheaves with them.

Remember, too, that *Liberia is not a missionary station, properly as such*. It is composed of political, trading, farming communities, whose business relations are subject to the same faults, fluctuations, and irregularities, and will be apt to bear the same characters as they do in this country,—hard bargains on

one side, suspicions of honesty on the other, with here and there a sprinkling of insolvent debtors. Perhaps *we cannot expect the servant to be much above the master*. If the standard of character is not always and in all respects as elevated as we could wish; if things do not always move on in that harmonious development which we expected; if, in fact, affairs are no better there than they are here; while it is a matter perhaps greatly to regret, it is *no* reason for withdrawing our sympathies and our confidence, or giving ourselves up to doubts and fears lest Liberia shall prove unworthy of herself. Even the Sandwich Islands, the most prominent and promising mission ground, have not been without their cavillers and fault-finders.

Well then, what is Liberia? It is a place of civil, social, and political freedom for the negro race. We know what their situation is in America, what in their native wilds. In Hayti, the means of improvement are no ways commensurate with the wants of the people. In France and England, they are few in number, possessing neither influence nor position. In Liberia are the foundations laid for a *christian nationality*. Here they have their own laws and legislators, their own houses and lands, their own wives and children, their own schools and churches, with none to molest or to make them afraid. They are in their father-land, on their own soil, where

they have a chartered birthright, with all the means and appliances of becoming a great and powerful nation. In this aspect, how can Liberia be otherwise than a place of deep and abiding interest to every black man? Shall not they, who are afar off, turn to this stronghold, and say, "Lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee"?

Again, Liberia is *a radiating point for the spread of Christian civilization* in Africa. Already do we see her beneficial influence upon the surrounding tribes. Hitherto has the English tongue taught bitter lessons to poor Africa. Now it falls from the lips of her own returning people with the mission of peace, of good will, of Christian hopes. The little leaven is beginning to work. The good news runs from village to village, from people to people: "God's palaver is the good and true palaver. Bring us God's palaver." White men can never Christianize Africa. They fall upon her shores like untimely fruit. The work must be done by her own people; and by Liberia it has been commenced, and can go on under more advantageous circumstances than any other mission in the world. Christian Africa is knocking at the very door of Pagan Africa, with a good government, with good schools, and the word of God in her hand, begging an entrance, and pleading her cause, saying, "Happy he is that hath the Lord God his help, whose hope is in him. The Lord taketh pleasure

in them that do his commandments." "We will make peace in thy borders, and will fill thee with the finest of wheat. Cast in thy lot with us, and ye shall be quiet from the fear of evil."

Liberia is the child of our own institutions, bearing our likeness, breathing our spirit, and bestowing our privileges. Can we do otherwise than bid her God speed? She may sometimes lag, sometimes lack, sometimes be evil spoken of; but shall we not love her still? Oh yes, let us rejoice that there is one bright spot on Africa. As Christian citizens, let us strengthen her feeble bands, uphold her, encourage her, and pray for her; and may this American Republic stretch out its own strong arm, and, with honest pride, and fearless independence, give her a just and honourable *recognition* among the sovereignties of the world.

NOTE.

Farming, in Liberia, is more like gardening, than like farming in this country. A small piece of fertile land, well cultivated, some of it yielding two crops in a year, and some of it yielding food all the time through the year, and for several years in succession, produces the necessaries of life for a family. In some of the farming settlements, the acres cultivated are fewer than the persons who live comfortably on their produce. In four different settlements, 322 persons, belonging to 53 families, live on the produce of 408 acres, which is but little more than an acre and a quarter to a person. All these families but four own more land than they cultivate. They have all the necessaries of life; most of them enjoy many luxuries, and some are growing rich. At Millsburg, C. Willis, with a family of eleven, cultivates 35 acres; while his neighbour, R. Mitchell, supports a family of nine from five acres. There is good land enough in Liberia, to give two acres to every coloured person in the United States.

The Liberians have a profitable trade with the

natives, whom they supply with various products of America and Europe, and receive in return rice and other articles of food for their own use, and ivory, palm-oil, dye-woods, and other African products for exportation.

Mechanics, of all kinds needed by a new settlement in a tropical country, find abundant employment and high wages.

In 1843, when the last census was taken, there were in Liberia sixteen schools, having 562 scholars. They now exceed 2000 in number! Of these, 192 were children of native African parents; and there were some of them in every school except two.

There were then twenty-three churches, with 1,474 communicants, of whom 1,104 were emigrants from America and their children, and 469 were native Africans, who had been converted from heathenism. Of the latter, 116 were of those who had been rescued from slave-traders, and 353 were natives of that region. Twenty of the churches had members who had been converted from heathenism.

Since that time some of the recent converts from heathenism have fallen away, but others have been added, and there have been large accessions to the communicants of the other classes; so that the whole number is much larger than it was then. Some of the schools have also been discontinued, and others

commenced. Among the new schools are two or three of a higher order, which promise to be permanent. The means of education need improving; yet they have been such in times past as sufficed for the education of the President, the Secretary of State, and others who fill high offices with credit to themselves and advantage to their country.

There are now about thirty places of worship and as many Sabbath and day schools in operation; yet the means of education and religious instruction fall short of the wants of the citizens, and very far below those of the natives, who exhibit an ardent desire to participate in these blessings. The printer of the "Liberia Herald," now in the nineteenth year of its publication, is J. C. Minor, a native African. "Africa's Luminary" is another of their papers; and the Rev. J. Rambo, one of the episcopal missionaries at Cape Palmas, having been a printer in early life, has a press, and issues Primers, Gospels, Vocabularies, &c. in the native languages.

Emigrants, on their arrival, are at once admitted to all the rights of citizenship. Each receives, gratis, a town lot, or five acres of land suitable for farming, and if he has a family, a larger quantity, in proportion to the number dependent on him. If he wishes for more land, or land in a different location, he can buy where he pleases for a dollar an acre. If he is

without property and needs help, his passage, and the necessary house room, food, medicine, and medical attendance for six months, are given him. During that time he can build a house, and raise a crop of all necessary provisions on his own land.

NEW AFRICAN PORT OF BASSA.

[Since going to press, the subjoined article in the "Nautical Magazine" gives pleasing evidence that the growing commercial importance of Liberia begins to be justly appreciated.]

It is only quite recently that the importance of Liberia to our commerce, our manufactures, and to promoting the comfort of our officers and crews, has begun to be appreciated.

The exports of that new state, in exchange for our merchandise of various kinds, cotton, woollens, glass, iron, steel, &c. are only now beginning to excite attention. Palm oil, ivory, gold, dyewood, pepper, ginger, coffee, and other tropical staples, are now exchanged by the industrious citizens of Liberia with our merchants; and a new element of vast importance to England is justly attracting deep interest. After much investigation, the cotton plant is found to thrive admirably; and an association of capitalists intend to extend their experiment in cultivating that right arm of national industry. But

of the topography of that interesting region little is known.

Our readers will therefore learn with much interest, that immediately below the mouth of the St. John's, a noble river nearly a mile in width, and extending far inland, but obstructed by a bar, is a beautiful cove ; long a favourite resort of the slavers for wood, water, and provisions. Although a good Admiralty chart of Bassa Cove exists, it is but just now that the development of its rich resources, through the industry of the colonists planted there by the philanthropists of Pennsylvania, has rendered it at all known to our naval men. It now ought to be universally known; for, in addition to the towns of Bexley and Edina, on the northern bank of the St. John's, a new town, to which the grateful citizens have given the name of CRESSON, in remembrance of their obligations to that gentleman, has quite recently sprung up within the Cove. Free from the dangers of the bar, and protected by the "Point of Rocks," forming its south-east boundary, it is at all times one of the very best harbours on that long line of coast. Its citizens, among whom stand prominently Hon. S. A. Benson, Messrs. A. P. Davis, Cheeseman, Hanson, Weaver, Washington, and Dr. Moore, as men of integrity and enterprise, not only trade in the staples above enumerated, but desire to attract to their noble ports vessels needing supplies. The

water of Bassa has long been celebrated for its excellence, and, until colonization excluded the slavers, they came long distances to fill up their tanks and casks. These industrious people, especially Mr. Benson, intend keeping on hand salt and fresh provisions, bread, biscuits, flour, poultry, &c. Of their fruits and vegetables, the variety and excellence have long been noted; and although the settlement is quite recent, Messrs. Moore and Benson have already coffee plantations of 8 to 10,000 trees each. The duties on foreign imports are very moderate, generally not exceeding 6 per cent. *ad valorem*; port charges, if any, extremely light; and the services of Kroomen and Bassas readily obtained. The individuals named, we believe to be worthy of entire reliance. To officers of our navy and our commercial marine, we recommend this new port with confidence; and we trust that ere long the efforts of Mr. Cresson to build up an episcopal church there, will afford an additional attraction to our officers and men.

APPENDIX.

(A.)

W^e could not give a more touching evidence of the blessings conferred on heathen Africa through the instrumentality of Christian education, than in the subjoined letter of Musu. It is but a few years since this consistent Christian was an ignorant pagan. After acquiring a partial knowledge of the English language, he was admitted into the Missionary School of Cape Palmas. This letter is a fine specimen of the happy change he has experienced—his walk and conversation being in beautiful conformity with his Christian profession, and rendering him a most useful auxiliary to the devoted men whose lives are dedicated to the regeneration of that dark continent.

“All spiritual blessings be on my dear friend, whatever the tender heart or the almighty arm of the loving Jesus has to bestow, may it be all yours! What glad news you wrote to me about Mrs. —! did you see her? Yes, glad and joy speak to my heart, and laugh come to my mouth, I believe that you have seen her, you told me that you saw her, and that she wants very much to return to Africa as a missionary. I have got a letter from her, and my believing and wishes are one, my gladness and happiness follow after. O my happiness is very great; and good happy Christian who is fixed to a point, go

where he will, one object is his all. The crucified Saviour is his happiness, and this heaven he carries about with him. No time, no place, no circumstances, make any change. He has one Lord, one faith, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Come pain, sickness, death,—the Saviour's love and power bears him up. Come temptations of all kinds, I will be with thee in the hour of temptation, says Lord God. Where he is, nothing need be feared, because nothing can hurt. O my dear friend, the true knowledge of Jesus Christ is certainly a cure for all the miseries which come upon the world by sin. There is no evil of mind or body, temporal or eternal, but our precious dear Lord is by office engaged to remove. And shall not you and I and our friends value and love him? What we set our hearts upon? What can bid so high for them as this adorable Saviour?

“Dear Mr. Rambo, I wish very much to see you; how glad and happy I should be when I meet you and Doctor May, and Mr. Hoffman, and then—then my heart will talk to my mouth, and my tongue will speak all what I have done or seen.

“I am your affectionate friend,

“JOHN MUSU NNAPO.”

(B.)

The Bassas, a peaceful, industrious tribe of about 50,000 souls, evince much anxiety to share in the blessings enjoyed by their Christian neighbours. It is at Bassa Cove and among this interesting people that the proposed institutions are to be established. Their language has been acquired and reduced to system by Rev. Messrs.

Mylne and Crocker, who have issued several primary books ;—but means to mature the good work so happily commenced, are yet needed. The spot selected is admirably suited to meet the wants of the citizens and vessels visiting their beautiful harbour, while the noble St. John's river affords direct access to the Bassas and other tribes, and being about midway between Sierra Leone and Cape Coast, it is hoped that it may become the means of supplying Africa with a native clergy.

“ TO THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF
ENGLAND.

“ Theological Seminary, Lexington, Kentucky.

“ Fathers and Brethren in Christ !—My position and sacred duties have long brought me into close relation to many of the unfortunate sons of Africa sojourning in these United States, and inspired me with a lively interest in whatever concerns their unhappy race or their benighted country. The philanthropic efforts of my fast friend, Elliott Cresson, Esq., in their behalf, have long since commanded my cordial admiration. Into none of these have I entered with livelier enthusiasm, than into his wishes with regard to the establishment of a Literary and Theological Institution of a high order, at Bassa, on the coast of Africa, for the purpose of training her own sable sons to fill with usefulness and distinction the various learned professions and eminent stations which are fast opening amongst her prosperous colonies. I have long rather wished than hoped that it might be in the power of Episcopalians in this country, cordially to respond to the noble proposal of your own illustrious statesman, Lord Bexley, to lay the foundation of such an institution. Nor will I affect to deny that the numbers

and wealth of Episcopalians in the United States are such, that they certainly could, without detriment to any other good work, carry this enterprise to a successful issue. But then it is equally true that their surplus wealth is not great, and that the calls upon them for nearer and more pressing objects, are exceedingly numerous and urgent. And it is respectfully submitted to your benevolence, whether the most noble and worthy motives may not animate us, whilst we reverently refer this great enterprise back again to the generous sympathies and abounding beneficence of those who first gave it a favourable ear.

“And of this are we well assured, that we have only to satisfy you of the practicability of the project, and of the benign results which must flow to injured Africa, in order to secure in its behalf the most ample endowments; since we are at a loss which most to admire, the beneficent providence which has constituted the small island of Great Britain the golden treasury of the earth, or the abounding grace which of late has disposed so many Christian hearts to inscribe ‘Holiness to the Lord’ upon their vast possessions.

“The success of the coloured American colonies upon the western coast of Africa, is no longer matter of conjecture. Agriculture and commerce are so far established that a retrograde movement is little to be feared. If not, the onward progress must be in a ratio of incalculable progression. Already, interest begins to sustain this benevolent movement, and the establishment of a line of regular packets, manned by coloured people, opens the door for that voluntary and thrifty emigration, without which a colony never yet became a great nation.

“At this point, the foundation of institutions to bless future, unborn, unnumbered thousands, is loudly called

for, and every year's delay is fruitful of difficulties. These colonies already have their common and grammar schools. In a very few years they will need their colleges. The sentiment would be nearly universal, that in no hands would it be more sure of popularity and success, than in the hands of Episcopalians. For the remark of your own most Reverend Archbishop Secker, nearly an hundred years ago, 'that all the various denominations like the Episcopal Church next best to their own,' is as emphatically true, now, in America and Africa, as it could possibly have been in England when first uttered.

"In a word, the hopes of Africa and the prospects of the Redeemer's kingdom, would brighten in that day which saw the hearts of Christians in Great Britain kindling with holy fervour for the establishment of a literary and theological institution in Liberia, worthy of the patronage of her own illustrious sons.

"B. B. SMITH,
"Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the state of
Kentucky, and Superintendent of Public In-
struction for that Commonwealth."

(C.)

Professor Christy, of Ohio, summed up his able Lectures before the Convention of that State in October 1850, with three propositions:—

- I. That Africa is the principal field where free labour can be made to compete successfully with slave labour, in the production of exportable tropical commodities.

To demonstrate the truth of this proposition it is demanded: first, that it be shown that the soil and climate of Africa are well adapted to the production of sugar, coffee, and cotton; and, second, that the natives can be successfully employed in their cultivation.

In relation to the first point, there is no longer any doubt among intelligent men. Coffee, equal, if not superior, to that of Java or Mocha, is raised in Liberia, and can be easily cultivated to any extent. The shrub bears fruit thirty or forty years, each producing ten pounds annually. Cotton, of a superior quality, yielding two crops a-year, is indigenous, and thrives twelve or fourteen years without renewing the plant. Sugar-cane grows in unrivalled luxuriance, and, as there are no frosts to be dreaded, can be brought to much greater perfection than in our southern states.

On the second point much information has been collected, and it is no longer doubted in Liberia, that the labour of natives can be made available. The Republic numbers about 250,000 souls. Many of these natives are becoming industrious by the example of the colonists, and the desire to possess the comforts of civilized life. Some are partially educated, and one, a few years ago, occupied a seat in the Legislature. Many of them have married persons born in the United States, and thereby become more identified with the citizens of the Republic. The colonists of ability can secure, from the natives, all the labour necessary, at very low wages. This is now so well understood as to discourage those emigrants from the United States, who desire to go as day labourers.

Mr. E. J. Roye, a merchant of Monrovia, fully confirms this statement, in a letter to Mr. W. H. Burnham, of Zanesville, Ohio. He mentions it as the chief discou-

agement to emigrants dependent upon labour for a subsistence, but adds, that many of the poor Americans in the colony "are already turning their attention to farming, which pays well." "To men of character, education, wealth, and enterprise, nothing can be considered beyond their reach, and no station, in the Republic, too high to be attained."

At first view this seems disheartening to the poor coloured man; but to discerning men, Liberia presents stronger claims on this account. Mr. Roye's statement proves two things important to Europe and America. 1. That native labour can be had cheap. 2. That those emigrants who engage in agriculture can do well.

What is most important to elevate and ennoble the poor emigrant, is, to forget the days of his bondage, stand erect as a freeman, and depend alone upon the strength of his own arm, and the blessing of God. Cringing to others unmans him. To place him in circumstances which will force him to agricultural or mechanical pursuits, is best calculated to create in his breast a feeling of manly independence. And, God willing, this is what Colonizationists are determined to do for the free coloured people of the United States.

The desire to possess the commodities supplied by the commerce of civilized nations is evidently much stronger in the people of Africa, even where the influence of the Republic is but little felt, than in those of any other barbarous country. This desire has been generated by the slave-trade, and is the principal obstacle to its suppression. Having no fruits of agricultural labour to offer for the articles they desire, slave-hunts are made the means of procuring slaves to give in exchange. And such is the strength with which this desire for traffic with foreigners operates, and such their unwillingness to

be deprived of it, that in the late purchase of Gallinas, when the chiefs sold their territory to President Roberts, they expressly stipulated for the establishment of commerce upon a permanent basis. They knew very well that the slave-trade was to cease from that moment, and, as an equivalent, demanded, not only a large sum of money, but that commissioners should be immediately appointed "to settle the wars in the country, (because wars will now no longer be useful when the captives taken cannot be sold,) and open the trades in camwood, ivory, and palm oil, with the interior tribes; and also to settle among them, as soon as convenient, persons capable of instructing them in the arts of husbandry."

But can the native labour of Africa be made to compete with the slave-labour of other tropical countries, and supply the Christian world with that immense amount of coffee, sugar, and cotton, it now consumes? This is the great question. If the native be left, without the aid of foreign intelligence, to develop his intellectual and moral powers, he must remain fitted only for a life of slavery abroad, or of savage indolence at home. But if the Republic of Liberia be supplied with a sufficient number of industrious, intelligent, and moral emigrants, to enable it to extend its settlements and its laws around the coast, and into the interior, a few years only will elapse before the natives, coming under the influence of civilization, will experience such an increase of wants as can be supplied only by industry. What has already occurred in the present settlements of Liberia will follow in all new ones, and a spirit of industry be awakened as far and as rapidly as the colonization of the country shall be accomplished.

We have previously shown that the stereotyped character of the Pagan nations of Eastern Asia renders it

difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to a much greater degree of industry than already exists, and that such free labour cannot compete with slave-labour. Why, then, should we expect that the native labour of heathen Africa should be more available, and made to compete with slave-labour? The answer to this question is obvious. Without the introduction of Christian civilization, neither of them can progress. But the humble African yields more readily to the instruction of the Christian missionary than the proud Asiatic. The hope of Africa's earlier civilization is, therefore, daily brightening, and the probability of exciting its inhabitants to industry becoming more certain.

We close this part of the inquiry by a quotation from the Annual Report of the American Missionary Association, for 1849, which not only affords an explanation of the causes that make Asia less accessible to the Gospel than Africa, but supplies additional testimony in regard to the adaptation of the soil of Africa to the production of sugar and cotton. This mission had its origin in the liberation, and return to Africa, of the Amistad slaves. It is located at Kaw-Mendi, on the western coast of Africa, some distance from the sea, and lies between Sierra Leone and Liberia. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, once imprisoned in the Penitentiary of the State of Missouri, for aiding slaves to escape from their masters, is now at the head of this mission. This testimony is valuable, coming, as it does, from Abolitionists, from whom colonization in Africa has received but little countenance. The report says :—

“ The sugar-cane and cotton grow well in that country, and if American Christians would send out business men, who could teach natives the manufacture of sugar, and the best method of raising cotton, it would contribute

much to the overthrow of slavery, and facilitate the progress of the gospel. The mission makes earnest appeals for such assistance." The Report also says, that "Africa presents some peculiar advantages for missionary work, and some strong claims upon American Christians for help." It sums them up as follows :—

"1. That country is nearer to us than any other foreign missionary field.

"The country is apparently open to us, and its governments will offer no serious opposition to our entering any part of it.

"The people see and appreciate the superiority of men in civilized life, and desire the cultivation which will raise them to the same grade.

"4. There is there, no hoary or venerated system of superstition, inwrought into the forms of society, and presenting at every point opposition to change.

"A reason more powerful, perhaps, than any other, to induce us to engage in this work, is the deep degradation of Africa, superinduced by the slave-trade, in which Americans have taken so prominent a part."

Much additional testimony on this subject might be presented, but time will not permit. We shall, therefore, close our discussion of this proposition with a brief statement of the main facts by which its truth is sustained.

Could England and the United States be induced to engage energetically, to promote the growth of coffee, sugar, and cotton, in Africa, they would gain an immense advantage over the planters of Cuba and Brazil, and be able to strike an efficient blow at the slave-trade and slavery. What are the facts ?

For every 300 men made available, by the slave-trade, to the Cuban and Brazilian planters, Africa loses 1,000 ; or the proportion may be stated as three to ten. In the

transfer of the three to Cuba and Brazil, their constitutions are impaired by the "middle passage," and in seven years they sink beneath the oppressive labour to which they are subjected. Their places must be supplied, at least every seven years, by three others from Africa, subjecting her to the loss of another ten. At every point in Africa, occupied by a colony, the slave-trade is at once excluded, and its agents are driven to other points to secure their victims. This will leave, at the places occupied, the whole ten men who had formerly been sacrificed to supply three to the Cuban planters.

Now, though the industry of the native African should fall far below the standard of the ever-active and enterprising Anglo-Saxon, yet a little consideration will enable us to perceive that, under the circumstances, the native population in Africa will be able, not only to compete with the slaves of Cuba and Brazil, but will constitute the only reliable force for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The maximum of labour required of the three slaves in Cuba is eighteen hours a-day. By preventing the transfer of these three men, we shall have ten to employ in Africa. If these ten men can be induced to labour only five hours and a half per day, the product will more than equal that of the three in Cuba. The case would stand thus:

3 slaves in Cuba, labouring 18 hours per day	=	54 hours
10 freemen in Africa „ 5½ „	=	55 „

The ten men in Africa labouring but five hours and a half per day would, therefore, be able to compete with the three in Cuba or Brazil.

The reason that Jamaica, or any of the other free-labour colonies, cannot compete with Cuba, Brazil, &c., is, that the freemen of the former, either from indolent

habits, or from attention to cultivating their own small tracts of land, or from being engaged in other pursuits, do not choose to labour for the sugar-planters more than from five to seven hours a-day, and from three to four days in the week. It is not asserted, that while engaged the free labourer does not perform as much work as a slave. The difficulty in Jamaica is that the planters, out of the free population, cannot find men enough to put in as many hours' labour, as those of Cuba, by a free use of the whip, are able to obtain from their slaves. Labouring so irregularly, even were their numbers equal, it would be impossible for the 1,657,000 coloured free-men of the Western hemisphere to compete with the 7,657,000 slaves which it includes. The difficulty in making the free labour of the British and French West Indies compete with the slave-labour of Cuba and Brazil arises, therefore, from the want of an equal number of hands willing to perform an equal amount of labour at an equal cost. The American Colonization Society has discovered that this discrepancy can be remedied by a direct attention to Africa, which shall call into activity, as free labourers, its 160,000,000 of people, as rivals, in tropical cultivation, to the before-mentioned 7,657,000 slaves. But to obtain a clear conception of the economical advantages of employing the people of Africa upon their own soil, over that of transporting them to Cuba and Brazil, it must be recollected, that as soon as the ten men in Africa could be persuaded to labour ten hours a-day, they would double the products of the three in Cuba. It must also be remembered that the ten, remaining in their native climate and belonging to a race of the greatest longevity known, could be relied upon as regular labourers for a much longer period than the three enfeebled and overworked slaves of Cuba. This

remark applies equally to the whole African population. Under these circumstances it is certain that the free labour of Africa, under proper regulations and stimulants, can be made to compete with the slave-labour of Brazil and the Spanish colonies.

But there is another fact of much importance to be considered. The slave population of Brazil and the Spanish colonies, numbering 4,100,000, or more than one half of the whole number in the Western hemisphere, is maintained alone by the slave-trade. Destroy this trade, and their plantations would dwindle into insignificance, or become extinct. From the rapid mortality of the imported slaves, these plantations require re-stocking from Africa every seven years. Cut off this supply, and Cuba and Brazil would at once be rendered incapable of flooding the markets with cheap slave-labour products, to the exclusion of free-labour commodities.

We have seen that the exports from the British West Indies began to decline from the prohibition of the slave-trade in 1808, and reached their minimum since the emancipation in 1838. The diminution of the exports of coffee and sugar from the British and French West Indies, from the periods above stated, tended to increase slavery and encourage the slave-trade. The constantly increasing demand for these products must be supplied. Cuba and Brazil endeavoured, by increasing their number of slaves, to supply the deficiency. Interrupt the kidnapping of slaves from Africa, and no new field can be found to supply the market. Hence to destroy the slave-trade would directly diminish the exports of sugar and coffee from Cuba and Brazil.

But, if these prolific fountains are dried up, how is the continually increasing demand for these products to be supplied? How are the United States, England, and the

Continent of Europe to be furnished with these indispensable articles? Africa seems to furnish the only hope. Let England, France, and the United States, make a united effort to extend the benefits of Christian civilization, not only around the coast, but into the heart of this hitherto benighted portion of the earth, and the most cheering results might be anticipated. Let accumulated wealth pour her exhaustless treasures in the lap of the Colonization Society, enabling it to send out to Africa multitudes of civilized and enlightened men, to diffuse intelligence and freedom along the shores of its rivers, and over its mountains and plains. Let England, with her commerce, her wealth, her public spirit, and her Christianity, exert her powerful influences in extending her commerce, her enterprise, and her civilization, among the natives of this extensive continent. Let France unite her energies in these important efforts, and soon Africa, free and prosperous, might almost supply the world with the products to which we have referred.

From the facts before stated, it is evident that the free labour of the West Indies is powerless for the suppression of the slave-trade. It furnishes but a limited supply of coffee and sugar, and cannot lessen the immense demand for these products, which gives to that trade its profitable character. These products are of prime necessity and importance to the Christian world; and, while such a large proportion of them are produced by Cuba and Brazil, we are compelled to uphold slavery and the slave-trade by their consumption. But establish their cultivation and supply by free labour upon a permanent basis, and we shall ere long be released from this dire necessity. Africa presents the principal, if not the only field, where all the means of thus extensively cultivating sugar, coffee, and cotton, by free labour, can be com-

manded, and from which the great markets of the world can be successfully supplied. The reasons for this opinion may be thus stated :

If the products of free labour can be increased, they will displace an equal amount of the products of slave-labour. This will diminish the demand for slaves, and, consequently, lessen the extent of the slave-trade. But the hands now employed in free labour cannot, to any great degree, increase their products, even at the present cost, and things must remain as they now are until additional free labour is elsewhere employed. These additional labourers, willing to work for low wages, can only be found in sufficient numbers among the teeming population of Africa.

Africa, then, is the field; and its 160,000,000 of men must supply the labourers necessary to accomplish this great work. The increasing demand for sugar and coffee has placed the wants and interests of Christendom in opposition to the destruction of the slave-trade. Cuba and Brazil furnish these great staples for the market, by slaves, as we have seen, brought from Africa. Hence, the Christian world, by consuming these products, have indirectly sustained both slavery and this abominable traffic. But let ample plantations be opened and cultivated in Africa, sufficient to supply the market, and you have removed the grand obstacle to the entire destruction of this trade in blood.

To accomplish an object so desirable, more extensive plans must be devised; the Colonization Society must enlarge the sphere of its operations, the number and character of emigrants must be increased, and a universal effort put forth, commensurate with the great object to be accomplished.

The slave-trade may be circumscribed, diminished, and partially suppressed, but it must depend, for its *final destruction*, upon the political regeneration, together with the intellectual elevation and moral redemption of the entire Continent.

The alternative seems already forced upon Christendom, either to encourage slavery and the slave-trade, by continuing to consume the produce of Brazil and Cuba, or to set about speedily accomplishing the civilization of Africa.

The great theatre, then, upon which the battle between free labour and slave-labour is to be fought, is in Africa; and colonization is the all-potent agent which is to marshal the free-labour forces, and lead them on to victory. But this warfare, unlike all preceding contests, is one literally demanding that every sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare, and every spear into a pruning-hook. In this campaign, tilling the soil, and not slaying men, is the duty required; and the advantages are so decidedly with free labour, that ultimate success is certain. Each industrious emigrant to an African colony will more than equal a dozen slaves labouring elsewhere. His example and his influence, acting upon the native population, will excite to industry a dozen, or twenty, or a hundred more; and these, again, will exert an influence upon others, and so on indefinitely.

Who can doubt, under such circumstances, that Africa, with its multitudinous population, is the field where free labour may be made successfully to compete with slave-labour, in the productions to which we have so often referred, and that the Colonization Society is the medium through which, in the Providence of God, the slave-trade is to be finally destroyed?

II. That there are moral forces and commercial considerations now in operation, which will, necessarily, impel Christian governments to exert their influence for the civilization of Africa, and the promotion of the prosperity of Liberia, as the principal agency in this great work, and that in these facts lies our encouragement to persevere in our colonization efforts.

This proposition opens up a wide field of discussion, but in its consideration we must be brief.

There have been moral forces acting upon England and the United States, for many years past, to such an extent that these governments have been driven to the adoption of energetic measures for ameliorating the condition of the people of Africa. Much has been done in these efforts, and much more remains to be done. In the United States, 500,000 coloured people have obtained their freedom, and in the English colonies nearly 700,000 rejoice in being released from bondage. The slave-trade has been prohibited, declared piracy, and costly efforts for its suppression long prosecuted. But though the measures devised, for the relief of the African race, by these governments, have failed in the accomplishment of all the good anticipated, and in some respects most sadly failed; yet these moral forces have lost none of their power, but are still propelling the two nations onward to the final accomplishment of the great work of Africa's redemption from barbarism. During the course of these efforts much light has been thrown on this subject, and it is believed that, through the agency of the Colonization Society, the proper principles have been developed by which the suppression of the slave-trade and the civilization of Africa may be effected.

In making this declaration, we do not intend to claim

more of wisdom and philanthropy for the United States than for England. The difference in the character of the measures adopted, and the difference in the results attained, have been caused by the difference in the circumstances of the people of the two countries. Fifty years ago the English people looked to the Crown and Parliament, to execute almost every enterprise of a religious or benevolent character. That government, like all others, in all its movements, has to consider well the promotion of its own interests. To adopt any other rule of action, is deliberately to aim at self-destruction. The danger, then, with nations, as with individuals, when suffering humanity makes its appeal, is that the measures adopted for relief may include more of the selfish than of the benevolent principle, and failure, or only partial success, attend the efforts made.

When the moral forces directed against the slave-trade and slavery, by the people of England, reached the government in sufficient power to compel it to action, that great leading interest of the British nation, the commercial element, became too closely blended with the benevolent, and the policy adopted proved to be too narrow to remove the evils sought to be destroyed.

In the United States, the moral forces commenced their operations at a very early period, and our independence had scarcely been attained, when the government enacted its laws for prohibiting the slave-trade, and declared it piracy. Since that period, they have acted with less force upon the government, and nearly all subsequent efforts have either been by a few of the States separately, or by the people. This course of action seems more in accordance with, and necessarily to grow out of, the spirit of our free institutions. While the government suppresses great public evils, and oversees the civil and military

affairs of the nation, it only protects citizens in all their benevolent enterprises and religious interests, but never undertakes to conduct or control these movements for the people. The people, therefore, do not depend upon the government to conduct such affairs, but execute, freely, their own purposes, in accordance with their own peculiar views. The efforts of our people in behalf of the African race have been conducted by associations of individuals, and, consequently, the schemes adopted have borne the impress of the minds that conceived and conducted them. This has been emphatically true of the American Colonization Society. Individual or governmental interests being in no way involved in this enterprise, and it being, in its origin, chiefly under the control of Christian men, it took the broadest possible ground that Christian philanthropy dictated, and thus a scheme was devised broad enough to accomplish the destruction of the slave-trade, and the work of Africa's redemption. The religious element predominated in its organization, and the commercial was excluded.

Had this work been undertaken by our government, it would, no doubt, have adopted the policy of England, and made the colony in Africa subservient to the interests of the parent country. Such, it must be expected, would have been the action of all governments in like cases. But the Colonization Society, originating solely in Christian benevolence, has only sought the welfare of the African people, and aimed at creating for them an independent government, to be conducted wholly by themselves. In this it has succeeded; and not in this only, but it has developed a practical plan for the suppression of the slave-trade, in the success of which all the nations are equally interested, and all may equally co-operate.

This view of the tendency of colonization in Africa is now generally entertained. Besides many other authorities of the highest order, it is very fully admitted by a committee of the British Parliament, in a recent report on the slave-trade. The committee first show that England's long-cherished plan of an armed repression of the slave-trade had cost her one hundred and forty millions of dollars, and hundreds of the lives of her subjects, and then close with the following testimony to the system of colonization, as the most effective mode of destroying that traffic:—

“Your committee entertain the hope, that the internal improvement and civilization of Africa will be one of the most effective means of checking the slave-trade; and for this purpose, that the instruction of the natives by missionary labours, by education, and by all other practical efforts, and the extension of legitimate commerce, ought to be encouraged wherever the influence of England can be directed, and especially where it has already been beneficially exerted.”

This, then, is the position in reference to the African question, into which we have been conducted by the operation of the moral forces upon England and the United States. Our scheme of colonization being wholly independent of national interests, except what are common to all, and including within itself all the elements necessary to secure the civilization of Africa and the destruction of the slave-trade, now receives the approbation of the philanthropists of both countries, and secures to the Republic of Liberia, from the government of England, that countenance and aid which is the surest guarantee of its rising importance in the benevolent work of African regeneration. If, therefore, colonization can receive suffi-

cient aid to develop, fully, the elements of its organization, a speedy consummation of the great work it has in view may be anticipated.

From whence, then, are the additional aids to come, which, added to the moral forces in operation, shall propel, with sufficient rapidity, this great work of African civilization, and free the world from the reproach and the curse of the slave-trade? They exist principally, it is believed, in the commercial considerations which begin to demand, most imperiously, that the rich lands of tropical Africa shall be brought under cultivation, and made to yield to commerce those articles which free labour and slave-labour, both combined, are now incapable of furnishing, in adequate quantities, from the fields at present cultivated.

The moral forces, though acting with much energy, and in other respects doing much good, have been unable to destroy the slave-trade, because of the counteracting influence of the commercial considerations enlisted in its behalf. But the wants of commerce are beginning to demand the execution of the plans which the moral forces alone could not perform. Then, as the two great elements of success now coincide, it seems that their influence must be irresistible, and the effect certain. The moral forces must continue to exert their full effect, because they cannot become quiescent, while the Christian world is dependent upon slave labour annually—

For cotton, to the amount of . . . 1,101,330,800 lbs.

For coffee, to the amount of . . . 338,240,000 „

For sugar, at least 1,220,000,000 „

and largely for many other articles of prime necessity. That commercial considerations are beginning to act, in the direction of African amelioration, with much urgency, is easily shown. The increased production of coffee and

cotton, throughout the world, is by no means keeping pace with their increased consumption. In former years, there was often a large stock of coffee remaining on hand at the close of each year. But, latterly, the increased consumption has been so rapid that it has gained on the production, and left a greatly diminished stock at the year's end. The deficit of coffee in the markets for 1849 advanced the price very largely, and the supply for the present year, as estimated by the most competent authorities, will be 70,000,000 pounds below the present known consumption of Europe and the United States.

The extensive range of statistics which have been presented, in relation to the production of cotton, have been mostly taken from the "London Economist," for January, 1850; and we must allow its able editor to sum up the results of his elaborate investigations. He says :

"Now, bearing in mind that the figures in the above tables are, with scarcely an exception, ascertained facts, and not estimates, let us sum the conclusions to which they have conducted us; conclusions sufficient, if not to alarm us, yet certainly to create much uneasiness, and to suggest great caution on the part of all concerned, directly or indirectly, in the great manufacture of England.

"1. That our supply of cotton from all quarters (excluding the United States) has for many years been decidedly, though irregularly, decreasing.

"2. That our supply of cotton from all quarters (including the United States), available for home consumption, has of late years been falling off at the rate of 400,000 pounds a-week, while our consumption has been increasing during the same period at the rate of 144,000 pounds a-week.

"3. That the United States is the only country where the growth of cotton is on the increase; and that there

even the increase does not on an average exceed 3 per cent., or 32,000,000 pounds annually, which is barely sufficient to supply the increasing demand for its own consumption, and for the continent of Europe.

"4. That no stimulus of price can materially augment this annual increase, as the planters always grow as much cotton as the negro population can pick.

"5. That, consequently, if the cotton manufacture of Great Britain is to increase at all—on its present footing—it can only be enabled to do so by applying a great stimulus to the growth of cotton in other countries adapted for the culture."

Truly, her cotton manufacture is the right arm of England, because it is the principal element in sustaining her commerce. This great leading interest, then, she will never consent to sacrifice. But it is now threatened with an insufficient supply of the raw material. The efforts for introducing it into the heart of Africa, by the agency of white men, at the time of the Niger expedition, proved disastrous; and the British government is now anxiously looking abroad for the means of placing its cotton manufactures in a condition of greater security. The diminishing production in all other countries but ours is alarming to her, when she considers that the increased production in the United States has been, and will probably continue to be, only equal to the increase of the slave population—viz., 3 per cent. per annum—and that this increased production is all required by the increased demand consequent upon the multiplication of spindles and looms in the United States and on the continent of Europe. It must also be noticed, that the demand for cotton fabrics is increasing in proportion to the increase of wealth and the extension of civilization. Without an increased supply of the raw material, Great

Britain, therefore, cannot participate in the advantages of this increasing demand, and must suffer loss. This is a position she will not long occupy—that she does not need to occupy—because she can release herself from it.

But in the efforts hitherto made by England, and seconded by other Christian nations, she has been driven from measure to measure, each seeming to promise success, and each, in succession, partially or totally failing—until this moment, when commercial considerations are pressing, with their strongest force, for the extension of cotton cultivation to other countries than those now engaged in its production. Now, the most remarkable feature in the partial successes of the national schemes for the destruction of the slave-trade, and kindred evils, is the evidence they afford of a superintending Providence, overruling in the affairs of men for the accomplishment of His own purposes through the agency of individuals or nations. It now begins to appear, as clear as the sun at noonday, that all these combinations of events, succeeding as they have done, each other, have tended to one grand result, worthy of the wisdom of Deity; and that result the involving of the principal nations of Christendom in such difficulties and perplexities, all seeming to be the natural fruits of their former connection with African oppression, as must impel them forward, from necessity, moral and commercial, to the civilization of Africa.

The London Economist, in the article before quoted, after having shown that Brazil, Egypt, and the East Indies, cannot be relied upon to meet the wants of the English manufacturers, says:

“Our hopes lie in a very different direction; we look to our West Indian, African, and Australian colonies, as the quarters from which, would government only afford every possible facility, we might, ere long, draw such a

supply of cotton, as would, to say the least, make the fluctuations of the American crop, and the varying proportions of it which fall to our share, of far less consequence to our prosperity than they now are."

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Commercial considerations, of overwhelming force, are impelling England to powerful efforts to secure to herself a certain and adequate supply of cotton. This she cannot obtain but in promoting its growth in other countries than those now producing it. The West Indies, in their present circumstances, nor until the missionaries now labouring there succeed in elevating the people, and more equal laws prevail, cannot supply this demand, nor even then without an increase of population. There will, therefore, be only two fields remaining, Australia and Africa. Of the two, without entering into detail, we must insist that Africa is the more promising, and success in it the more certain; not only from the character and abundance of its population, but because the moral forces will be exerted in behalf of Africa more fully than for Australia. The reason is obvious: though Australia may be adapted to cotton, its cultivation there, and the civilization of its natives, cannot be made to act so directly and efficiently upon the slave-trade, as the promotion of its growth will do in Africa. And, besides this important consideration, the population of Australia, including emigrants and convicts transported thence, is only 300,000, a number too insignificant to accomplish much in cotton cultivation after producing necessary articles of subsistence. In the native population of Australia, "human nature wears its rudest form," and they are declared to be, both physically and intellectually, the most degraded of any savage tribes. Their numbers have been estimated at 100,000, and it may safely be said, that it is useless to take them

into the account in estimating free-labour agencies for tropical cultivation. It must be apparent, therefore, that both the moral forces and commercial considerations, operating in England in behalf of an extended cotton cultivation, must be directed to Africa almost exclusively, and, in turning to Africa, must, necessarily, be concentrated upon Liberia as the great centre of action.

Thus stands the cotton question in England. Her supply of that article from the United States has reached its maximum, and from all other quarters has been steadily diminishing, placing her under the necessity of securing, from Liberia, the demands of her increasing consumption. In the production of sugar and coffee in Africa, Great Britain is not so deeply interested, her chief supplies of these articles being obtained from her colonies. But from moral and commercial considerations she would prefer to substitute 146,000,000 lbs. of Liberia sugar for that amount of slave-labour product now consumed by her ; because she desires to discountenance slavery, and because freemen in Liberia will need more of her fabrics, in exchange, than the Brazilian planters will purchase for their half-naked slaves. We may, therefore, rely upon England as the fast friend of Liberia and of African civilization.

In the United States the moral forces have long been operating with great efficiency for African civilization. The commercial considerations are now also beginning to be felt with a good degree of power. On this subject, however, we cannot at present enlarge, but must be content with calling special attention to one point.

The great element in the United States, for the promotion of African civilization, consists in our industrious and intelligent free coloured population. The facts presented in the present Lecture, with the inducements

previously existing, should incline them to flock to Africa. In Liberia, the coloured man has secured to him all the privileges of a freeman. There he can have schools and colleges for the education of his children, and enjoy civil and religious liberty. He can assist in the great work of African civilization, and aid in destroying the slave-trade. He has there a fair field for the acquisition of wealth, and the enjoyments it secures. That these promises are not illusive, but will be fulfilled, is easily proved. Our investigations show, that the demand for an increased amount of cotton affords a guarantee that the labour of the Liberians would pay, if directed to its production. The increasing demand for coffee cannot be supplied but by its cultivation in Liberia, or by an increase of slaves in Brazil, and a corresponding increase of the slave-trade. The consumption of this article has increased in a ratio of five per cent. per annum. The demand for 1850 is estimated at 630,000,000 lbs. The production of 1849 was only 426,000,000 lbs., and the stock of old coffee on hand but 113,000,000 lbs., leaving a deficit for the present year 1850, of 70,000,000 lbs. Brazil now supplies over two-fifths of the whole amount of coffee consumed, and cultivates it at a cost one third less than other countries. But she cannot extend her cultivation at present, for want of slaves, and should Great Britain compel her to suspend the slave-trade, which is probable, there must be a diminution of her production. Its cultivation in other countries, where it has been declining, cannot be revived for many years. It is almost certain, therefore, that the production of Coffee within the present limits of its cultivation, can do no more than make up the deficiency now existing, and keep up the supply to the present demand of 630,000,000 lbs. annually ; and it is

more than probable that even this cannot be effected, because, if the crop of 1850 only equals that of 1849, the deficit for 1851 will be 200,000,000 lbs., being nearly equal to one-third of the consumption. This, then, will leave at least the increasing demand of five per cent. per annum to be supplied by Liberia; and, behold, what a vast source of wealth even this one article opens up to the citizens of that Republic!

The annual ratio of increase, aside from the large deficit in the supply of coffee, is at this moment worth nearly two millions of dollars, and that in fifteen years it will be worth over forty millions!! The increased demand for cotton will be of nearly equal importance. To this must be added her sugar, indigo, dye-woods, palm-oil, ivory, &c. &c., and the new Republic assumes an importance, in the commercial world, only surpassed by the moral influence she is destined to exert over the whole continent. Indeed her commercial progress has been already astonishing. Five or six years ago, her exports were about 100,000 dollars, but now they are 500,000 dollars, and rapidly increasing. Liberians comprehend the advantageous position they have secured, and are eager to develop the resources of their country. Their greatest want is men. They appeal to us for industrious, intelligent, enterprising, upright emigrants, to aid them in unfolding to the world the long-hidden treasures of Africa, and to participate in the advantages that her riches will bestow. Are not coloured men, in this country, able to comprehend the value of these resources? Must we conclude that they will remain indifferent, and reject the rich inheritance offered in Liberia, and tell the world that they have less foresight, energy, and enterprise, than other races of men? We cannot believe this.

But the discussion of this proposition must be closed. Our Republic occupies a very peculiar and important position. We have the agents necessary to effect the moral regeneration of Africa; and if they be treated as men, and liberal provision be made for emigration, by the States and the general Government, our intelligent coloured men will not shrink from duty.

A crisis has arrived in the commercial world, in which there is an inadequate supply of two of the leading staples upon which slave-labour is employed. Free and slave labour combined have failed to supply the consumption, and an increase of price has occurred sufficient to give a stimulus to their production. This increased production must occur either in Brazil and Cuba, or free labour must be sufficiently stimulated to meet the demand. But where and how is this to be accomplished? There is little hope of its soon occurring in the East or West Indies. Already at one point in Liberia, 30,000 coffee trees are maturing, and will soon afford 300,000 lbs. a-year for export. There might, and would have been, had the people of the United States performed their duty, 700 such plantations in Liberia at this moment, ready to supply 200,000,000 lbs. of coffee annually. Had the growth of Liberia not been retarded by the narrow policy that opposed colonization, it requires little discernment to perceive, that this increasing demand might have been supplied by the labour of the freemen of the African Republic, instead of being left as a tempting prize, to be siezed by the Brazilian planter and the African slave-trader. The crisis now existing, therefore, demands the united exertions of all the friends of humanity, both at the North and the South, to push forward, with the utmost energy, the work of Colonization, as the only means of checking the extension of

slavery and the slave-trade. The wants of commerce demand, and must receive, an adequate supply of coffee and cotton, and we must either secure that supply from Liberia, or submit to see an increase of cruelty and oppression in Cuba and Brazil.

We might greatly enlarge upon the extent to which moral forces and commercial considerations are pressing the English and American people to promote African civilization, through the agency of Liberia, but what has been said must suffice.

III. That all these agencies and influences being brought to bear upon the civilization of Africa, from the nature of her soil, climate, products, and population, we are forced to believe that a mighty people will ultimately rise upon that continent, taking rank with the most powerful nations of the earth, and vindicate the character of the African race before the world.

We cannot, at present, enter upon the discussion of this proposition. It includes a field of great interest, which would be amply broad for a whole discourse. But we must leave it as an expression of our anticipation of the ultimate destiny of Africa, and close with a few remarks.

It has been fashionable to charge upon the slave-holder equal criminality with the African kidnapper and slave-trader, because the forefathers of the slaves held in bondage were originally brought from Africa. As our diploma does not bear date from Mount Ebal, and we are not trained to cursing, we shall be excused for speaking more calmly upon this point, and taking a more comprehensive view of its relations. Let the criminality of the slave-holder be what it may, it will be proper to examine the facts, and ascertain whether others are not equally

implicated in the guilt. Slave-holders are now producing annually, more than eleven hundred millions of pounds of cotton, and more than twelve hundred and twenty millions of pounds of sugar, and nearly three hundred and forty millions of pounds of coffee. Do they consume these articles themselves? Are these products so polluted that the world will neither touch, taste, nor handle them? Not at all. The great struggle everywhere is as to who shall obtain the greatest quantity of them, who make the greatest profit, and who derive most comfort from their consumption. This is especially true of London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Hamburgh, Stockholm, Amsterdam, and St. Petersburg, as well as of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati. The early abolitionists endeavoured to prove, that the slave-holder was equally guilty with the slave-trader and kidnapper, because the former received his slaves from the hands of the latter; and that those who now hold in bondage the descendants of the stolen slaves, are equally guilty with the original kidnapper. According to this logic, that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," is a true proverb—and the men of the seventh generation, involved in an evil without their consent, by the actions of their forefathers, are equally guilty with its originators. If this be sound logic, then the manufacturer who buys slave-grown cotton, and makes it into cloth, is equally guilty with the slave-holder himself who produces it. But the implication in guilt, if guilt there be, does not stop here. He who purchases and wears the goods manufactured from slave-grown cotton, is also implicated; and as there is annually consumed over eleven hundred millions of pounds of slave-grown cotton, and barely seventy-eight millions

of free-labour growth, it follows that all Christendom is involved in the same condemnation. These facts serve to illustrate one of our positions—that the Christian world cannot avoid consuming the products of slave-labour, and thereby encourage slavery and the slave-trade, but by civilizing Africa.

There is one plan to avoid this great evil, and in an hour free ourselves from it, and that is to burn down all the cotton factories in Europe and America, and suffer none to be erected in their stead. But what would the world gain by the sacrifice? or rather, what would it lose? Commerce, the great agent in the world's civilization, would be destroyed. A check upon commerce is a check upon civilization. Human progress and human happiness materially depend upon commerce. But it is not practicable, even were it desirable, to destroy these factories to eradicate slavery. It is impossible to destroy them. The pecuniary considerations involved are more powerful than the moral. The owners of these factories will continue to manufacture slave-grown cotton; commerce will continue to transmit the products of the looms to every corner of the world; and the earth's population will continue to wear these fabrics. The slave-grown sugar and coffee will also be consumed; because a supply from free labour cannot be obtained. As it is impracticable, then, to prevent the consumption of slave-grown coffee, sugar and cotton, on account of the pecuniary profit and personal comfort they afford to mankind, so it is alike impossible to abolish slavery while the world continues to consume the products of its labour. Our own view, as expressed in the outset, is, that the whole Christian world is involved in this evil. Is there any more criminality in superintending the production of slave-grown cotton, than in overseeing its manufacture,

or in being clothed with the fabrics into which it has been transformed? Is the Louisiana or Cuban planter more criminal in raising, and sending to market, his crop of sugar, than the abolitionist of London or Boston is for sweetening his coffee, his tea, or his poundcake with the same article? Is the Brazilian slave-holder more guilty for furnishing coffee, by the labour of his slaves, than the merchant is for purchasing and selling it to all the anti-slavery men in Ohio? Are they innocent for greedily drinking it, knowing it to be procured by the lash of the task-master? If coffee were not consumed, none would be raised. If sugar were not used, none would be made. If cotton were not manufactured and worn, none would be grown. Hence slavery would be abolished! Who then supports slavery and the slave-trade, but the one who consumes its products? We leave these questions to every man's conscience. In the present crisis we would approach our southern brethren in the language of the sons of Jacob, and say: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us;" and in the spirit of Christian liberality, propose some plan that would equalize the burden of relieving the country from the distracting evils of slavery. Capitalists at the south buy negroes because the investment is profitable, and they can no more be expected to emancipate their slaves while their labour is profitable, than northern men be expected to burn their factories or banks with all their valuable contents.

But what is there to prevent a change in this condition of things? Must it remain for ever? Must slavery, acknowledged on all hands, except by a very few, to be an evil, continue as a perpetual source of discord, endan-

gering the safety of the Union, or affording a fruitful theme of excitement for fanatics and demagogues? Men may transfer their property, at pleasure, into cash, whether it be in lands, manufactories, or slaves. They are governed only by interest and inclination in such matters. Convince the slave-holder that he can do better than to invest his money in slaves, and he will not buy them. But when the investment is made, and you ask him to emancipate without compensation, he considers it an unreasonable demand. Emancipation in the West Indies, he knows, has resulted in pecuniary ruin to the master, and has increased slavery in the aggregate, instead of diminishing it. It is of the first importance, therefore, in the adoption of any emancipation schemes, that an adequate number of efficient free labourers should be secured to supply the place of the slaves. Unless this can be done with safety to the planter, he will not risk the change; and unless the plan be such an one as will not create a fresh demand for slaves elsewhere, and produce an increase of the slave-trade, humanity would forbid its adoption. Then devise a plan by which a productive free labour can be substituted for slave-labour, and the master receive compensation for his slaves, and he would, no doubt, gladly free himself from the inconveniences and want of safety of his position.

England and France, when freeing the slaves in their colonies, found no such tide of intelligent foreigners as we are receiving, flowing into them, to take the place of their slaves, and prevent a decrease of agricultural products. We can do what no other nation would be capable of doing. It is in our power not only to free ourselves from the evil of slavery, and the whole world from the necessity of consuming slave-grown products; but, in the execution of this great work, to hasten the redemption of Africa

from barbarism; and, in doing this, to crush the slave-trade and slavery everywhere. No one, we think, can calmly examine the present relations of free labour to slave-labour, in tropical and semi-tropical countries, as embodied in the mass of facts we have collated, and not be convinced that emancipation in the United States, and the colonization of the coloured people in Liberia, to develop its resources and civilise its inhabitants, would give a death-blow to the slavery of Cuba and Brazil, and to African oppression throughout the world. And who would not be delighted to aid in such a glorious work? Who would not be overjoyed to witness such a sublime achievement of principle? Who would not devoutly adore that Divine wisdom which had wrought out such deliverance for Africa.

Few of our own countrymen have taken a more lively interest in this union of Christian effort for Africa than Martin Farquhar Tupper, now in the United States on a mission of international kindness; and we cannot, perhaps, more fitly close our labours than by calling attention to his just views and sound poetic advice:—

“I cannot but apprehend, from a careful examination of the true merits of the case, that Liberia possesses higher claims upon us, as an efficient protector of aboriginal rights, than she has hitherto had credit for. Her first war with the natives arose solely out of the noble effort of the colonists to rescue from their grasp a cargo of re-captured slaves, and an English prize crew. The subsequent and infrequent hostilities with them have resulted from similar causes, or from the intrusion of foreign slavers within her territories, for the purpose of carrying on their cruel traffic, in defiance of the laws and heroic

efforts of the new republic. So well do the natives appreciate the stern hostility of Liberia to this iniquitous trade, that many of the tribes in the vicinity have sought safety under her wing. On one occasion, several chiefs from Cape Palmas, dreading the threatened occupancy of their territory by the French, solicited that they might be admitted to the privileges of Liberian citizenship; and on another, a king, whose subjects had been again and again decimated by the savage incursions of their neighbours, removed his entire population to the banks of the St. Paul's river, and they became citizens of Liberia. President Roberts has furnished many pleasing instances of the confidence reposed in them by even distant tribes, who have submitted their disputes to the arbitration of their new friends; and it is gratifying to observe, in the late message of the president, that his fellow-citizens are extensively engaged in instructing the natives. When we recollect how these poor people had become degraded and oppressed by the long continuance of the slave-trade, and take into account the difficulty of elevating them in morals and religion through the instrumentality of the white man, who so rarely escapes the effects of the African climate, Liberia cannot but be regarded as a most important auxiliary; tending to the self-development of the native people who come within the influence of their Christian example.

“Now that Liberia has become a free, sovereign, and independent state, having a territory extending from the Sherbro to the San Pedro, a distance of 500 miles, it is only simple justice to acknowledge her co-operation, and to hold out to her, as fitting opportunities occur, the right-hand of fellowship. This is the more needful, as liberated slaves form the bulk of her population, and they have left their former masters without the means necessary for

establishing the Churches and Chapels, and the Day and Sabbath Schools solicited by the natives, or of erecting the requisite machinery for preparing their rich and varied staples for export. Deeming the success of this interesting people important, in promoting the cheap production of free-labour cotton, coffee, sugar, and other tropical growths, I am impelled to offer these hints, in hope that attention may be drawn to the capabilities of the country in this respect, not less than to those of the emigrant population from America, to turn them to profitable account. This is a feature in the New Republic deserving the attention of every sincere friend of Africa.

BRITAIN TO COLUMBIA.

Sister Empress, daughter dear,
Throned on yonder hemisphere,
With a grand career to run
Glorious as thy western sun,
Sister, daughter—we are one!

One, in stories of the past,
One, in glories, still to last,
One in speech, and one in face,
One in honest pride of race,
One in faith, and hope, and grace!

Sister, we have sinn'd of old,
Both of us, through lust of gold;
We, for centuries—you, for years,
Undismayed by judgment fears,
Throve on—human woes and tears!

Verily our brother's blood
Whelm'd us in its crimson flood,
Yet, at last, we turn'd and gave,
As a ransom from the grave,
Royal freedom to the slave!

Britain's penitential zeal
Let it work Columbia's weal;
Wisely hasten, as thou wilt,
Soon to wash away this guilt
Man enchain'd, and life-blood spilt!

We are mute, we may not chide;
Only pray thee, put aside
That which must be bane to thee,
If, as Christian, strong and free,
Thou endure it still to be!

Yet, in frankness, we confess
We made too much haste to bless;
Not at once, be well assured,
But with gradual health allured,
Can this chronic plague be cured.

Through the wisdom of to-day
We have learnt a better way;
Sister, it is thine own plan!
Take the poor degraded man,
Teach him kindly all you can;

Then, with liberal hand, restore
To his own Liberian shore
This poor son of wrong and night,
Newly blest with hope and light,
And the patriot freemen's right!

So shall Africa blockade
Bloodlessly that dreadful trade;
And Liberia's "open door,"
School, and church, and merchant-store,
Bless her children evermore!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Albury, Nov. 20.

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